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F. Frieda

Jack



THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF
JOHN RUSKIN, LL. D.

IN TWENTY-SIX VOLUMES

Volume Twenty-five



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John Ruskin

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STANLEY GORDON

DEDICATED

WITH GRATEFUL THANKS TO MY DEAR FRIENDS

PROFESSOR RUSKIN

AND

ALBERT FLEMING.

S. B.

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HORTUS INCLUSUS

MESSAGES FROM THE WOOD TO THE GARDEN

SENT IN HAPPY DAYS TO THE

SISTER LADIES OF THE THWAITE, CONISTON

BY THEIR THANKFUL FRIEND

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.

PREFACE.

THE ladies to whom these letters were written have been, throughout their brightly tranquil lives, at once sources and loadstones of all good to the village in which they had their homes, and to all loving people who cared for the village and its vale and secluded lake, and whatever remained in them or around of the former peace, beauty, and pride of English Shepherd Land.

Sources they have been of good, like one of its mountain springs, ever to be found at need. They did not travel; they did not go up to London in its season; they did not receive idle visitors to jar or waste their leisure in the waning year. The poor and the sick could find them always; or rather, they watched for and prevented all poverty and pain that care or tenderness could relieve or heal. Loadstones they were, as steadily bringing the light of gentle and wise souls about them as the crest of their guardian mountain gives pause to the morning clouds; in themselves they were types of perfect womanhood in its constant happiness, queens alike of their own hearts and of a Paradise in which they knew the names and sympathized with the spirits of every living creature that God had made to play therein, or to blossom in its sunshine or shade.

They had lost their dearly-loved younger sister, Margaret, before I knew them. Mary and Susie, alike in benevolence, serenity, and practical judgment, were yet widely different, nay, almost contrary, in tone and impulse of intellect. Both of them capable of understanding whatever women should know, the elder was yet chiefly interested in the course of

immediate English business, policy, and progressive science, while Susie lived an aërial and enchanted life, possessing all the highest joys of imagination, while she yielded to none of its deceits, sicknesses, or errors. She saw and felt, and believed all good, as it had ever been, and was to be, in the reality and eternity of its goodness, with the acceptance and the hope of a child; the least things were treasures to her, and her moments fuller of joy than some people's days.

What she has been to me, in the days and years when other friendship has been failing, and others' "loving, mere folly," the reader will enough see from these letters, written certainly for her only, but from which she has permitted my Master of the Rural Industries at Loughrigg, Albert Fleming, to choose what he thinks, among the tendrils of clinging thought, and mossy cups for dew in the Garden of Herbs where Love is, may be trusted to the memorial sympathy of the readers of "Frondes Agrestes."

J. R.

BRANTWOOD, *June*, 1887.

INTRODUCTION.

OFTEN during those visits to the Thwaite which have grown to be the best-spent hours of my later years, I have urged my dear friend, Miss Beever, to open to the larger world the pleasant paths of this her Garden Enclosed. The inner circle of her friends knew that she had a goodly store of Mr. Ruskin's letters, extending over many years. She for her part had long desired to share with others the pleasure these letters had given her, but she shrank from the fatigue of selecting and arranging them. It was, therefore, with no small feeling of satisfaction that I drove home from the Thwaite one day in February last with a parcel containing nearly two thousand of these treasured letters. I was gladdened also by generous permission, both from Brantwood and the Thwaite, to choose what I liked best for publication. The letters themselves are the fruit of the most beautiful friendship I have ever been permitted to witness, a friendship so unique in some aspects of it, so sacred in all, that I may only give it the praise of silence. I count myself happy to have been allowed to throw open to all wise and quiet souls the portals of this Armida's Garden, where there are no spells save those woven by love, and no magic save that of grace and kindness. Here my pleasant share in this little book would have ended, but Mr. Ruskin has desired me to add a few words, giving my own description of Susie, and speaking of my relationship to them both. To him I owe the guidance of my life—all its best impulses, all its worthiest efforts; to her some of its happiest hours, and the blessings alike of incentive and reproof. In reading over Mr. Ruskin's Preface, I note that,

either by grace of purpose or happy chance, he has left me one point untouched in our dear friend's character. Her letters inserted here give some evidence of it, but I should like to place on record how her intense delight in sweet and simple things has blossomed into a kind of mental frolic and dainty wit, so that even now, in the calm autumn of her days, her friends are not only lessoned by her ripened wisdom, but cheered and recreated by her quaint and sprightly humor.

In the Royal Order of Gardens, as Bacon puts it, there was always a quiet resting-place called the Pleasaunce; there the daisies grew unchecked, and the grass was ever the greenest. Such a Pleasaunce do these Letters seem to me. Here and there, indeed, there are shadows on the grass, but no shadow ever falls between the two dear friends who walk together hand in hand along its pleasant paths. So may they walk in peace till they stand at the gate of another Garden, where

“Co' flori eterni, eterno il frutto dura.”

A. F.

NEAUM CRAG,
LOUGHRIGG,
AMBLESIDE.

HORTUS INCLUSUS.

THE SACRISTAN'S CELL.

Assisi, 14th April, 1874.

I got to-day your lovely letter of the 6th, but I never knew my Susie *could* be such a naughty little girl before ; to burn her pretty story * instead of sending it to me. It would have come to me so exactly in the right place here, where St. Francis made the grasshopper (cicada, at least) sing to him upon his hand, and preached to the birds, and made the wolf go its rounds every day as regularly as any Franciscan friar, to ask for a little contribution to its modest dinner. The Bee and Narcissus would have delighted to talk in this enchanted air.

Yes, that is really very pretty of Dr. John to inscribe your books so, and it's so like him. How these kind people understand things ! And that bit of his about the child is wholly lovely ; I am so glad you copied it.

I often think of you, and of Coniston and Brantwood. You will see, in the May Fors, reflections upon the temptations to the life of a Franciscan.

There are two monks here, one the sacristan who has charge of the entire church, and is responsible for its treasures ; the other exercising what authority is left to the convent among the people of the town. They are both so good and innocent and sweet, one can't pity them enough. For this time in Italy is just like the Reformation in Scotland, with

* The Bee and Narcissus.

but indeed I can't but try to write carefully in answer to all your kind words, and so sometimes I can't at all. I *must* tell you, however, to-day, what I saw in the Pompeian frescoes—the great characteristic of falling Rome, in her furious desire of pleasure, and brutal incapability of it. The walls of Pompeii are covered with paintings meant only to give pleasure, but nothing they represent is beautiful or delightful, and yesterday, among other calumniated and caricatured birds, I saw one of my Susie's pets, a peacock ; and he had only eleven eyes in his tail. Fancy the feverish wretchedness of the humanity which, in mere pursuit of pleasure or power, had reduced itself to see no more than eleven eyes in a peacock's tail ! What were the Cyclops to this ?

I hope to get to Rome this evening, and to be there settled for some time, and to have quieter hours for my letters.

ROME, 23d May, 1874.

A number of business letters and the increasing instinct for work here as time shortens, have kept me too long from even writing a mere mamma-note to you ; though not without thought of you daily.

I have your last most lovely line about your sister—and giving me that most touching fact about poor Dr. John Brown, which I am grieved and yet thankful to know, that I may better still reverence his unfailling kindness and quick sympathy. I have a quite wonderful letter from him about you ; but I will not tell you what he says, only it is so *very*, very true, and so very, very pretty, you can't think.

I have written to my bookseller to find for you, and send, a complete edition of "Modern Painters," if findable. If not, I will make my assistant send you down my own fourth and fifth volumes, which you can keep till I come for them in the autumn.

There is nothing now in the year but autumn and winter. I really begin to think there is some terrible change of climate coming upon the world for its sin, like another deluge. It will have its rainbow, I suppose, after its manner—promising not to darken the world again, and then not to drown.

ROME, 24th May, 1874 (*Whit-Sunday*).

I have to-day, to make the day whiter for me, your lovely letter of the 14th, telling me your age. I am so glad it is no more; you are only thirteen years older than I, and much more able to be my sister than mamma, and I hope you will have many years of youth yet. I think I *must* tell you in return for this letter what Dr. John Brown said, or part of it at least. He said you had the playfulness of a lamb without its selfishness. I think that perfect as far as it goes. Of course my Susie's wise and grave gifts must be told of afterward. There is no one I know, or have known, so well able as you are to be in a degree what my mother was to me. In this chief way (as well as many other ways) (the puzzlement I have had to force that sentence into grammar!), that I have had the same certainty of giving you pleasure by a few words and by any little account of what I am doing. But then you know I have just got out of the way of doing as I am bid, and unless you can scold me back into that, you can't give me the sense of support.

Tell me more about yourself first, and how those years came to be "lost." I am not sure that they were; though I am very far from holding the empty theory of compensation; but much of the slighter pleasure you lost then is evidently still open to you, fresh all the more from having been for a time withdrawn.

The Roman peasants are very gay to-day, with roses in their hair; legitimately and honorably decorated, and looking lovely. Oh me, if they had a few Susies to take human care of them, what a glorious people they would be!

THE LOST CHURCH IN THE CAMPAGNA.

ROME, 2d June, 1874.

Ah, if you were but among the marbles here, though there are none finer than that you so strangely discerned in my study; but they are as a white company innumerable, ghost after ghost. And how you would rejoice in them and in a

thousand things besides, to which I am dead, from having seen too much or worked too painfully—or, worst of all, lost the hope which gives all life.

Last Sunday I was in a lost church found again—a church of the second or third century, dug in a green hill of the Campagna, built underground ;—its secret entrance like a sand-martin's nest. Such the temple of the Lord, as the King Solomon of that time had to build it ; not “ the mountains of the Lord's house shall be established above the hills,” but the cave of the Lord's house as the fox's hole, beneath them.

And here, now lighted by the sun for the first time (for they are still digging the earth from the steps), are the marbles of those early Christian days ; the first efforts of their new hope to show itself in enduring record, the new hope of a Good Shepherd ;—there they carved Him, with a spring flowing at His feet, and round Him the cattle of the Campagna in which they had dug their church, the very self-same goats which this morning have been trotting past my window through the most populous streets of Rome, innocently following their shepherd, tinkling their bells, and shaking their long spiral horns and white beards ; the very same dew-lapped cattle which were that Sunday morning feeding on the hillside above, carved on the tomb-marbles sixteen hundred years ago.

How you would have liked to see it, Susie !

And now to-day I am going to work in an eleventh century church of quite proud and victorious Christianity, with its grand bishops and saints lording it over Italy. The bishop's throne all marble and mosaic of precious colors and of gold, high under the vaulted roof at the end behind the altar ; and line upon line of pillars of massive porphyry and marble, gathered out of the ruins of the temples of the great race who had persecuted them, till they had said to the hills, Cover us, like the wicked. And then *their* proud time came, and their enthronement on the seven hills ; and now, what is to be their fate once more ?—of pope and cardinal and dome, Peter's or Paul's by name only,—“ My house, no more a house of prayer, but a den of thieves.”

I can't write any more this morning. Oh me, if one could only write and draw all one wanted, and have our Susies and be young again, oneself and they! (As if there were two Susies, or *could* be!

Ever my one Susie's very loving,

J. RUSKIN.

I have sent word to my father's old head-clerk, now a great merchant himself, to send you a little case of that champagne. Please like it.

REGRETS.

ASSISI, June 9th.

Yes, I am a little oppressed just now with overwork, nor is this avoidable. I am obliged to leave all my drawings unfinished as the last days come, and the point possible of approximate completion fatally contracts, every hour, to a more ludicrous and warped mockery of the hope in which one began. It is impossible not to work against time, and *that* is killing. It is not labor itself, but competitive, anxious, disappointed labor that dries one's soul out.

But don't be frightened about me, you sweet Susie. I know when I *must* stop; forgive and pity me only, because sometimes, nay often my letter (or word) to Susie must be sacrificed to the last effort on one's drawing.

The letter to one's Susie should be a rest, do you think? It is always more or less comforting, but not rest; it means further employment of the already extremely strained sensational power. What one really wants! I believe the only true restorative is the natural one, the actual presence of one's "helpmeet." The far worse than absence of mine *reverses* rest, and what is more, destroys one's power of receiving from others or giving.

How much love of mine have *others* lost, because that poor sick child would not have the part of love that belonged to her!

I am very anxious about your eyes too. For any favor don't write more extracts just now. The books are yours forever and a day—no loan; enjoy any bits that you find enjoyable, but don't copy just now.

I left Rome yesterday, and am on my way home ; but, alas ! might as well be on my way home from Cochin China, for any chance I have of speedily arriving. Meantime your letters will reach me here with speed, and will be a great comfort to me, if they don't fatigue *you*.

"FRONDES AGRESTES."

PERUGIA, 12th June.

I am more and more pleased at the thought of this gathering of yours, and soon expect to tell you what the bookseller says.

Meantime I want you to think of the form the collection should take with reference to my proposed re-publication. I mean to take the botany, the geology, the Turner defence, and the general art criticism of "Modern Painters," as four separate books, cutting out nearly all the preaching, and a good deal of the sentiment. Now what you find pleasant and helpful to you of general maxim or reflection, *must* be of some value ; and I think therefore that your selection will just do for me what no other reader could have done, least of all I myself ; keep together, that is to say, what may be right and true of those youthful thoughts. I should like you to add anything that specially pleases you, of whatever kind ; but to keep the notion of your book being the didactic one as opposed to the other picturesque and scientific volumes, will I think help you in choosing between passages when one or other is to be rejected.

HOW I FELL AMONG THIEVES.

ASSISI, 17th June.

I have been having a bad time lately, and have no heart to write to you. Very difficult and melancholy work, deciphering what remains of a great painter among stains of ruin and blotches of repair, of five hundred years' gathering. It makes me sadder than idleness, which is saying much.

I was greatly flattered and petted by a saying in one of your last letters, about the difficulty I had in unpacking my

mind. That is true; one of my chief troubles at present is with the quantity of things I want to say at once. But you don't know how I find things I laid by carefully in it, all mouldy and moth-eaten when I take them out; and what a lot of mending and airing they need, and what a wearisome and bothering business it is compared to the early packing,—one used to be so proud to get things into the corners neatly!

I have been failing in my drawings, too, and I'm in a horrible inn kept by a Garibaldian bandit; and the various sorts of disgusting dishes sent up to look like a dinner, and to be charged for, are a daily increasing horror and amazement to me. They succeed in getting *everything* bad; no exertion, no invention, could produce such badness, I believe, anywhere else. The hills are covered for leagues with olive-trees, and the oil's bad; there are no such lovely cattle elsewhere in the world, and the butter's bad; half the country people are shepherds, but there's no mutton; half the old women walk about with a pig tied to their waists, but there's no pork; the vine grows wild anywhere, and the wine would make my teeth drop out of my head if I took a glass of it; there are no strawberries, no oranges, no melons, the cherries are as hard as their stones, the beans only good for horses, or Jack and the beanstalk, and this is the size of the biggest asparagus—



I live here in a narrow street ten feet wide only, winding up a hill, and it was full this morning of sheep as close as they could pack, at least a thousand, as far as the eye could reach,—tinkle tinkle, bleat bleat, for a quarter of an hour.

IN PARADISE.

ASSISI, SACRISTAN'S CELL,

25th June.

This letter is all upside down, and this first page written last; for I didn't like something I had written about myself last night when I was tired, and have torn it off.

That star you saw beat like a heart must have been a dog star. A planet would not have twinkled. Far mightier, he, than any planet ; burning with his own planetary host doubtless round him ; and, on some speckiest of the specks of them, evangelical persons thinking our sun was made for *them*.

Ah, Susie, I do not pass, unthought of, the many sorrows of which you kindly tell me, to show me—for that is in your heart—how others have suffered also.

But, Susie, *you* expect to see your Margaret again, and you will be happy with her in heaven. I wanted my Rosie *here*. In heaven I mean to go and talk to Pythagoras and Socrates and Valerius Publicola. I shan't care a bit for Rosie there, she needn't think it. What will grey eyes and red cheeks be good for *there* ?

These pious sentiments are all written in my sacristan's cell.

Now, Susie, mind, though you're only eight years old, you must try to fancy you're ten or eleven, and attend to what I say.

This extract book * of yours will be most precious in its help to me, provided it is kept within somewhat narrow limits. As soon as it is done I mean to have it published in a strong and pretty but *cheap* form, and it must not be too bulky. Consider, therefore, not only what you like, but how far and with whom each bit is likely to find consent and service. You will have to choose perhaps, after a little while, among what you have already chosen. I mean to leave it *wholly* in your hands ; it is to be Susie's choice of my writings.

Don't get into a flurry of responsibility, but don't at once write down all you have a mind to ; I know you'll find a good deal ! for you are exactly in sympathy with me in all things.

ASSISI, 9th July, 1874.

Your lovely letters are always a comfort to me ; and not least when you tell me you are sad. You would be far less in

* Frondes Agrestes.

sympathy with me if you were not, and in the "everything right" humor of some, even of some really good and kind persons, whose own matters are to their mind, and who understand by "Providence" the power which particularly takes care of *them*. This favoritism which goes so sweetly and pleasantly down with so many pious people is the chief of all stumbling-blocks to *me*. I must pray for everybody or nobody, and can't get into any conceptions of relation between Heaven and *me*, if not also between Heaven and earth (and why Heaven should allow hairs in pens I can't think).

I take great care of myself, be quite sure of that, Susie; the worst of it is, here in Assisi everybody else wants me to take care of them.

Catharine brought me up as a great treat yesterday, at dinner, ham dressed with as much garlic as could be stewed into it, and a plate of raw figs, telling me I was to eat them together!

The sun is changing the entire mountains of Assisi into a hot bottle with no flannel round it; but I can't get a ripe plum, peach, or cherry. All the milk turns sour, and one has to eat one's meat as its toughest or the thunder gets into it next day.

FOAM OF TIBER.

PERUGIA, 17th July.

I am made anxious by your sweet letter of the 6th saying you have been ill and are "not much better."

The letter is all like yours, but I suppose however ill you were you would always write prettily, so that's little comfort.

About the Narcissus, please. I want them for my fishpond stream rather than for the bee-house one. The fishpond stream is very doleful, and wants to dance with daffodils if they would come and teach it. How happy we are in our native streams! A thunder-storm swelled the Tiber yesterday, and it rolled over its mill weirs in heaps, literally, of tossed water, the size of haycocks, but black-brown like coffee with the grounds in it, mixed with a very little yellow milk. In some

lights the foam flew like cast handfuls of heavy gravel. The chief flowers here are only broom and bindweed, and I begin to weary for my heather and for my Susie ; but, oh dear, the ways are long and the days few.

LUCCA, 29th July.

I'm not going to be devoured when I come, by anybody, unless *you* like to. I shall come to your window with the birds, to be fed myself.

And please at present always complain to me whenever you like. It is the over-boisterous cheerfulness of common people that hurts me ; your sadness is a help to me.

You shall have whatever name you like for your book, provided you continue to like it after thinking over it long enough. You will not like "Gleanings," because you know that one only gleans refuse—dropped ears—that other people don't care for. *You* go into the garden and gather with choice the flowers you like best. That is not gleaning!

LUCCA, 10th August.

I have been grieved not to write to you ; but the number of things that vex me are so great just now, that unless by false effort I could write you nothing nice. It is very dreadful to live in Italy, and more dreadful to see one's England and one's English friends, all but a field or two, and a stream or two, and a one Susie and one Dr. Brown, fast becoming like Italy and the Italians.

I have too *much sympathy* with your sorrow to write to you of it. What I have not sympathy with, is your hope ; and how cruel it is to say this ! But I am driven more and more to think there is to be no more good for a time, but a reign of terror of men and the elements alike ; and yet it is so like what is foretold before the coming of the Son of man, that perhaps in the extremest evil of it I may some day read the sign that our redemption draws nigh.

Now, Susie, invent a nice cluster of titles for the book and

send them to me to choose from, to Hotel de l'Arno, Florence. I must get that out before the day of judgment, if I can. I'm so glad of your sweet flatteries in this note received to-day.

FLORENCE, 25th August.

I have not been able to write to you, or anyone lately, whom I don't want to tease, except Dr. Brown, whom I write to for counsel. My time is passed in a fierce steady struggle to save all I can every day, as a fireman from a smouldering ruin, of history or aspect. To-day, for instance, I've been just in time to ascertain the form of the cross of the Emperor, representing the power of the State in the greatest *political* fresco of old times—fourteenth century. By next year, it may be next month, it will have dropped from the wall with the vibration of the railway outside, and be touched up with new gilding for the mob.

I am keeping well, but am in a terrible spell (literally, "spell," enchanted maze, that I can't get out of) of work.

I *was* a little scandalized at the idea of your calling the book "word painting." My dearest Susie, it is the chief provocation of my life to be called a "word painter" instead of a thinker. I hope you haven't filled your book with descriptions. I thought it was the thoughts you were looking for?

"Posie" would be pretty. If you ask Joanie she will tell you perhaps *too* pretty for *me*, and I can't think a bit to-night, for instead of robins singing I hear only blaspheming gamesters on the other side of the narrow street.

FLORENCE, 1st September.

Don't be in despair about your book. I am sure it will be lovely. I'll see to it the moment I get home, but I've got into an entirely unexpected piece of business here, the interpretation of a large chapel full of misunderstood, or not at all understood, frescoes; and I'm terribly afraid of breaking

down, so much drawing has to be done at the same time. It has stranded botany and everything.

I was kept awake half of last night by drunken blackguards howling on the bridge of the Holy Trinity in the pure half-moonlight. This is the kind of discord I have to bear, corresponding to your uncongenial company. But, alas! Susie, you ought at ten years old to have more firmness, and to resolve that you won't be bored. I think I shall try to enforce it on you as a very solemn duty not to *lie* to people as the vulgar public do. If they bore you, say so, and they'll go away. That is the right state of things.

How am I to know that *I* don't bore you, when *I* come, when you're so civil to people you hate?

PASS OF BOCCHETTA, 1st October.

All that is lovely and wonderful in the Alps may be seen without the slightest danger, in general, and it is especially good for little girls of eleven, who can't climb, to know this—all the best views of hills are at the bottom of them. I know one or two places indeed where there is a grand peeping over precipices, one or two where the mountain seclusion and strength are worth climbing to see. But all the entirely beautiful things I could show you, Susie; only for the very highest sublime of them sometimes asking you to endure half an hour of *chaise à porteur*, but mostly from a post-chaise or smoothest of turnpike roads.

But, Susie, do you know, I'm greatly horrified at the pen-wipers of peacock's feathers! *I* always use my left-hand coat-tail, indeed, and if only I were a peacock and a pet of yours, how you'd scold me!

Sun just coming out over sea (at Sestri), which is sighing in toward the window, within your drive, round before the door's breadth of it,* seen between two masses of acacia copse and two orange-trees at the side of the inn courtyard.

* That is, within that distance of the window.

GENEVA, 19th October.

How I have been neglecting you! Perhaps Joanie may have told you that just at my last gasp of hand-work, I had to write quite an unexpected number of letters. But poor Joanie will think herself neglected now, for I have been stopped among the Alps by a state of their glaciers entirely unexampled, and shall be a week after my "latest possible" day, in getting home. It is eleven years since I was here, and very sad to me to return, yet delightful with a moon-light paleness of the past, precious of its kind.

I shall be at home with Joan in ten days now, God willing. I have much to tell you, which will give you pleasure and pain; but I don't know how much it will be—to tell you—for a little while yet, so I don't begin.

OXFORD, 28th October.

Home at last with your lovely, most lovely, letter in my breast pocket, from Joan's all the way here.

I am so very grateful to you for not writing on black paper.

Oh, dear Susie, why should we ever wear black for the guests of God?

WHARFE IN FLOOD.

BOLTON ABBEY, 24th January, 1875.

The black rain, much as I growled at it, has let me see Wharfe in flood; and I would have borne many days in prison to see that.

No one need go to the Alps to see wild water. Seldom, unless in the Rhine or Rhone themselves at their rapids, have I seen anything much grander. An Alpine stream, besides, nearly always has its bed full of loose stones, and becomes a series of humps and dumps of water wherever it is shallow; while the Wharfe swept round its curves of shore like a black Damascus sabre, coiled into eddies of steel. At the Strid, it had risen eight feet vertical since yesterday, sheeting the flat rocks with foam from side to side, while the treacherous mid-

channel was filled with a succession of boiling domes of water, charged through and through with churning white, and rolling out into the broader stream, each like a vast sea-wave bursting on a beach.

There is something in the soft and comparatively unbroken slopes of these Yorkshire shales which must give the water a peculiar sweeping power, for I have seen Tay and Tummel and Ness, and many a big stream besides, savage enough, but I don't remember anything so grim as this.

I came home to quiet tea and a black kitten called Sweep, who lapped half my cream jugful (and yet I had plenty) sitting on my shoulder—and *Life of Sir Walter Scott*. I was reading his great Scottish history tour, when he was twenty-three, and got his materials for everything nearly, but especially for *Waverley*, though not used till long afterward.

Do you recollect Gibbie Gellatly? I was thinking over that question of yours, "What did I think?"* But, my dear Susie, you might as well ask Gibbie Gellatly what *he* thought. What does it matter what any of us think? We are but simpletons, the best of us, and I am a very inconsistent and wayward simpleton. I know how to roast eggs, in the ashes, perhaps—but for the next world? Why don't you ask your squirrel what *he* thinks too? The great point—the one for all of us—is, not to take false words in our mouths, and to crack our nuts innocently through winter and rough weather.

I shall post this to-morrow as I pass through Skipton or any post-worthy place on my way to Wakefield. Write to Warwick. Oh, me, what places England had, when she was herself! Now, rail stations mostly. But I never can make out how Warwick Castle got built by that dull bit of river.

"FRONDES."

WAKEFIELD, 25th January, 1875.

Here's our book in form at last, and it seems to me just a nice size, and on the whole very taking. I've put a touch or

* Of the things that shall be, hereafter.

two more to the preface, and I'm sadly afraid there's a naughty note somewhere. I hope you won't find it, and that you will like the order the things are put in.

Such ill roads as we came over to-day, I never thought to see in England.

CASTLETON, 26th January, 1875.

Here I have your long, dear letter. I am very thankful I can be so much to you. Of all the people I have yet known, you are the only one I can find complete sympathy in; you are so nice and young, without the hardness of youth, and may be the best of sisters to me. I am not so sure about letting you be an elder one; I am not going to be lectured when I'm naughty.

I've been so busy at *wasps* all day coming along, having got a nice book about them. It tells me, too, of a delightful German doctor who kept tame hornets—a whole nest in his study! They knew him perfectly, and would let him do anything with them, even pull bits off their nest to look in at it.

Wasps, too, my author says, are really much more amiable than bees, and never get angry without cause. All the same, they have a tiresome way of inspecting one, too closely, sometimes, I think.

I'm immensely struck with the Peak Cavern, but it was in twilight.

I'm going to stay here all to-morrow, the place is so entirely unspoiled. I've not seen such a primitive village, rock, or stream, this twenty years; Langdale is as sophisticated as Pall Mall in comparison.

Alas, I've other letters to write!

WASP STINGS.

BOLTON BRIDGE, Saturday.

I never was more thankful than for your sweet note, being stopped here by bad weather again; the worst of posting is

that one has to think of one's servant outside, and so lose a day.

It was bitter wind and snow this morning, too bad to send any human creature to sit idle in. Black enough still, and I, more than usual, because it is just that point of distinction from brutes which I truly say is our only one,* of which I have now so little hold.

The bee Fors † will be got quickly into proof, but I must add a good deal to it. I can't get into good humor for natural history in this weather.

I've got a good book on wasps which says they are our chief protectors against flies. In Cumberland the wet, cold spring is so bad for the wasps that I partly think this may be so, and the terrible plague of flies in August might perhaps be checked by our teaching our little Agneses to keep wasps' nests instead of bees.

Yes, that is a pretty bit of mine about Hamlet, and I think I must surely be a little pathetic sometimes, in a doggish way.

"You're so dreadfully faithful!" said Arthur Severn to me, fretting over the way I was being ill-treated the other day by R.

Oh, dear, I wish I were at Brantwood again, now, and could send you my wasp book! *It* is pathetic, and yet so dreadful—the wasp bringing in the caterpillar for its young wasp, stinging each enough to paralyze, but not to kill, and so laying them up in the cupboard.

I wonder how the clergymen's wives will feel after the next Fors or two! I've done a bit to-day which I think will go in with a shiver. Do you recollect the curious *thrill* there is—the cold *tingle* of the pang of a nice deep wasp sting?

Well, I'm not in a fit temper to write to Susie to-day, clearly.

* I've forgotten what it was, and don't feel now as if I had 'got hold of *any* one.

† See Fors Clavigera, Letter LL.

BOLTON STRID.

I stopped here to see the Strid again—not seen these many years. It is curious that life is embittered to me, now, by its former pleasantness; while *you* have of these same places painful recollections, but you could enjoy them now with your whole heart.

Instead of the drive with the poor over-labored one horse through the long wet day, here, when I was a youth, my father and mother brought me, and let me sketch in the Abbey and ramble in the woods as I chose, only demanding promise that I should not go near the Strid. Pleasant drives, with, on the whole, well paid and pleased drivers, never with over-burdened cattle; cheerful dinner or tea waiting for me always, on my return from solitary rambles. Everything right and good for me, except only that they never put me through any trials to harden me, or give me decision of character, or make me feel how much they did for me.

But that error was a fearful one, and cost them and me, Heaven only knows how much. And now, I walk to Strid, and Abbey, and everywhere, with the ghosts of the past days haunting me, and other darker spirits of sorrow and remorse and wonder. Black spirits among the gray, all like a mist between me and the green woods. And I feel like a caterpillar—stung *just enough*. Foul weather and mist enough, of quite a real kind besides. An hour's sunshine to-day, broken up speedily, and now veiled utterly.

HERNE HILL, LONDON,

11th February, 1875.

I have your sweet letter with news of Dr. John and his brother. I have been working on the book to-day very hard, after much interruption; it is two-thirds done now. So glad people are on tiptoe.

Paddocks are frogs, not toads in that grace.* And why

* Herrick's. See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter XLIII.

should not people smile? Do you think that God does not like smiling graces? He only dislikes frowns. But you know when once habitual, the child would be told on a cold day to say "Cold as paddocks," and everybody would know what was coming. Finally the deep under-meaning, that as the cold hand is lifted, so also the cold heart, and yet accepted, makes it one of the prettiest little hymns I know.

I cannot tell you how very apposite to my work these two feathers are. I am just going to dwell on the exquisite result of the division into successive leaves, by which nature obtains the glittering look to set off her color; and you just send me two feathers which have it more in perfection than any I ever saw, and I think are more vivid in color.

How these boys must tease you! but you will be rewarded in the world that good Susies go to.

You must show me the drawing of the grebe. The moss is getting on.

VENICE, 12th September, 1876.

I must just say how thankful it makes me to hear of this true gentleness of English gentlewomen in the midst of the vice and cruelty in which I am forced to live here, where oppression on one side and license on the other rage as two war-wolves in continual havoc.

It is very characteristic of fallen Venice, as of modern Europe, that here in the principal rooms of one of the chief palaces, in the very headmost sweep of the Grand Canal, there is not a room for a servant fit to keep a cat or a dog in (as Susie would keep cat or dog, at least).

VENICE, 18th September.

I never knew such a fight as the good and wicked fairies are having over my poor body and spirit just now. The good fairies have got down the St. Ursula for me and given her to me all to myself, and sent me fine weather and nice gondoliers, and a good cook, and a pleasant waiter; and the bad fairies

keep putting everything upside down, and putting black in my box when I want white, and making me forget all I want, and find all I don't, and making the hinges come off my boards, and the leaves out of my books, and driving me as wild as wild can be; but I'm getting something done in spite of them, only I never *can* get my letters written.

VENICE, *September 29th.*

I have woful letters telling me you also were woful in saying good-by. My darling Susie, what *is* the use of your being so good and dear if you can't enjoy thinking of heaven, and what fine goings on we shall all have there?

All the same, even when I'm at my very piousest, it puts me out if my drawings go wrong. I'm going to draw St. Ursula's blue slippers to-day, and if I can't do them nicely shall be in great despair. I've just found a little cunning inscription on her bedpost, 'IN FANNTIA.' The double N puzzled me at first, but Carpaccio spells anyhow. My head is not good enough for a bedpost. . . . Oh me, the sweet Grange!—Thwaite, I mean (bedpost again); to think of it in this mass of weeds and ruin!

ST. URSULA.

VENICE, *13th November.*

I have to-day your dear little note, and have desired Joan to send you one just written to her, in which I have given some account of myself, that may partly interest, partly win your pardon for apparent neglect. Coming here, after practically an interval of twenty-four years—for I have not seriously looked at anything during the two hurried visits with Joan—my old unfinished work, and the possibilities of its better completion, rise grievously and beguilingly before me, and I have been stretching my hands to the shadow of old designs and striving to fulfil shortcomings, always painful to me, but now, for the moment, intolerable.

I am also approaching the close of the sixth year of Fors, and have plans for the Sabbatical year of it, which make my thoughts active and troubled. I am drawing much, and have got a study of St. Ursula which will give you pleasure ; but the pain of being separate from my friends and of knowing they miss me ! I wonder if you will think you are making me too vain, Susie. Such vanity is a very painful one, for I know that you look out of the window on Sundays now, wistfully, for Joan's handkerchief. This pain seems always at my heart, with the other which is its own.

I am thankful, always, you like St. Ursula. *One* quite fixed plan for the last year of Fors, is that there shall be absolutely no abuse or controversy in it, but things which will either give pleasure or help ; and some clear statements of principle, in language as temperate as hitherto violent ; to show, for one thing, that the violence was not for want of self-command.

I'm going to have a good fling at the Bishops in next Fors to finish with, and then for January !—only I mustn't be too good, Susie, or something would happen to me. So I shall say naughty things still, but in the mildest way.

I am very grateful to you for that comparison about my mind being as crisp as a lettuce. I am so thankful you can feel that still. I was beginning to doubt, myself.

ST. MARK'S DOVES.

VENICE, 2d December.

I have been very dismal lately. I hope the next captain of St. George's Company will be a merrier one and happier, in being of use. I am inherently selfish, and don't enjoy being of use. I enjoy painting and picking up stones and flirting with Susies and Kathleens ; it's very odd that I never much care to flirt with any but little girls ! And here I've no Susies nor Kathleens nor Diddies, and I'm only doing lots of good, and I'm very miserable. I've been going late to bed too. I picked myself up last night and went to bed at nine, and feel cheerful enough to ask Susie how she does, and send

her love from St. Mark's doves. They're really tiresome now, among one's feet in St. Mark's Place, and I don't know what it will come to. In old times, when there were not so many idlers about, the doves were used to brisk walkers, and moved away a foot or two in front of one; but now everybody lounges, or stands talking about the Government, and the doves won't stir till one just touches them; and I who walk fast * am always expecting to tread on them, and it's a nuisance.

If I only had time I would fain make friends with the seagulls, who would be quite like angels if they would only stop on one's balcony. If there were the least bit of truth in Darwinism, Venice would have had her own born seagulls by this time building their nests at her thresholds.

Now I must get to work. Love to Mary and Miss Rigbye. Now mind you give my message carefully, Susie, because you're a careless little thing.

VENICE, 11th December.

My mouth's watering so for that Thwaite currant jelly, you can't think. I haven't had the least taste of anything of the sort this three months. These wretches of Venetians live on cigars and garlic, and have no taste in their mouths for anything that God makes nice.

The little drawing (returned) is nice in color and feeling, but, which surprises me, not at all intelligent in line. It is not weakness of hand but fault of perspective instinct, which spoils so many otherwise good botanical drawings.

Bright morning. Sickly moon just hiding in a red cloud, and the morning stars just vanished in light. But we've had nearly three weeks of dark weather, so we mustn't think it poor Coniston's fault—though Coniston *has* faults. Poor little Susie, it shan't have any more nasty messages to carry.

* See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter LXXXII.

ST. MARK'S REST.

23d January, 1877.

I've caught cold and can think of nothing to do me good but making you miserable by telling you so.

It's not a very bad one. And it's a wonder I've got so far through the winter without any.

Things have gone very well for me, hitherto, but I have been depressed by hearing of my poor Kate's* illness; and can't think of Brantwood with any comfort, so I come across the lake to the Thwaite.

A great many lovely things happened to me this Christmas, but if I were to tell Susie of them I am sure she would be frightened out of her bright little wits, and think I was going to be a Roman Catholic. I'm writing *such* a Catholic history of Venice, and chiselling all the Protestantism off the old "Stones" as they do here the grass off steps.

All the pigeons of St. Mark's Place send you their love. St. Ursula adds hers to the eleven thousand birds' love. And the darlingest old Pope who went a pilgrimage with her, hopes you won't be too much shocked if he sends *his* too! (If you're not shocked, *I am*!)

My new Catholic history of Venice is to be called "St. Mark's Rest."

27th January.

Joanie tells me you are writing her such sad little letters. How *can* it be that anyone so good and true as my Susie should be sad? I am sad, bitterly enough and often, but only with sense of fault and folly and lost opportunity such as you have never fallen into or lost. It is very cruel of Fate, I think, to make us sad, who would fain see everybody cheerful, and (cruel of Fate too) to make so many cheerful who make others wretched. The little history of Venice is well on, and will be clear and interesting, I think—more than most histories of anything. And the stories of saints and nice people will be

* Then, my head servant; now Kate Raven, of Coniston.

plenty. Oh me, I wonder, Susie dear, whether you and I are saints, or what we are. You know you're really a little wicked sometimes as well as me, aren't you?

Such moonlight as there is to-night, but nothing to what it is at Coniston! It makes the lagoon water look brown instead of green, which I never noticed before.

SAINTS AND FLOWERS.

VENICE, 17th February.

It is very grievous to me to hear of your being in that woful weather while I have two days' sunshine out of three, and starlight or moonlight always; to-day the whole chain of the Alps from Vicenza to Trieste shining cloudless all day long, and the seagulls floating high in the blue, like little dazzling boys' kites.

Yes, St. Francis would have been greatly pleased with you watching pussy drink your milk; so would St. Theodore, as you will see by next Fors, which I have ordered to be sent you in first proof, for I am eager that you should have it. What wonderful flowers these pinks of St. Ursula's are, for life! They seem to bloom like everlastings.

I get my first rosebud and violets of this year from St. Helena's Island to-day. How I begin to pity people who have no saints to be good to them! Who is yours at Coniston? There must have been some in the country once upon a time.

With their help I am really getting well on with my history and drawing, and hope for a sweet time at home in the heathery days, and many a nice afternoon tea at the Thwaite.

VENICE, 8th March.

That is entirely new and wonderful to me about the singing mouse.* Douglas (was it the Douglas?) saying "he had

* A pleasant story that a friend sent me from France. The mouse often came into their sitting-room and actually sang to them, the notes being a little like a canary's.—S. B.

rather hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak" needs revision. It is a marvellous fact in natural history.

The wind is singing a wild tune to-night—cannot be colder on our own heaths—and the waves dash like our Waterhead. Oh me, when I'm walking round it again, how like a sad dream all this Venice will be !

OXFORD, 2d December.

I write first to you this morning to tell you that I gave yesterday the twelfth and last of my course of lectures this term, to a room crowded by six hundred people, two-thirds members of the University, and with its door wedged open by those who could not get in ; this interest of theirs being granted to me, I doubt not, because for the first time in Oxford, I have been able to speak to them boldly of immortal life. I intended, when I began the course, only to have read "Modern Painters" to them ; but when I began, some of your favorite bits interested the men so much, and brought so much larger a proportion of undergraduates than usual, that I took pains to reinforce and press them home ; and people say I have never given so useful a course yet. But it has taken all my time and strength, and I have not been able even to tell Susie a word about it until now. In one of my lectures I made my text your pretty peacock and the design * of him. But did not venture to say, what really must be true, that his voice is an example of "the Devil sowed tares," and of the angels letting both grow together. Joanie was "wae" to leave Brantwood and you (and between you and me her letters have been so dull ever since, that I think she has left her wits as well as her heart with you). I am going to see her on Monday week, the 10th, and shall start from home *about* the 20th, undertaking (D. V.), at all events, to come on Christmas morning to your ever kindly opening door.

Love to Mary, and cousin Mary ; how happy it is for me you are all so nice !

* Decorative art of his plumage.

My grateful compliments to the peacock. And little (but warm) loves to all your little birds. And best of little loves to the squirrels, only you must send *them* in dream-words, I suppose, up to their nests.

HERNE HILL, *Sunday, 16th December.*

It is a long while since I've felt so good for nothing as I do this morning. My very wristbands curl up in a dog's-eared and disconsolate manner; my little room is all a heap of disorder. I've got a hoarseness and wheezing and sneezing and coughing and choking. I can't speak and I can't think, I'm miserable in bed and useless out of it; and it seems to me as if I could never venture to open a window or go out of a door any more. I have the dimmest sort of diabolical pleasure in thinking how miserable I shall make Susie by telling her all this; but in other respects I seem entirely devoid of all moral sentiments. I have arrived at this state of things, first by catching cold, and since by trying to "amuse myself" for three days. I tried to read "Pickwick," but found that vulgar, and, besides, I know it all by heart. I sent from town for some chivalric romances, but found them immeasurably stupid. I made Baxter read me the *Daily Telegraph*, and found that the Home Secretary had been making an absurd speech about art, without any consciousness that such a person as I had ever existed. I read a lot of games of chess out of Mr. Staunton's handbook, and couldn't understand any of them. I analyzed the Dock Company's bill of charges on a box from Venice, and sent them an examination paper on it. I think *that* did amuse me a little, but the account doesn't. £1 8s. 6d. for bringing a box two feet square from the Tower Wharf to here! But the worst of all is, that the doctor keeps me shut up here, and I can't get my business done; and now there isn't the least chance of my getting down to Brantwood for Christmas, nor, as far as I can see, for a fortnight after it. There's perhaps a little of the diabolical enjoyment again in that estimate; but really the days *do* go, more like dew

shaken off branches than real sunrisings and settings. But I'll send you word every day now for a little while how things are going on.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE,
OXFORD, 26th December.

I don't know really whether I *ought* to be at Brantwood or here on Christmas. Yesterday I had two lovely services in my own cathedral. You know the *cathedral* of Oxford is the chapel of Christ Church College, and I have my own high seat in the chancel, as an honorary student, besides being bred there, and so one is ever so proud and ever so pious all at once, which is ever so nice, you know ; and my own dean, that's the Dean of Christ's Church, who is as big as any bishop, read the services, and the psalms and anthems were lovely ; and then I dined with Henry Acland and his family, where I am an adopted son—all the more wanted yesterday because the favorite son Herbert died this year in Ceylon—the first death out of seven sons. So they were glad to have me. Then I've all my Turners here, and shall really enjoy myself a little to-day, I think ; but I do wish I could be at Brantwood too.

Oh dear, I've scribbled this dreadfully. Can you really read my scribble, Susie ? Love, you may always read, however scribbled.

OXFORD, 27th December.

Yes, I really think that must be the way of it. I am wholly cattish in that love of teasing. How delighted I used to be if Rosie would ever condescend to be the least bit jealous !

By the way, what a shame it is that we keep that word in the second commandment, as if it meant that God was jealous of images. It means burning, zealous or full of life, visiting, etc., *i.e.*, necessarily when leaving the father, leaving the child ; necessarily, when giving the father life, giving life to the child, and to thousands of the race of them that love me.

It is very comic the way people have of being so particular about the second and fourth commandments, and breaking all the rest with the greatest comfort. For me, I try to keep all the rest rather carefully, and let the second and fourth take care of themselves.

Cold quite gone ; now it's your turn, Susie. I've got a love letter in Chinese, and can't read it !

WINDSOR CASTLE, 2d January, 1878.

I'm horribly sulky this morning, for I expected to have a room with a view, if the room was ever so little, and I've got a great big one looking into the Castle yard, and I feel exactly as if I was in a big modern county gaol with beautiful turrets of modern Gothic.

I came to see Prince Leopold, who has been a prisoner to his sofa lately, but I trust he is better ; he is very bright and gentle, under severe and almost continual pain. My dear little Susie, about that rheumatism of yours ? If it wasn't for that, how happy we both ought to be, living in Thwaites and woods, instead of nasty castles ? Well, about that Shakespeare guide ? I cannot, cannot, at all fancy what it is. In and out among the stars ; it sounds like a plan for stringing the stars. I am so very glad you told me of it.

"Unwritten books in my brain ?" Yes, but also in how many other brains of quiet people, books unthought of, "In the Book and Volume" which will be read some day in Heaven, aloud, "When saw we thee ?" Yes, and "When read we ourselves ?"

My dear Susie, if I were to think really *lost*, what you for instance have new found in your own powers of receiving and giving pleasure, the beautiful faculties you have, scarcely venturing even to show the consciousness of them, when it awakes in you, what a woful conception I should have of God's not caring for us. He will gather all the wheat into His garner.

INGLETON, 17th January.

It's a charming post here, and brings me my letters the first thing in the morning; and I took care to tell nobody where I was going, except people I wanted to hear from. What a little busy bee of a Susie you've been to get all those extracts ready by this time. I've got nothing done all the while I've been away, but a few mathematical figures, and the less I do the less I find I can do it; and yesterday, for the first time these twenty years at least, I hadn't so much as a "plan" in my head all day. But I had a lot to look at in the moorland flowers and quiet little ancient Yorkshire farm-houses, not to speak of Ingleborough, who was, I think, a little depressed because he knew you were only going to send your remembrances, and not your love to him. The clouds gathered on his brow occasionally in a fretful manner, but toward evening he resumed his peace of mind and sends you his "remembrances" and his "blessing." I believe he saves both you and me from a great deal of east wind.

Well, I've got a plan in my head *this* morning for the new extracts. Shall we call them "Lapides (or "Marmora") Portici;" and put a little preface to them about the pavement of St. Mark's porch and its symbolism of what the education of a good man's early days must be to him? I think I can write something a little true and trustworthy about it. Love to Mary and singing little Joan. You are very right about it's not being good for me to be alone, but I had some nice little times in London with Mary Gladstone, or I shouldn't have known what to do. And now I'm coming home as fast as I can.

26th November.

I have entirely resigned all hope of ever thanking you rightly for bread, sweet odors, roses and pearls, and must just allow myself to be fed, scented, rose-garlanded and bepearled as if I were a poor little pet dog or pet pig. But my cold is better, and I *am* getting on with this botany; but it is really too important a work to be pushed for a week or a fortnight. And Mary and you will be pleased at last, I am sure.

I have only to-day got my four families, Clarissa, Lychnis, Scintilla, and Mica, perfectly and simply defined. See how nicely they come.

- A. Clarissa changed from Dianthus, which is bad Greek (and all my pretty flowers have names of girls). Petal *jagged* at the outside.
- B. Lychnis. Petal *divided in two* at the outside, and the fringe retired to the top of the limb.
- C. Scintilla (changed from Stellaria, because I want Stella for the house leeks). Petal formed by the *two* lobes of Lychnis without the retired fringe.
- D. Mica. *Single* lobed petal.

When once these four families are well understood in typical examples, how easy it will be to attach either subordinate groups or specialties of habitat, as in America, to some kinds of them! The entire order, for their purity and wildness, are to be named, from Artemis, "Artemides," instead of Caryophyllaceæ; and next them come the Vestals (mints, lavenders, etc.); and then the Cytheride Viola, Veronica, Giulietta, the last changed from Polygala.

That third herb Robert one is just the drawing that nobody but me (never mind grammar) could have made. Nobody! because it means ever so much careful watching of the ways of the leaf, and a lot of work in cramp perspective besides. It is not quite right yet, but it is nice.

It is so nice to be able to find anything that is in the least new to *you*, and interesting; my rocks are quite proud of rooting that little saxifrage.

I'm scarcely able to look at one flower because of the two on each side, in my garden just now. I want to have bees' eyes, there are so many lovely things.

I must tell you, interrupting my botanical work this morning, something that has just chanced to me.

I am arranging the caryophylls which I mass broadly into "Clarissa," the true jagged-leaved and clove-scented ones; "Lychnis," those whose leaves are essentially in two lobes;

"*Arenaria*," which I leave untouched ; and "*Mica*," a new name of my own for the pearlworks, of which the French name is to be *Miette*, and the representative type (now *Sagina procumbent*) is to be in—

Latin—*Mica amica*.

French—*Miette l'amie*.

English—Pet pearlwort.

Then the next to this is to be—

Latin—*Mica millegrana*.

French—*Miette aux mille perles*.

English—Thousand pearls.

Now this on the whole I consider the prettiest of the group, and so look for a plate of it which I can copy. Hunting all through my botanical books, I find the best of all is Baxter's Oxford one, and determine at once to engrave that. When turning the page of his text I find: "The specimen of this curious and interesting little plant from which the accompanying drawing was made, was communicated to me by Miss Susan Beever. To the kindness of this young lady, and that of her sister, Miss Mary Beever, I am indebted for the four plants figured in this number."

I have copied lest you should have trouble in looking for the book, but now, you darling Susie, please tell me whether I may not separate these lovely pearlworks wholly from the *spergulas*—by the pearlworks having only two leaves like real pinks at the joints, and the *spergulas*, a *cluster* ; and tell me how the *spergulas* scatter their seeds, I can't find any account of it.

I would fain have come to see that St. Bruno lily ; but if I don't come to see Susie and you, be sure I am able to come to see nothing. At present I am very deeply involved in the classification of the minerals in the Sheffield Museum, important as the first practical arrangement ever yet attempted for popular teaching, and this with my other work makes me fit for nothing in the afternoon but wood-chopping. But I will call to-day on Dr. Brown's friends.

I hope you will not be too much shocked with the audacities of the new number of "Proserpina," or with its ignorances. I am going during my wood-chopping really to ascertain in my own way what simple persons ought to know about tree growth, and give it clearly in the next number. I meant to do the whole book very differently, but can only now give the fragmentary pieces as they chance to come, or it would never be done at all.

You must know before anybody else how the exogens are to be completely divided. I keep the four great useful groups, mallow, geranium, mint, and wall-flower, under the head of domestic orders, that their sweet service and companionship with us may be understood; then the water-lily and the heath, both four foils, are to be studied in their solitudes (I shall throw all that are not four foils out of the *Eri-cacææ*); then finally there are to be seven orders of the dark proserpine, headed by the draconids (snapdragons), and including the anemones, hellebores, ivies, and forget-me-nots.

What plants I cannot get arranged under these $12+4+2+7=25$ in all, orders, I shall give broken notices of, as I have time, leaving my pupils to arrange them as they like. I can't do it all.

The whole household was out after breakfast to-day to the top of the moor to plant cranberries; and we squeezed and splashed and spluttered in the boggiest places the lovely sunshine had left, till we found places squashy and squeezey enough to please the most particular and coolest of cranberry minds; and then each of us choosing a little special bed of bog, the tufts were deeply put in with every manner of tacit benediction, such as might befit a bog and a berry, and many an expressed thanksgiving to Susie and to the kind sender of the luxuriant plants. I have never had gift from you, dear Susie, more truly interesting and gladdening to me, and many a day I shall climb the moor to see the fate of the plants and look across to the Thwaite. I've been out most of the forenoon and am too sleepy to shape letters, but will try and get a word of thanks to the far finder of the dainty things to-morrow.

What loveliness everywhere in a duckling sort of state just now.

27th November.

We've all been counting and considering how old you can possibly be to-day, and have made up our minds that you are really thirteen, and must begin to be serious. There have been some hints about the necessity of sending you to school, which I have taken no notice of, hoping that you will really at last make up your mind to do your lessons at home like a dear good little girl as you are. And because to-day you enter into your "teens" I have sent you a crystal, and a little bit of native gold, and a little bit of native silver, for symbols of this lovely "nativity" of previous years; and I do wish you all love and joy and peace in them.

TO MISS BEEVER.

20th January, 1879.

You will not doubt the extreme sorrow with which I have heard of all that was ordered to be, of terrible, in your peaceful and happy household. Without for an instant supposing, but, on the contrary, utterly refusing to admit, that such calamities* may be used to point a moral (all useful morality having every point that God meant it to have, perfectly sharp and bright without any burnishing of *ours*), still less to adorn a tale (the tales of modern days depending far too much upon Scythian decoration with Death's heads); I, yet, if I had been Mr. Chapman, would have pointed out that all concealments, even of trivial matters, on the part of young servants from kind mistresses, are dangerous no less than unkind and ungenerous, and that a great deal of preaching respecting the evil nature of man and the anger of God might be spared, if children and servants were only taught, as a religious prin-

* One of our younger servants had gone on to the frozen lake; the ice gave way, and she was drowned.—S. B.

ciple, to tell their mothers and mistresses, when they go out, exactly where they are going and what they are going to do. I think both you and Miss Susan ought to use every possible means of changing, or at least checking, the current of such thoughts in your minds ; and I am in hopes that you may have a little pleasure in examining the plates in the volume of Sibthorpe's "F. Græca" which I send to-day, in comparison with those of "F. Danica." The vulgarity and lifelessness of Sibthorpe's plates are the more striking, because in mere execution they are the more elaborate of the two ; the chief point in the "F. Danica" being the lovely artistic skill. The drawings for Sibthorpe, by a young German, were as exquisite as the Danes, but the English engraver and colorist spoiled all.

I will send you, if you like them, the other volumes in succession. I find immense interest in comparing the Greek and Danish forms or conditions of the same English flower.

I send the second volume, in which the Rufias are lovely, and scarcely come under my above condemnation. The *first* is nearly all of grass.

4th February.

You know I'm getting my Oxford minerals gradually to Brantwood, and whenever a box comes, I think whether there are any that I don't want myself, which might yet have leave to live on Susie's table. And to-day I've found a very soft purple agate, that looks as if it were nearly melted away with pity for birds and flies, which is like Susie ; and another piece of hard wooden agate with only a little ragged sky of blue here and there, which is like me ; and a group of crystals with grass of Epidote inside, which is like what my own little cascade has been all the winter by the garden side ; and so I've had them all packed up, and I hope you will let them live at the Thwaite.

Then here are some more bits, if you will be a child. Here's a green piece, long, of the stone they cut those green, weedy brooches out of, and a nice mouse-colored natural agate,

and a great black and white one, stained with sulphuric acid, black, but very fine always, and interesting in its lines.

Oh, dear, the cold ; but it's worth *any* cold to have that delicious Robin dialogue. Please write some more of it ; you hear all they say, I'm sure.

I cannot tell you how delighted I am with your lovely gift to Joanie. The perfection of the stone, its exquisite color, and superb weight, and flawless clearness, and the delicate cutting, which makes the light flash from it like a wave of the Lake, make it altogether the most perfect mineralogical and heraldic jewel that Joanie could be bedecked with, and it is as if Susie had given her a piece of Coniston Water itself.

And the setting is delicious, and positively must not be altered. I shall come on Sunday to thank you myself for it. Meantime I'm working hard at the Psalter, which I am almost sure Susie will like.

25th May.

This is a most wonderful stone that Dr. Kendall has found—at least to *me*. I have never seen anything quite like it, the arborescent forms of the central thread of iron being hardly ever assumed by an ore of so much metallic lustre. I think it would be very desirable to cut it, so as to get a perfectly smooth surface to show the arborescent forms ; if Dr. Kendall would like to have it done, I can easily send it up to London with my own next parcel.

I want very much to know exactly where it was found ; might I come and ask about it on Dr. Kendall's next visit to you ? I could be there waiting for him any day.

I am thinking greatly of our George Herbert, but me's so wicked I don't know where to begin.

But I never have had nicer letters "since first I saw your face" and tried to honor and reverence you.

Violet's better, and I'm pretty well, but have a little too much thinking of old days.

Have you any word of the Collies lately? I keep sending stones and books; they answer not. It is delightful of you to be interested in that stone book. I send you one of my pictures of stones. They're not very like, but they're pretty. I wish they did such pictures now.

What lovely pies (pictures?) you would have made, in the old butterfly times, of opal and felspar! What lost creatures we all are, we nice ones! The Alps and clouds that *I* could have done, if I had been shown how.

27th June.

Everybody's gone! and I have all the new potatoes, and all the asparagus, and all the oranges and everything, and my Susie too, all to myself.

I wrote in my diary this morning that really on the whole I never felt better in my life. Mouth, eyes, head, feet, and fingers all fairly in trim; older than they were, yes, but if the head and heart grow wiser, they won't want feet or fingers some day.

Indeed that is too sad about Florence. I've written a line to her by this post, and will do all the little I can to cheer her.

And I'll come to be cheered and scolded myself the moment I've got things a little to rights here. I think imps get into the shelves and drawers, if they're kept long locked, and must be caught like mice. The boys have been very good, and left everything untouched but the imps; and to hear people say there aren't any! How happy you and I should always be if it weren't for them! But we're both so naughty we can't expect them to let us alone. Can we?

How gay you were and how you cheered me up after the dark lake.

Please say "John Inglesant" is harder than real history and of no mortal use. I couldn't read four pages of it. Clever, of course.

HERNE HILL, 14th August, 1880.

I've *just* finished my Scott paper, but it has retouchings and notings yet to do. I couldn't write a word before; haven't so much as a syllable to Diddie, and only a move at chess to Macdonald, for you know, to keep a chess-player waiting for a move is like keeping St. Lawrence unturned.

21st August, 1880.

I'm leaving to-day for Dover, and a line from you to-morrow or Monday would find me certainly at Poste Restante, Abbeville, and please, please tell me the funny thing Miss — said.

I have not been working at all, but enjoying myself (only that takes up time all the same) at Crystal Palace concerts, and jugglings, and at Zoological Gardens, where I had a snake seven feet long to play with, only I hadn't much time to make friends, and it rather wanted to get away all the time. And I gave the hippopotamus *whole* buns, and he was delighted, and saw the cormorant catch fish thrown to him six yards off; never missed one; you would have thought the fish ran along a wire up to him and down his throat. And I saw the penguin swim under water, and the sea-lions sit up, four of them on four wooden chairs, and catch fish also; but they missed sometimes and had to flop off their chairs into the water, and then flop out again and flop up again.

And I lunched with Cardinal Manning, and he gave me *such* a plum pie. I never tasted a Protestant pie to touch it.

Now you're just wrong about my darling Cardinal. See what it is to be jealous! He gave me lovely soup, roast beef, hare and currant jelly, puff pastry like Papal pretensions—you had but to breathe on it and it was nowhere—raisins and almonds, and those lovely preserved cherries like

kisses kept in amber. And told me delicious stories all through lunch. *There!*

And we really do see the sun here! And last night the sky was all a spangle and delicate glitter of stars, the glare of them and spikiness softened off by a young darling of a moon.

And I'm having rather a time of it in boudoirs, turned into smiling instead of pouting service. But I'm not going to stay over my three weeks. How nice that you *can* and will walk round the dining-room for exercise!

CALAIS, 24th August.

I'm not very far away yet, you see. I stayed here for auld lang syne, but with endless sorrow, of which I need not give you any part of the burden.

The sea has been beautiful, and I am better for the great rest and change.

AMIENS, 29th August.

You have been made happy doubtless with us by the news from Herne Hill. I've only a telegram yet though, but write at once to congratulate you on your little goddaughter.

Also to say that I am very well, and sadly longing for Brantwood; but that I am glad to see some vestige of beloved things here, once more.

We have glorious weather, and I am getting perfect rest most of the day—mere saunter in the sunny air, taking all the good I can of it. To-morrow we get (D. V.) to Beauvais, where perhaps I may find a letter from Susie; in any case you may write to Hotel Meurice, Paris.

The oleanders are coming out and geraniums in all cottage windows, and golden corn like Etruscan jewelry over all the fields.

BEAUVAIS, 3d September.

We are having the most perfect weather I ever saw in France, much less anywhere else, and I'm taking a thorough

rest, writing scarcely anything and sauntering about old town streets all day.

I made a little sketch of the lake from above the Waterhead which goes everywhere with me, and it is so curious when the wind blows the leaf open when I am sketching here at Beauvais, where all is so differently delightful, as if we were on the other side of the world.

I think I shall be able to write some passages about architecture yet, which Susie will like. I hear of countless qualities being discovered in the new little Susie! And all things will be happy for me if you send me a line to Hotel Meurice, saying *you* are happy too.

PARIS, 4th September.

I have all your letters, and rejoice in them; though it is a little sadder for you looking at empty Brantwood, than for me to fancy the bright full Thwaite, and then it's a great shame that I've everything to amuse me, and lovely Louvres and shops and cathedrals and coquettes and pictures and plays and prettinesses of every color and quality, and you've only your old, old hills and quiet lake. Very thankful I shall be to get back to them, though.

We have finished our Paris this afternoon, and hope to leave for Chartres on Monday.

HOTEL DE MEURICE, PARIS, 4th September.

Is it such pain to you when people say what they ought not to say about *me*? But when do they say what they ought to say about anything? Nearly everything I have ever done or said is as much above the present level of public understanding as the Old Man is above the Waterhead.

We have had the most marvellous weather thus far, and have seen Paris better than ever I've seen it yet—and to-day at the Louvre we saw the Casette of St. Louis, the Coffre of Anne of Austria, the porphyry vase, made into an eagle, of an

old Abbé Segur, or some such name. All these you can see also, you know, in those lovely photographs of Miss Rigbye's, if you can only make out in this vile writing of mine what I mean.

But it is so hot. I can scarcely sit up or hold the pen, but tumble back into the chair every half-minute and unbutton another button of waistcoat, and gasp a little, and nod a little, and wink a little, and sprinkle some eau de Cologne a little, and try a little to write a little, and forget what I had to say, and where I was, and whether it's Susie or Joan I'm writing to; and then I see some letters I've never opened that came by this morning's post, and think I'd better open them perhaps; and here I find in one of them a delightful account of the quarrel that goes on in this weather between the nicest elephant in the Zoo' and his keeper, because he won't come out of his bath. I saw them at it myself, when I was in London, and saw the elephant take up a stone and throw it hard against a door which the keeper was behind—but my friend writes, "I *must* believe from what I saw that the elephant knew he would injure the man with the stones, for he threw them hard to the *side* of him, and then stood his ground; when, however, he threw water and wetted the man, he plunged into the bath to avoid the whip; not fearing punishment when he merely showed what he could do and did not."

The throwing the stone hard at the door when the keeper was on the other side of it, must have been great fun for him!

I am so sorry to have crushed this enclosed scrawl. It has been carried about in my pocket to be finished, and I see there's no room for the least bit of love at the bottom. So here's a leaf full from the Bois de Boulogne, which is very lovely; and we drive about by night or day, as if all the sky were only the roof of a sapphire palace set with warm stars.

CHARTRES, 8th September.

(*Hôtel du Grand Monarque.*)

I suppose I'm the grand Monarque! I don't know of any other going just now, but I don't feel quite the right thing

without a wig. Anyhow, I'm having everything my own way just now—weather, dinner, news from Joanie and news from Susie, only I don't like her to be so very, very sad, though it is nice to be missed so tenderly. But I do hope you will like to think of my getting some joy in old ways again, and once more exploring old streets and finding forgotten churches.

The sunshine is life and health to me, and I am gaining knowledge faster than ever I could when I was young.

This is just to say where I am, and that you might know where to write.

The cathedral here is the grandest in France, and I stay a week at least.

CHARTRES, 13th September.

I must be back in England by the 1st October, and by the 10th shall be myself ready to start for Brantwood, but may perhaps stay, if Joanie is not ready, till she can come too. Anyway, I trust very earnestly to be safe in the shelter of my own woodside by the end of October. I wonder what you will say of my account of the Five Lovers of Nature* and seclusion in the last *Nineteenth Century*.

I am a little ashamed to find that, in spite of my sublimely savage temperament, I take a good deal more pleasure in Paris than of old, and am even going back there on Friday for three more days.

We find the people here very amiable, and the French old character unchanged. The perfect cleanliness and unruffledness of white cap is always a marvel, and the market groups exquisite, but our enjoyment of the fair is subdued by pity for a dutiful dog, who turns a large wheel (by walking up it inside) the whole afternoon, producing awful sounds out of a huge grinding organ, of which his wheel and he are the unfortunate instruments. Him we love, his wheel we hate! and in general all French musical instruments. I have become quite sure of one thing on this journey, that the French of

* Rousseau, Shelley, Byron, Turner, and John Ruskin.

to-day have no sense of harmony, but only of more or less lively tune, and even, for a time, will be content with any kind of clash or din produced in time.

The Cathedral service is, however, still impressive.

16th February, 1881.

I've much to tell you "to-day"* of answer to those prayers you prayed for me. But you must be told it by our good angels, for your eyes must not be worn. God willing, you shall see men as trees walking in the garden of God, on this pretty Coniston earth of ours. Don't be afraid, and please be happy, for I can't be, if you are not. Love to Mary, to Miss Rigbye, and my own St. Ursula,† and mind you give the messages to all three, heartily.

22d April.

I'm not able to scratch or fight to-day, or I wouldn't let you cover me up with this heap of gold ; but I've got a rheumatic creak in my neck, which makes me physically stiff and morally supple and unprincipled, so I've put two pounds sixteen in my own "till," where it just fills up some lowering of the tide lately by German bands and the like ; and I've put ten pounds aside for Sheffield Museum, now in instant mendicity ; and I've put ten pounds aside till you and I can have a talk and you be made reasonable, after being scolded and scratched ; after which, on your promise to keep to our old bargain and enjoy spending your little "Frondes" income, I'll be your lovingest again. And for the two pounds ten, and the ten, I am really most heartily grateful, meaning as they do so much that is delightful for both of us in the good done by this work of yours.

I send you Spenser ; perhaps you had better begin with

* The motto on Mr. Ruskin's seal. See *Præterita*, Vol. II., p. 286.

† Photograph of Carpaccio's.

the Hymn to Beauty, page 39, and then go on to the Tears ; but you'll see how you like it. It's better than Longfellow ; see line 52——

“The house of blessed gods which men call skye.”

Now I'm going to look out Dr. Kendall's crystal. It *must* be crystal,* for having brought back the light to your eyes.

12th July.

How delightful that you have that nice Mrs. Howard to hear you say “The Ode to Beauty,” and how nice that you can learn it and enjoy saying it ! † I do not know it myself. I only know that it should be known and said and heard and loved.

I *am* often near you in thought, but can't get over the lake, somehow. There's always somebody to be looked after here, now. I've to rout the gardeners out of the greenhouse, or I should never have a strawberry or a pink, but only nasty gloxinias and glaring fuchsias ; and I've been giving lessons to dozens of people, and writing charming sermons in the “Bible of Amiens ;” but I get so sleepy in the afternoon, I can't pull myself over it.

I was looking at your notes on birds, yesterday. How sweet they are ! But I can't forgive that young blackbird for getting wild again.

Last day of 1881. And the last letter

I write on it, with new pen.

I've lunched on *your* oysters, and am feasting eyes and mind on *your* birds.

What birds ?

* For a present to Dr. Kendall.

† I learned the whole of it by heart, and could then say it without a break. I have always loved it, and in return it has helped me through many a long and sleepless night.—S B.

Woodcock? Yes, I suppose, and never before noticed the *sheath* of his bill going over the front of the lower mandible, that he may dig comfortably! But the others! the glory of velvet and silk and cloud and light, and black and tan and gold, and golden sand, and dark tresses, and purple shadows, and moors and mists, and night and starlight, and woods and wilds, and dells and deeps, and every mystery of heaven and its finger-work, is in those little birds' backs and wings. I am so grateful. All love and joy to you, and wings to fly with and birds' hearts to comfort, and mine, be to you in the coming year.

Easter Day, 1882.

I have had a happy Easter morning, entirely bright in its sun and clear in sky; and with renewed strength, enough to begin again the piece of St. Benedict's life, where I broke off to lose these four weeks in London—weeks not wholly lost, neither, for I have learned more and more of what I should have known without lessoning; but I *have* learnt it, from these repeated dreams and fantasies, that we walk in a vain shadow, and disquiet ourselves in vain. So I am for the present, everybody says, quite good, and give as little trouble as possible; but people *will* take it, you know, sometimes, even when I don't give it, and there's a great fuss about me yet. But *you* must not be anxious any more, Susie, for really there is no more occasion at one time than another. All the doctors say I needn't be ill unless I like, and I don't mean to like any more; and as far as chances of ordinary danger, I think one runs more risks in a single railway journey than in the sicknesses of a whole year.

8th June.

You write as well as ever, and the eyes must surely be better, and it was a joyful amazement to me to hear that Mary was able to read and could enjoy my child's botany. You always have things before other people; will you please

send me some rosemary and lavender as soon as they are out? I am busy on the Labiatae, and a good deal bothered. Also St. Benedict, whom I shall get done with long before I've made out the nettles he rolled in.

I'm sure I ought to roll myself in nettles, burdocks, and blackthorn, for here in London I can't really think now of anything but flirting, and I'm only much the worse for it afterward.

And I'm generally wicked and weary, like the people who ought to be put to rest. But you'd miss me, and so would Joanie; so I suppose I shall be let stay a little while longer.

SALLENCHES, SAVOY, 13th September.

I saw Mont Blanc again to-day, unseen since 1877; and was very thankful. It is a sight that always redeems me to what I am capable of at my poor little best, and to what loves and memories are most precious to me. So I write to *you*, one of the few true loves left. The snow has fallen fresh on the hills, and it makes me feel that I must soon be seeking shelter at Brantwood and the Thwaite.

GENOA, Sunday, 24th September.

I got your delightful note yesterday at Turin, and it made me wish to run back through the tunnel directly instead of coming on here. But I had a wonderful day, the Alps clear all the morning all round Italy—two hundred miles of them; and then in the afternoon blue waves of the Gulf of Genoa breaking like blue clouds, thunder-clouds, under groves of olive and palm. But I wished they were my sparkling waves of Coniston instead, when I read your letter again.

What a gay Susie, receiving all the world, like a Queen Susan (how odd one has never heard of a Queen Susan!), only you *are* so naughty, and you never do tell me of any of those nice girls when they're *coming*, but only when they're gone, and I never shall get glimpse of them as long as I live.

But you know you really represent the entire Ruskin school of the Lake Country, and I think these *levées* of yours must be very amusing and enchanting ; but it's very dear and good of you to let the people come and enjoy themselves, and how really well and strong you must be to be able for it.

I am very glad to hear of those sweet, shy girls, poor things.* I suppose the sister they are now anxious about is the one that would live by herself on the other side of the Lake, and study Emerson and aspire to Buddhism.

I'm trying to put my own poor little fragmentary *Ism* into a rather more connected form of imagery. I've never quite set myself up enough to impress *some* people ; and I've written so much that I can't quite make out what I am myself, nor what it all comes to.

10th January, 1883.

I cannot tell you how grateful and glad I am, to have your lovely note and to know that the Bewick gave you pleasure, and that you are so entirely well now, as to enjoy anything requiring so much energy and attention to this degree. For indeed I can scarcely now take pleasure myself in things that give me the least trouble to look at, but I know that the pretty book and its chosen woodcuts ought to be sent to you, first of all my friends (I have not yet thought of sending it to anyone else), and I am quite put in heart after a very despondent yesterday, past inately, in thinking of what *I couldn't* do, by feeling what you *can*, and hoping to share the happy Christmas time with you and Susie in future years. Will you please tell my dear Susie I'm going to bring over a drawing to show ! (so thankful that I am still able to draw after these strange and terrible illnesses) this afternoon. I am in hopes it may clear, but dark or bright I'm coming, about half-past three, and am ever your and her most affectionate and faithful servant.

* Florence, Alice, and May Bennett. Florence is gone. Alice and May still sometimes at Coniston, D. G. (March, 1887).

24th September, 1884.

I wandered literally "up and down" your mountain garden—(how beautifully the native rocks slope to its paths in the sweet evening light, Susiesque light!)—with great happiness and admiration, as I went home, and I came indeed upon what I conceived to be—discovered in the course of recent excavations—two deeply interesting thrones of the ancient Abbots of Furness, typifying their humility in that the seats thereof were only level with the ground between two clusters of the earth; contemplating cyclamen, and their severity of penance, in the points of stone prepared for the mortification of their backs; but truly, Susie's seat of repose and meditation I was unable as yet to discern, but propose to myself further investigation of that apple-perfumed paradise, and am ever your devoted and enchanted.

1st December.

I gave my fourteenth, and last for this year, lecture this afternoon with vigor and effect, and am safe and well (D. G.), after such a spell of work as I never did before. I have been thrown a week out in all my plans, by having to write two new Lectures, instead of those the University was frightened at. The scientists slink out of my way now, as if I was a mad dog, for I let them have it hot and heavy whenever I've a chance at them.

But as I said, I'm a week late, and though I start for the North this day week, I can't get home till this day fortnight at soonest, but I hope not later than to-morrow fortnight. Very thankful I shall be to find myself again at the little room door.

Fancy Mary Gladstone forgiving me even that second naughtiness! She's going to let me come to see her this week, and to play to me, which is a great comfort.

ST. SUSIE, 27th November, 1885.

Behold Athena and Apollo both come to bless you on your birthday, and all the buds of the year to come, rejoice with

you, and your poor cat * is able to purr again, and is extremely comfortable and even cheerful "to-day." And we will make more and more of the days, won't we, and we will burn our candle at both beginnings instead of both ends, every day beginning two worlds—the old one to be lived over again, the new to learn our golden letters in. Not that I mean to write books in that world. I hope to be set to do something, there ; and what lovely "receptions" you will have in your little heavenly Thwaite, and celestial teas. And you won't spoil the cream with hot water, will you, any more ?

The whole village is enjoying itself, I hear, and the widows and orphans to be much the better for it, and altogether, you and I have a jolly time of it, haven't we ?

20th February, 1886.

I haven't had anything nice to send you this ever so long, but here's a little bird's nest of native silver which you could almost live in as comfortably as a tit. It will stand nicely on your table without upsetting, and is so comfortable to hold, and altogether I'm pleased to have got it for you.

1st March.

Yes, I knew you would like that silver shrine ! and it is an extremely rare and perfect specimen. But you need not be afraid in handling it ; if the little bit of spar does come off it, or out of it, no matter.

But of course nobody else should touch it, till you give them leave, and show them how.

I am sorry for poor Miss Brown, and for your not having known the Doctor. He should have come here when I told him. I believe he would have been alive yet, and I never should have been ill.

* J. R.

I believe you know more Latin than I do, and can certainly make more delightful use of it.

Your mornings' ministry to the birds must be remembered for you by the angels who paint their feathers. They will all, one day, be birds of Paradise, and say, when the adverse angel accuses you of being naughty to *some* people. "But we were hungry and she gave us corn, and took care that nobody else ate it."

I am indeed thankful you are better. But you must please tell me what the thing was I said which gave you so much pain. Do you recollect also what the little bit in "Proserpina" was that said so much to you? Were you not thinking of "Fors?"

I am very thankful for all your dear letters always—greatly delighted above all with the squirrel one, and Chaucer. Didn't he love squirrels! and don't I wish I was a squirrel in Susie's pear-trees, instead of a hobbling disconsolate old man, with no teeth to bite, much less crack, anything, and particularly forbidden to eat nuts!

Your precious letter, showing me you are a little better, came this morning, with the exquisite feathers, one, darker and lovelier than any I have seen, but please, I still want one not in the least flattened; all these have lost just the least bit of their shell-like bending. You can so easily devise a little padding to keep two strong cards or bits of wood separate for one or two to lie happily in. I don't mind giving you this tease, for the throat will be better the less you remember it. But for all of us, a dark sky is assuredly a poisonous and depressing power, which neither surgery nor medicine can resist. The difference to me between nature as she is now, and as she was ten years ago, is as great as between Lapland and Italy, and the total loss of comfort in morning and evening sky, the most difficult to resist of all spiritual hostility.

1st May, 1886.

What lovely letters you are writing *me* just now, but as for my not having said any pretty things of *you* for a long while, you know perfectly that I am saying them in my heart every day and all day long! I can't find a shell marble, but I send you (to look at, it's too ugly for a present) a shell *agate* made of shells, in a shell, as if in a pot!

And I send you for a May-day gift, with all loving May, June, and December, and January wishes, such a pretty green and white stone gone maying, as one doesn't often see with the rest of the Jacks-in-the-green.

And I'm ever (or at least for a while yet) your curled up old cat. I shall come out of curl and get frisky when the hyacinths come out. Telegram just come from Ireland: "Rose queen elected; sweetly pretty, and all most happy."

22d May, 1886.

Of course the little pyramid in crystal is a present. With that enjoyment of Pinkerton,* you will have quite a new indoors interest, whatever the rain may say.

How very lucky you asked me what basalt was! How much has come out of it (written in falling asleep)? I've been out all the morning and am so sleepy.

But I've written a nice little bit of "Præterita" before I went out, trying to describe the Rhone at Geneva. I think Susie will like it, if nobody else.

That "not enjoying the beauty of things" goes ever so much deeper than mere blindness. It is a form of antagonism, and is essentially Satanic. A most strange form of demonology in otherwise good people, or shall we say in "good people?" You know *we* are not good at all, are we, now?

I don't think you've got any green in your mica, I've sent you a bit enclosed with some jealous spots in.

* Pinkerton on Petralogy.

Last day of May.

I'm bringing to-day with the strawroots, twelve more sketches in folio, and the plan is that out of those, making with the rest twenty-four, you choose twelve to keep next week, with the new folio of twelve to be then brought, and you then put aside twelve to be given back in exchange for it; then next to next week you choose twelve out of that twenty-four, and then next week twelve out of its twenty-four, and then when I can't send any more you choose the one to keep out of the last lot, which you see will then be the creamiest cream, not to say cheesiest cheese of the rest! Now isn't that a nice amusing categorical, cataloquizical, catechismic, catataceous plan?

7th June.

You have been what Joanie calls a "Doosie Dandy" about those dozens of sketches! You're always to have twenty-four on hand, then those I send to-day are to stay with the twelve you have, till next Monday, and you'll have time then to know which you like best to keep. Next Monday I send *another* twelve and take back the twelve you've done with.

It was very beautiful yesterday looking from here.

I'm pretty well, and writing saucy things to everybody.

I told a Cambridge man yesterday that he had been clever enough to put into a shilling pamphlet all the mistakes of his generation.

6th November.

Do you know how to make sugar candy? In my present abject state the only way of amusing myself I can hit on is setting the girls of the school to garden and cook! By way of beginning in cooking, I offered to pay for any quantity of wasted sugar if they could produce me a crystal or two of sugar candy. (On the way to twelfth cakes, you know, and sugar animals. One of Francesca's friends made her a life-size Easter lamb in sugar.) The first try this morning was brought me in a state of sticky jelly.

And after sending me a recipe for candy, would you please ask Harry to look at the school garden? I'm going to get the *boys* to keep that in order; but if Harry would look at it and order some mine gravel down for the walks, and, with Mr. Brocklebank's authority (to whom I have spoken already), direct any of the boys who are willing to form a corps of little gardeners, and under Harry's orders make the best that can be made of that neglected bit of earth, I think you and I should enjoy hearing of it.

Mr. Kendall is a Delphic oracle. Do you think you could take sherry instead of port? My sherry is—well, I only wish Falstaff were alive to tell you what it is, or Will himself; but shall I send you a bottle? And mind you don't mind the smarting if Dr. K. gives you things to make you cry. And I'll be so good, and not make you cry for a week at least.

27th November, 1886.

For once, I have a birthday stone for you, a little worth your having, and a little gladsome to me in the giving. It is blue like the air that you were born into, and always live in. It is as deep as gentians, and has their gleams of green in it, and it is precious all through within and without, as Susie herself is. Many and many returns of all the birthdays that have gone away, and crowds yet of those that never were here before.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I never heard the like, my writing good! and just now!! If you only saw the wretched notes on the back of lecture leaves.

But I am so very glad you think it endurable, and it is so nice to be able to give you a moment's pleasure by such a thing. I'm better to-day, but still extremely languid. I believe that there is often something in the spring which weakens one by its very tenderness; the violets in the wood

send one home sorrowful that one isn't worthy to see them, or else, that one isn't one of them.

It is mere Midsummer dream in the wood to-day.

You could not possibly have sent me a more delightful present than this *Lychnis*; it is the kind of flower that gives me pleasure and health and memory and hope and everything that Alpine meadows and air can. I'm getting better generally, too. The sun *did* take one by surprise at first.

How blessedly happy Joanie and the children were yesterday at the Thwaite! I'm coming to be happy myself there to-morrow (D. V.).

Here are the two bits of study I did in Malham Cove; the small couples of leaves are different portraits of the first shoots of the two *geraniums*. I don't find in any botany an account of their little round side leaves, or of the definite central one above the branching of them.

Here's your lovely note just come. I am very thankful that "Venice" gives you so much pleasure.

I *have*, at least, one certainty, which few authors could hold so surely, that no one was ever harmed by a book of mine; they may have been offended, but have never been discouraged or discomforted, still less corrupted.

There's a saucy speech for Susie's friend. You won't like me any more if I begin to talk like that.

The nice bread is come. May I come to tea again to-morrow?

I never send my love to Miss Beever, but I do love her for all that.

A sapphire is the same stone as a ruby; both are the pure earth of clay crystallized. No one knows why one is red and the other blue.

A diamond is pure *coal* crystallized.

An opal, pure flint—in a state of fixed *jelly*.

I'll find a Susie-book on them.

I'll send H. Carlyle. I am so very glad you enjoy it.

I'm in a great passion with the horrid people who write

letters to tease my good little Susie. I *won't* have it. She shall have some more stones to-morrow.

I must have a walk to-day, and can't give account of them, but I've looked them out. It's so very nice that you like stones. If my father, when I was a little boy, would only have given me stones for bread, how I should have thanked him, but one doesn't expect such a taste in little girls.

What infinite power and treasure you have in being able thus to enjoy the least things, yet having at the same time all the fastidiousness of taste and imagination which lays hold of what is greatest in the least, and best in all things!

Never hurt your eyes by writing; keep them wholly for admiration and wonder. I hope to write little more myself of books, and to join with you in joy over crystals and flowers in the way we used to do when we were both more children than we are.

I have been rather depressed by that tragic story of the codling. I hoped the thief of that apple has suffered more than Eve, and fallen farther than either she or Adam.

Joan had to be out early this morning, and I won't let her write more, for it's getting dark; but she thinks of you and loves you, and so do I, every day more and more.

TO MISS BEEVER.

I am ashamed not to have sent you a word of expression of my real and very deep feelings of regard and respect for you, and of my, not *fervent* (in the usual phrase, which means only hasty and ebullient), but serenely *warm*, hope that you may keep your present power of benevolent happiness to length of many days to come. But I hope you will sometimes take the simpler view of the little agate box than that of birthday token, and that you will wonder sometimes at its labyrinth of mineral vegetable! I assure you there is nothing in all my collection of agates in its way quite so perfect as the little fiery forests of dotty trees in the corner of the

piece which forms the bottom. I ought to have set it in silver, but was always afraid to trust it to a lapidary.

What you say of the Greek want of violets is also very interesting to me, for it is one of my little pet discoveries that Homer means the blue iris by the word translated "violet."

I am utterly sorry not to come to see you and Susie before leaving for town, but can't face this bitter day. I hope and solemnly propose to be back in a week.

Thursday morning.

I'm ever so much better, and the jackdaw has come. But why wasn't I there to meet his pathetic desire for art knowledge? To think of that poor bird's genius and love of scarlet ribbons, shut up in a cage! What it might have come to!

If ever my St. George's schools come to any perfection, they shall have every one a jackdaw to give the children their first lessons in arithmetic. I'm sure he could do it perfectly. "Now, Jack, take two from four, and show them how many are left." "Now, Jack, if you take the teaspoon out of this saucer, and put it into *that*, and then if you take two teaspoons out of two saucers, and put them into this, and then if you take one teaspoon out of this and put it into that, how many spoons are there in this, and how many in that?"—and so on.

Oh, Susie, when we *do* get old, you and I, won't we have nice schools for the birds first, and then for the children?

That photograph is indeed like a visit; how thankful I am that it is still my hope to get the real visit some day!

I was yesterday, and am always, certainly at present, very unwell, and a mere trouble to my Joanies and Susies and all who care for me. But I'm painting another bit of moss which I think Susie will enjoy, and hope for better times.

Did you see the white cloud that stayed quiet for three hours this morning over the Old Man's summit? It was one

of the few remains of the heaven one used to see. The heaven one had a Father in, not a raging enemy.

I send you Rogers' "Italy," that is no more. I do think you'll have pleasure in it.

I've been made so miserable by a paper of Sir J. Lubbock's on flowers and insects, that I must come and whine to you. He says, and really as if he knew it, that insects, chiefly bees, entirely originate flowers; that all scent, color, pretty form, is owing to bees; that flowers which insects don't take care of, have no scent, color, nor honey.

It seems to me that it is likelier that the flowers which have no scent, color, nor honey, don't get any attention from the bees.

But the man really knows so much about it, and has tried so many pretty experiments, that he makes me miserable.

So I'm afraid you're miserable too. Write to tell me about it all.

It is very lovely of you to send me so sweet a note when I have not been near you since the tenth century. But it is all I can do to get my men and my moor looked after; they have both the instinct of doing what I don't want, the moment my back's turned; and then there has not been light enough to know a hawk from a hand-saw, or a crow from a ptarmigan, or a moor from a meadow. But how much better your eyes must be when you can write such lovely notes!

I don't understand how the strange cat came to love you so quickly, after one dinner and a rest by the fire! I should have thought an ill-treated and outcast animal would have regarded everything as a trap, for a month at least—dined in tremors, warmed itself with its back to the fire, watching the door, and jumped up the chimney if you stepped on the rug.

The pheasant had come from Lachin-y-gair, with two others, which I've been eating hot, cold, broiled, and devilled, and with your oysters for lunch. Mattie, Diddie, and Joanie have fine times of it together, they say, and that I ought to be there instead of here. Do you think so?

If you only knew the good your peacock's feathers have done me, and if you could only see the clever drawing I'm making, of one from the blue breast ! You know what lovely little fern or equisetum stalks of sapphire the filaments are ; they beat me so, but they're coming nice.

Joanie says she thinks you are not well ; and I'm easily frightened about you, because you never take any care of yourself, and will not do what Mary or Joan or I bid you, you naughty little thing.

You won't even submit quietly to my publishing arrangements, but I'm resolved to have the book ("Frondes") remain yours altogether ; you had all the trouble with it, and it will help me ever so much more than I could myself.

That is so intensely true what you say about Turner's work being like nature's in its slowness and tenderness. I always think of him as a great natural force in a human frame.

So nice all you say of the "Ethics !" And I'm a monster of ingratitude, as bad as the Dragon of Wantley. Don't like Dr. Brown's friend's book at all. It's neither Scotch nor English, nor fish nor flesh, and it's tiresome.

I'm in the worst humor I've been in this month, which is saying much ; and have been writing the wickedest "Fors" I ever wrote, which is saying more ; you will be so angry.

I'm so very glad you will mark the bits you like, but are there not a good many here and there that you *don't* like ?— I mean that sound hard or ironical. Please don't mind them. They're partly because I never count on readers who will really care for the prettiest things, and it gets me into a bad habit of expressing contempt which is not indeed any natural part of my mind.

It pleases me especially that you have read "The Queen of the Air." As far as I know, myself, of my books, it is the

most useful and careful piece I have done. But that again—did it not shock you to have a heathen goddess so much believed in? (I've believed in English ones long ago.) If you can really forgive me for "The Queen of the Air," there are all sorts of things I shall come begging you to read some day.

21st July.

I'm always looking at the Thwaite, and thinking how nice it is that you are there. I think it's a little nice, too, that I'm within sight of you, for if I hadn't broken, I don't know how many not exactly promises, but nearly, to be back at Oxford by this time, I might have been dragged from Oxford to London, from London to France, from France who knows where? But I'm here, and settled to produce, as soon as possible, the following works—

1. New number of "Love's Meinie," on the Stormy Petrel.
2. New ditto of "Proserpina," on sap, pith, and bark.
3. New ditto of "Deucalion," on clouds.
4. New "Fors," on new varieties of young ladies.
5. Two new numbers of "Our Fathers," on Brunehaut, and Bertha her niece, and St. Augustine and St. Benedict.
6. Index and epilogue to four Oxford lectures.
7. Report and account of St. George's Guild.

And I've had to turn everything out of every shelf in the house, for mildew and moths.

And I want to paint a little bank of strawberry leaves.

And I've to get a year's dead sticks out of the wood, and see to the new oat field on the moor, and prepare lectures for October!

I'm so idle. I look at the hills out of bed, and at the pictures off the sofa. Let us *both* be useless beings; let us be butterflies, grasshoppers, lambs, larks, anything for an easy life. I'm quite horrified to see, now that these two have come back, what a lot of books I've written, and how cruel I've been to myself and everybody else who ever has to read them. I'm too sleepy to finish this note.

13th June.

I do not know when I have received, or how I *could* receive, so great an encouragement in all my work, as I do in hearing that you, after all your long love and watchfulness of flowers, have yet gained pleasure and insight from "*Proserpina*" as to leaf structure. The examples you send me are indeed admirable. Can you tell me the exact name of the plant, that I may quote it?

Yes, and the weather also is a great blessing to me—so lovely this morning.

I have been simply ashamed to write without being able to say I was coming; and this naughty Joanie has put us all two months behindhand, and now Brantwood still seems as far away as at Florence. (It never really seems far away, anywhere.)

But you will like to know that I'm very well, and extremely good, and writing beautiful new notes to "*Modern Painters*," and getting on with "*Our Fathers*." And what lovely accounts I have of "*Frondes*" from Allen.

I really think *that* one book has made all our business lively.

And I'm so delighted with the new brooch—the one Mary gave to Joan. I never saw a more lovely pearl in any queen's treasury, nor more exquisite setting. Joan and I have no end of pleasure in playing with it, and I vainly try to summon philosophy enough to convince either her or myself, that dew is better than pearls, and moss than emeralds.

I think my days of philosophy must be over. I certainly shall not have enough to console me, if I don't get to Brantwood soon. The fog here is perpetual, and I can only see, and just that, where the edge of my paper is leaving me still room to say how lovingly and faithfully I am

Yours, etc.

You won't refuse to give house room or even parlor room again to the *first* volume of your "*Stones*." It has your name

in it, and feather sketches, which *I* like the memory of doing, and I found another in my stores to make up the set. I have to-day, regretfully, but in proud satisfaction, sent to Mr. Brown's friend, Miss Lawley. You will be thinking I'm never going to write any *new* books more, I've promised so long and done nothing. But No. 2 and No. 4, of "Amiens" have been going on at once, and No. 3 and No. 4 of "Love's Meinie," and No. 7 of "Proserpina" had to be done in the middle of all four, like the stamens in a tormentilla. And now my total tormentilla is all but out. But "all-but" is a long, long word with my printers and me. Still, something has been done every day, and not ill done, lately; and Joanie tells me your friends enjoyed their little visit, as I did seeing them. And Joanie is well, and literally as busy as a bee, and sometimes tumbles down at last on the sofa just at bedtime, like the rather bumbly bees in the grass when they've been too busy. And I'm pretty well, and asking young ladies to come and see me.

I'm getting steadily better, and breathing the sunshine a little again in soul and lips. But I always feel so naughty after having had morning prayers, and that the whole house is a sort of little Bethel that I've no business in.

I'm reading history of early saints too, for my Amiens book, and feel that I ought to be scratched, or starved, or boiled, or something unpleasant, and I don't know if I'm a saint or a sinner in the least, in mediæval language. How did saints feel themselves, I wonder, about their saintship!

It is *such* a joy to hear that you enjoy anything of mine, and a double joy to have your sympathy in my love of those Italians. How I wish there were more like you! What a happy world it would be if a quarter of the people in it cared a quarter as much as you and I do, for what is good and true!

That Nativity is the deepest of all. It is by the master of Botticelli, you know ; and whatever is most sweet and tender in Botticelli he owes to Lippi.

But, do you know, I quite forget about Cordelia, and where I said it ! please keep it till I come. I hope to be across to see you to-morrow.

They've been doing photographs of me again, and I'm an orang-outang as usual, and am in despair. I thought with my beard I was beginning to be just the least bit nice to look at. I would give up half my books for a new profile. .

What a lovely day since twelve o'clock ! I never saw the lake shore more heavenly.

I am very thankful that you like this St. Mark's so much, and do not feel as if I had lost power of mind. I think the illness has told on me more in laziness than foolishness. I feel as if there was as much in me as ever, but it is too much trouble to say it. And I find myself reconciled to staying in bed of a morning to a quite woful extent. I have not been affected so much by melancholy, being very thankful to be still alive, and to be able to give pleasure to some people—foolish little Joannies and Susies, and so on.

You have greatly helped me by this dear little note. And the bread's all right, brown again, and I'm ready for asparagus of any stoutness, there ! Are you content ? But my new asparagus is quite *visible* this year, though how much would be wanted for a dish I don't venture to count, but must be congratulated on its definitely stalky appearance.

I was over the water this morning on school committee. How bad I have been to let those poor children be tormented as they are all this time ! I'm going to try and stop all the spelling and counting and catechising, and teach them only—to watch and pray.

The oranges make me think I'm in a castle in Spain !

Your letters always warm me a little, not with laughing, but with the soft glow of life, for I live mostly with "*la mort dans l'âme*." (It is curious that the French, whom one thinks of as slight and frivolous, have this true and deep expression for the forms of sorrow that kill, as opposed to those that

discipline and strengthen.) And your words and thought just soften and warm like west wind.

It is nice being able to please you with what I'm writing, and that you can tell people I'm not so horrid.

Here's the "Fors" you saw the proof of, but *this* isn't quite right yet.

The Willy * quotations are very delightful. Do you know that naughty "Cowley" at all? There's all kind of honey and strawberries in him.

It is bitter cold here these last days. I don't stir out, but must this afternoon. I've to go out to dinner and work at the Arundel Society. And if you only knew what was in my thoughts you would be so sorry for me, that I can't tell you.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD.

What a sad little letter! written in that returned darkness. How can *you* ever be sad, looking forward to eternal life with all whom you love, and God over all.

It is only so far as I lose hold of that hope, that anything is ever a trial to me. But I can't think how I'm to get on in a world with no Venice in it.

You were quite right in thinking I would have nothing to do with lawyers. Not one of them shall ever have so much as a crooked sixpence of mine, to save him from being hanged, or to save the Lakes from being filled up. But I really hope there may be feeling enough in Parliament to do a right thing without being deafened with lawyers' slang.

I have never thanked you for the snowdrops. They bloomed here beautifully for four days. Then I had to leave them to go and lecture in London. It was nice to see them, but my whole mind is set on finding whether there is a country where the flowers do not fade. Else there is no spring for me. People liked the lecture, and so many more wanted to come than could get in, that I had to promise to give another.

* Shakespeare.

Here's your little note, first of all. And if you only knew how my wristbands are plaguing me you'd be very sorry. They're too much starched, and *would* come down like mittens; and now I've turned them up, they're just like two horrid china cups upside down, inside my coat, and I'm afraid to write for fear of breaking them. And I've a week's work on the table, to be done before one o'clock, on pain of uproar from my friends, execution from my enemies, reproach from my lovers, triumph from my haters, despair of Joanie, and—what from Susie? I've had such a bad night, too; woke at half-past three and have done a day's work since then—composing my lecture for March, and thinking what's to become of a godson of mine whose—

Well, never mind. I needn't give *you* the trouble, poor little Susie, of thinking too. I wonder if that jackdaw story will come to-day.

This must be folded up and directed all right at once, or I'm sure it will never go. Love to Mary, very much, please, and three times over; I missed these two last times.

I'm going to Oxford to-day (D.V.), really quite well, and rather merry. I went to the circus with my new pet, and saw lovely riding and ball play; and my pet said the only drawback to it all, was that she couldn't sit on both sides of me. And then I went home to tea with her, and gave mamma, who is Evangelical, a beautiful lecture on the piety of dramatic entertainments, which made her laugh, whether she would or no; and then I had my Christmas dinner in advance with Joanie and Arfie and Stacy Marks, and his wife and two pretty daughters, and I had six kisses—two for Christmas, two for New Year's Day, and two for Twelfth Night—and everybody was in the best humor with everybody else. And now my room is ankle deep in unanswered letters, mostly on business, and I'm going to shovel them up and tie them in a parcel labelled "Needing particular attention;" and then that will be put into a cupboard in Oxford, and I shall feel that everything's been done in a business-like way.

That badger's beautiful. I don't think there's any need for such beasts as *that* to turn Christians.

I am indeed most thankful you are well again, though I never looked on that deafness very seriously ; but if you *like* hearing watches tick, and boots creak, and plates clatter, so be it to you, for many and many a year to come. I think I should *so* like to be deaf, mostly, not expected to answer anybody in society, never startled by a bang, never tortured by a railroad whistle, never hearing the nasty cicads in Italy, nor a child cry, nor an owl. Nothing but a nice whisper into my ear, by a pretty girl. Ah, well, I'm very glad I can chatter to you with my weak voice, to my heart's content ; and you must come and see me soon, now. All that you say of "Proserpina" is joyful to me. What a Susie you are, drawing like that ! and I'm sure you know Latin better than I do.

I am better, but not right yet. There is no fear of sore throat, I think, but some of prolonged tooth worry. It is more stomachic than coldic, I believe, and those tea-cakes are too crisply seductive. What *can* it be, that subtle treachery that lurks in tea-cakes, and is wholly absent in the rude honesty of toast ?

The metaphysical effect of tea-cake last night was, that I had a perilous and weary journey in a desert, in which I had to dodge hostile tribes round the corners of pyramids.

A very sad letter from Joanie tells me she was going to Scotland last night, at which I am not only very sorry, but very cross.

A chirping cricket on the hearth advises me to keep my heart up. Foolish hedgehog, not to come for that egg. Don't let Abigail be cast down about her tea-cakes. An "honest" egg is just as destructive of my peace of mind.

Your happy letters (with the sympathetic misery of complaint of dark days) have cheered me as much as anything could do.

The sight of one of my poor "Companions of St. George," who has sent me, not a widow's but a parlor-maid's (an old schoolmistress) "all her living," and whom I found last

night, dying, slowly and quietly, in a damp room, just the size of your study (which her landlord won't mend the roof of), by the light of a single tallow candle—dying, I say, *slowly*, of consumption, not yet near the end, but contemplating it with sorrow, mixed partly with fear, lest she should not have done all she could for her children!

The sight of all this and my own shameful comforts, three wax candles and blazing fire and dry roof, and Susie and Joanie for friends!

Oh, me, Susie, what *is* to become of me in the next world, who have in this life all my good things!

What a sweet, careful, tender letter this is! I re-enclose it at once for fear of mischief, though I've scarcely read, for indeed my eyes are weary, but I see what gentle mind it means.

Yes, you will love and rejoice in your Chaucer more and more. Fancy, I've never time, now, to look at him—obliged to read even my Homer and Shakespeare at a scramble, half missing the sense—the business of life disturbs one so.

Will you please thank Miss Watson for the "Queen's Wake." I should like to tell her about Hogg's visit to Herne Hill, and my dog Dash's reception of him; but I'm never pleased with the Shepherd's bearing to Sir W. Scott, as one reads it in "Lockhart."

There's no fear of Susie's notes ever being less bright as long as she remains a child, and it's a long while yet to look forward to.

I had such a nice dinner all alone with Joanie, yesterday, and Sarah waiting. Joanie coughed and startled me. I accused her of having a cold. To defend herself she said (the mockery), Perhaps she oughtn't to kiss me. I said, "Couldn't Sarah* try first, and see if any harm comes of

* Our Herne Hill parlor-maid for four years. One of quite the brightest and handsomest types of English beauty I ever saw, either in life, or fancied in painting.

it?" (Sarah highly amused.) For goodness' sake don't tell Kate.

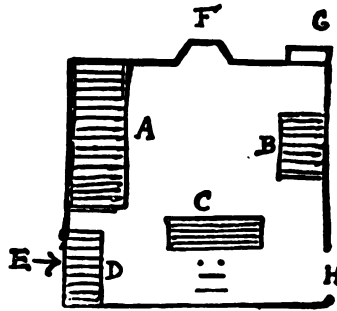
I've only a crushed bit of paper to express my crushed heart upon. It's the best!

That *you* should be thinking, designing, undermining, as Mrs. Somebody says in that disgusting "Mill on the Floss," to send to London for port. And *my* port getting crusty, dusty, cobwebby, and generally like its master, just because it's no use to nobody. I don't drink it; Joan don't; Arfie's always stuck up with his claret and French vinegaret things (gave him all his rheumatism, *I* say); and now here's my Susie sending to London, and passing me by and my sorrowful bin. I didn't think she'd have bin and done it. Even the Alpine plants of which I hear, as darlings, don't at present console me.

Just you try such a trick again, that's all!

HERNE HILL.

Here's your letter first thing in the morning, while I'm sipping my coffee in the midst of such confusion as I've not



often achieved at my best. The little room, which I think is as nearly as possible the size of your study, but with a lower roof, has to begin with—A, my bed; B, my basin stand; C, my table; D, my chest of drawers; thus arranged in relation to E, the window (which has still its dark bars to prevent the little boy getting out); F, the fireplace; G, the golden

or mineralogical cupboard; and H, the grand entrance. The two dots with a back represent my chair, which is properly solid and not *un-easy*. Three others of lighter disposition find place somewhere about. These, with the chimney-piece and drawer's head, are covered, or rather heaped, with all they can carry, and the morning is just looking in, astonished to see what is expected of it, and smiling—(yes, I may fairly say it is smiling, for it is cloudless for its part above the smoke of the horizon line)—at Sarah's hope and mine, of ever getting that room into order by twelve o'clock. The chimney-piece with its bottles, spoons, lozenge boxes, matches, candlesticks, and letters jammed behind them, does appear to me entirely hopeless, and this the more because Sarah, when I tell her to take a bottle away that has a mixture in it which I don't like, looks me full in the face, and says "she *won't*, because I may want it." I submit, because it is so nice to get Sarah to look one full in the face. She really is the prettiest, round-faced, and round-eyed girl I ever saw, and it's a great shame she should be a housemaid; only I wish she would take those bottles away. She says I'm looking better to-day, and I think I'm feeling a little bit more—no, I mean, a little bit less—demoniacal. But I still can do that jackdaw beautifully.

I am quite sure you would have felt like Albert Dürer, had you gone on painting wrens.

The way Nature and Heaven waste the gifts and souls they give and make, passes all wonder. You might have done anything you chose, only you were too modest.

No, I never *will* call you my dear lady; certainly, if it comes to that, something too dreadful will follow.

That is so very nice, isn't it, about the poor invalid and "Frondes." It is terrible that doctors should say such things, but on the whole, when they feel them strongly they should

speak, else it would be impossible for them to give trustworthy comfort and healing hope.

I wish that peacock of yours would teach me to brush *my* hair before I come to dinner, for I am, though

Ever your loving

J. R.,

not fit to be seen lately, with fighting midges in my hair.

I am most interested in your criticism of "Queen Mary." I have not read it, but the choice of subject is entirely morbid and wrong, and I am sure all you say must be true. The form of decline which always comes on mental power of Tennyson's passionately sensual character, is always of seeing ugly things, a kind of delirium tremens. Turner had it fatally in his last years.

I am so glad you enjoy writing to me more than anyone else. The book you sent me of Dr. John Brown's on books, has been of extreme utility to me, and contains matter of the deepest interest. Did you read it yourself? If not, I must lend it to you.

I am so glad also to know of your happiness in Chaucer. Don't hurry in reading. I will get you an edition for your own, that you may mark it in peace.

I send you two books, neither I fear very amusing, but on my word, I think books are always dull when one really most wants them. No, other people don't feel it as you and I do, nor do the dogs and ponies, but oughtn't we to be thankful that we *do* feel it. The thing I fancy we are both wanting in, is a right power of enjoying the past. What sunshine there *has* been even in this sad year! I have seen beauty enough in one afternoon, not a fortnight ago, to last me for a year if I could rejoice in memory.

But I believe things are a little better at Seascale. Arfies' gone off there, but I have a painter friend, Mr. Goodwin, coming to keep me company, and I'm a little content in this worst of rainy days, in hopes there *may* be now some clearing for him.

Our little kittens pass the days of their youth up against

it, put off from day to day, was likely enough to fall into the great region of my despair, unless you had chanced thus to remind me of it.

Please, if another chance of good to me come in your way, in another brown spotty-purple peacock's feather, will you yet send it to me, and I will be always your most grateful and faithful
J. R.

HERNE HILL.

It is so very sweet and good of you to write such lovely play letters to Joanie and me ; they delight and comfort us more than I can tell you.

What translation of Aristophanes is that ? I must get it. I've lost I can't tell you how much knowledge and power through false pride in refusing to read translations, though I couldn't read the original without more trouble and time than I could spare ; nevertheless, you must not think this English gives you a true idea of the original. The English is much more "English" in its temper than its words. Aristophanes is far more dry, severe, and concentrated ; his words are fewer, and have fuller flavor ; this English is to him what currant jelly is to currants. But it's immensely useful to me. Yes, that is very sweet about the kissing. I have done it to rocks often, seldom to flowers, not being sure that they would like it.

I recollect giving a very reverent little kiss to a young sapling that was behaving beautifully in an awkward chink, between two great big ones that were ill-treating it. Poor me (I'm old enough, I hope, to write grammar my own way), my own little self, meantime, never by any chance got a kiss when I wanted it—and the better I behaved, the less chance I had, it seemed.

I never thought the large packet was from you ; it was thrown aside with the rest till evening, and only opened *then* by chance. I was greatly grieved to find what I had thus left unacknowledged. The drawings are entirely beautiful and

wonderful, but, like all the good work done in those bygone days (Donovan's own book being of inestimable excellence in this kind), they affect me with profound melancholy in the thought of the loss to the entire body of the nation of all this perfect artistic capacity, and sweet will, for want of acknowledgment, system, and direction. I must write a careful passage on this matter in my new Elements of Drawing. Your drawings have been sent me not by you, but by my mistress Fors, for a text. It is no wonder, when you can draw like this, that you care so much for all lovely nature. But I shall be ashamed to show you my peacock's feather ; I've sent it, however.

What a naughty child you are to pick out all that was useless and leave all that's practical and useful for "*Frondes!*" You ought to have pounced on all the best bits on drawing from nature !

It is *very* sweet of you to give me your book, but I accept it at once most thankfully. It is the best type I can show of the perfect work of an English lady in her own simple peace of enjoyment and natural gift of truth, in her sight and in her mind. And many pretty things are in my mind and heart about it, if my hands were not too cold to shape words for them. The book shall be kept with my Bewicks ; it is in no-wise inferior to them in fineness of work. The finished proof of next "*Proserpina*" will, I think, be sent me by Saturday's post. Much more is done, but this number was hindered by the revisal of the Dean of Christ Church, which puts me at rest about mistakes in my Greek.

It is a great joy to me that *you* like the Wordsworth bits ; there are worse coming (unless Diddie, perhaps, begs them off) ; but I've been put into a dreadful passion by two of my cleverest girl pupils "*going off pious!*" It's exactly like a nice pear getting "*sleepy ;*" and I'm pretty nearly in the worst temper I *can* be in, for W. W. But what *are* these blessed feathers ? Everything that's best of grass and clouds

and chrysoprase. What incomparable little creature wears such things, or lets fall? The "fringe of flame" is Carlyle's, not mine, but we feel so much alike, that you may often mistake one for the other now.

You cannot in the least tell what a help you are to me, in caring so much for my things and seeing what I try to do in them. You are quite one of a thousand for sympathy with everybody, and one of the ten times ten thousand, for special sympathy with my own feelings and tries. Yes, that second column is rather nicely touched, though I say it, for hands and eyes of sixty-two; but when once the wind stops I hope to do a bit of primrose ground that will be richer.

Here, not I, but a thing with a dozen of colds in its head, am!

I caught one cold on Wednesday last, another on Thursday, two on Friday, four on Saturday, and one at every station between this and Ingleborough on Monday. I never was in such ignoble misery of cold. I've no cough to speak of, nor anything worse than usual in the way of sneezing, but my hands are cold, my pulse nowhere, my nose tickles and wrings me, my ears sing—like kettles, my mouth has no taste, my heart no hope of ever being good for anything, any more. I never passed such a wretched morning by my own fireside in all my days, and I've quite a fiendish pleasure in telling you all this, and thinking how miserable you'll be too. Oh, me, if I ever get to feel like myself again, won't I take care of myself.

Seven of the eleven colds are better, but the other four are worse, and they were the worst before, and I'm such a wreck and rag and lump of dust being made mud of, that I'm ashamed to let the maids bring me my dinner.

Your contemptible, miserable, beyond pitiable, past deplorable
J. R.

The little book is very lovely, all of it that is your *own*. The religion of it you know is, anybody's, what my poor little Susie was told when she was a year or two younger than she is now.

What we should all try to do, is to find out something certain about God, for *ourselves*.

The feathers nearly made me fly away from all my Psalters and Exoduses, to you, and my dear peacocks. I wonder, when Solomon got his ivory and apes and peacocks, whether he ever had time to look at them. He couldn't always be ordering children to be chopped in two. Alas, I suppose his wisdom, in England of to-day, would have been taxed to find out which mother lied in saying which child *wasn't* hers!

But you *will* like my psalter, I'm sure. Diddie wouldn't copy the wickedest bits, so I was obliged to leave them out!

Oh, dear, I feel so wicked to-day, I could even tease *you*, by telling you Joanie was better, and how it came to pass. I mustn't say more, but that I love you ever so much, and am ever, etc.

I began this note especially to tell you how delighted I was with your idea of the flower show; how good it will be for the people, and how nice for you!

I've been writing to Miss R. again, and Miss L.'s quite right to stay at home. "She thinks I have an eagle's eye." Well, what else should I have, in day time? together with my cat's eye in the dark? But you may tell her I should be very sorry if my eyes were *no* better than eagles'! "Doth the eagle know what is in the pit?" I do.

I'm only going away for Sunday, coming back on the Monday, and going to stay for a week longer. Mr. MacD. has begun a pretty drawing of the study (and really depends on my assistant criticism); and Diddie, I think, will enjoy her dinner with you to-morrow better than if I had gone for

good and all ; and I think I shall enjoy my Sunday at Sheffield, if I had gone for evil and all. I've turned the page to say I'm rather pleased with that trans-mutation (what a stupid thing of me to divide that stupid word) of "for good and all," mockingest of common phrases, even if one were going away for a honeymoon it would only be for better or worse—or stay, perhaps it means for good and all *else*. One uses it too without the all—"for good," meaning that nothing that isn't good can be eternal. I am puzzled ; but I believe I'm coming back for good anyhow. And, there now, I've to turn the page once more, and, I was going to say something stupid about good-by, a word that makes me shudder from head to foot.

I've found another stone for you, lapis lazuli, which never fades, and is heaven color to all time.

That you may not make a complete infidel of yourself with those insidious "Arabian Nights," or a complete philosopher of yourself, which would be unbecoming at your age, with the "Council of Friends" I send you a Western book of a character at once prosaic, graceful, and simple, which will disenchant and refresh you at once. I will find a second volume before you have finished the first, and meanwhile you must come and *choose* the next book that is to be, out of my library, which you never condescend to look at when you're here.

By hook or by crook, by swans and cygnets, by Carpaccio and the Queen of Sheba, I'll come to see you, please, to-day.

I'm really not quite so bad all over, yet ; and I've written things lately with much in them that will comfort *you* for me, though I can't quite comfort myself. And I'll come often to be lectured ; and I'm not reading novels just now, but only birds and beasts.

I want to know the names of all your five cats ; they were all at the door yesterday, and I should have made six, but they ran away.

I send two of Miss Kate's books for Mary and you to keep

as long as you choose. Miss Arnold is coming to-morrow, but I hope to get to the Thwaite at half-past twelve. Only my morning goes just now like the flash of a Christmas cracker.

I'm better ; I trust you are ! It is a day at last ; and the flowers are all off their heads for joy. I've been writing some pretty things too, and thinking naughty ones, as I do when I'm pretty well.

But I've lost my voice and can't sing them !

Yes, of course keep that book, any time you like ; but I think you'll find *most* of it unreadable. If you *do* get through it, you'll have to tell me all about it, you know, for I've never read a word of it except just the plums here and there.

Publishers *are* brutes, and always spoil one's books, and then say it's *our* fault if they don't sell !

Yes, that is a lovely description of a picture. All the same I believe the picture itself was merely modern sensationalism.

They can't do without death nowadays, not because they want to know how to die, but because they're too stupid to live.

I hope you will be comforted in any feeling of languor or depression in yourself by hearing that I also am wholly lack lustrous, *depressed*, *oppressed*, *compressed*, and *downpressed*, by a quite countless pressgang of despondencies, humilities, remorsees, shamefacednesses, all overnesses, all undernesses, sicknesses, dulnesses, darknesses, sulkinesses, and everything that rhymes to lessness and distress, and that I'm sure you and I are at present the mere targets of the darts of the—, etc., etc., and Mattie's waiting and mustn't be loaded with more sorrow ; but I can't tell you how sorry I am to break my promise to-day, but it would not be safe for me to come.

I'll look at the dial to-night. What a cruel thing of you to make *me* "look upon it!" I'm not gone to Venice yet, but thinking of it hourly. I'm very nearly done with toasting my bishop; he just wants another turn or two, and then a little butter.

I'm a little better, but can't laugh much yet, and won't cry if I can help it. Yet it always makes me *nearly* cry, to hear of those poor working-men trying to express themselves and nobody ever teaching them, nor anybody in all England, knowing that painting is an *art*, and sculpture also, and that an untaught man can no more carve or paint than play the fiddle. All efforts of the kind mean simply that we have neither master nor scholars in any rank or any place. And I, also, what have *I* done for Coniston schools yet? I don't deserve an oyster shell, far less an oyster.

KIRBY LONSDALE,

Thursday evening.

You won't get this note to-morrow, I'm afraid, but after that I think they will be regular till I reach Oxford. It is very nice to know that there is someone who does care for a letter, as if she were one's sister. You would be glad to see the clouds break for me; and I had indeed a very lovely morning drive and still lovelier evening, and full moonrise here over the Lune.

I suppose it is Kirk-by-Lune's Dale? for the church, I find, is a very important Norman relic. By the way, I should tell you that the *colored* plates in the "Stones of Venice" do great injustice to my drawings; the patches are worn on the stones. My *drawings* were not *good*, but the plates are total failures. The only one even of the engravings which is rightly done is the (*last*, I think, in Appendix) inlaid dove and raven. I'll show you the drawing for that when I come back, and perhaps for the San Michele, if I recollect to fetch it from Oxford, and I'll fetch you the second volume, which has really good plates. That blue beginning, I forgot to say, is of

the Straits of Messina, and it is really *very* like the color of the sea.

That is intensely curious about the parasitical plant of Borneo. But—very dreadful!

You are like Timon of Athens, and I'm like one of his parasites. The oranges are delicious, the brown bread dainty; what the melon is going to be I have no imagination to tell. But, oh me, I had such a lovely letter from Dr. John, sent me from Joan this morning, and I've lost it. It said, "Is Susie as good as her letters? If so, she must be better. What freshness of enjoyment in everything she says!"

Alas! not in everything she feels in *this* weather, I fear. Was ever anything so awful?

Do you know, Susie, everything that has happened to me (and the leaf I sent you this morning may show you it has had some hurting in it) is *little* in comparison to the crushing and depressing effect on me of what I learn day by day as I work on, of the cruelty and ghastliness of the *nature* I used to think so Divine? But I get out of it by remembering, This is but a crumb of dust we call the "world," and a moment of eternity which we call "time." Can't answer the great question to-night.

I can only thank you for telling me; and say, Praised be God for giving him back to us.

Worldly people say "Thank God" when they get what they want; as if it amused God to plague them, and was a vast piece of self-denial on His part to give them what they liked. But I, who am a simple person, thank God when He hurts me, because I don't think He likes it any more than I do; but I can't *praise* Him, because—I don't understand why—I can only praise what's pretty and pleasant, like getting back our doctor.

26th November.

And to-morrow I'm not to be there ; and I've no present for you, and I am so sorry for both of us ; but oh, my dear little Susie, the good people all say this wretched makeshift of a world is coming to an end next year, and you and I and everybody who likes birds and roses are to have new birth-days and presents of such sugar plums. Crystals of candied cloud and manna in sticks with no ends, all the way to the sun, and white stones ; and new names in them, and heaven knows what besides.

It sounds all too good to be true ; but the good people are positive of it, and so's the great Pyramid, and the Book of Daniel, and the "Bible of Amiens." You can't possibly believe in any more promises of mine, I know, but if I *do* come to see you this day week, don't think it's a ghost ; and believe at least that we all love you and rejoice in your birthday wherever we are.

I'm so thankful you're better.

Reading my old diary, I came on a sentence of yours last year about the clouds being all "trimmed with swansdown," so pretty. (I copied it out of a letter.) The thoughts of you always trim *me* with swansdown.

I never got your note written yesterday ; meant at least to do it even after post time, but was too stupid, and am infinitely so to-day also. Only I *must* pray you to tell Sarah we all had elder wine to finish our evening with, and I mulled it myself, and poured it out from the saucepan into the expectants' glasses, and everybody asked for more ; and I slept like a dormouse. But, as I said, I am so stupid this morning that——. Well, there's no "that" able to say how stupid I am, unless the fly that wouldn't keep out of the candle last night ; and *he* had some notion of bliss to be found in candles, and I've no notion of anything.

The blue sky is so wonderful to-day, and the woods after the rain so delicious for walking in, that I must still delay

any school talk one day more. Meantime I've sent you a book which is in a nice large print, and may in some parts interest you. I got it that I might be able to see Scott's material for "Peveril;" and it seems to me that he might have made more of the real attack on Latham House than of the fictitious one on Front de Bœuf's castle, had he been so minded, but perhaps he felt himself hampered by too much known fact.

I've just finished and sent off the index to "Deucalion," first volume, and didn't feel inclined for more schooling to-day.

I've just had a charming message from Martha Gale, under the address of "that old duckling." Isn't that nice? Ethel was coming to see you to-day, but I've confiscated her for the woodcock, and she shan't come to-morrow, for I want you all to myself; only it isn't *her* fault.

But you gave my present before, a month ago, and I've been presenting myself with all sorts of things ever since; and now it's not half gone. I'm very thankful for this, however, just now, for St. George, who is cramped in his career, and I'll accept it, if you like, for *him*. Meantime I've sent it to the bank, and hold him your debtor. I've had the most delicious gift besides I ever had in my life—the Patriarch of Venice's blessing written with his own hand, with his portrait.

I'll bring you this to see to-morrow, and a fresh Turner.

I have forbidden Joanie's going out to-day, for she got a little chill in the wind last night, and looked pale and *défaite* in the evening; she's all right again, but I can't risk her out, though she was much minded to come, and I am sure you and Mary will say I am right. She will be delighted and refreshed by seeing the young ladies; and the Turners look grand in the gray light.

So I have told Baxter to bring up a fly from the Water-head, and to secure your guests on their way here, and put up to bring them so far back. I shall also send back by it a purple bit of Venice, which pleases me, though the mount's too large and spoils it a little ; but you will be gracious to it.

What delicious asparagus and brown bread I've been having!!!!!!! I should like to write as many notes of admiration as there are waves on the lake ; the octave must do. I've been writing a pretty bit of chant for Byron's heroic measure. Joan must play it to you when she next comes. I'm mighty well, and rather mischievous.

The weather has grievously depressed me this last week, and I have not been fit to speak to anybody. I had much interruption in the early part of it, though, from a pleasant visitor ; and I have not been able to look rightly at your pretty little book. Nevertheless, I'm quite sure your strength is in private letter writing, and that a curious kind of shyness prevents your doing yourself justice in print. You might also surely have found a more pregnant motto about birds' nests !

Am not I cross ? But these gray skies are mere poison to my thoughts, and I have been writing such letters that I don't think many of my friends are likely to speak to me again.

I think you must have been spinning the sunbeams into gold to be able to scatter gifts like this.

It is your own light of the eyes that has made the woodland leaves so golden brown.

Well, I have just opened a St. George account at the Coniston Bank, and this will make me grandly miserly and careful.

I am very thankful for it.

Also for Harry's saying of me that I am gentle ! I've been quarrelling with so many people lately I had forgotten all grace, till you brought it back yesterday and made me still your gentle, etc.

SUSIE'S LETTERS

SUSIE'S LETTERS.

THE following Letters and the little notes on Birds are inserted here by the express wish of Mr. Ruskin. I had it in my mind to pay Susie some extremely fine compliments about these Letters and Notes, and to compare her method of observation with Thoreau's, and, above all, to tell some very pretty stories showing her St. Francis-like sympathy with, and gentle power over, all living creatures ; but Susie says that she is already far too prominent, and we hope that the readers of "Hortus " will see for themselves how she reverences and cherishes all noble life, with a special tenderness, I think, for furred and feathered creatures. To all outcast and hungry things the Thwaite is a veritable Bethlehem, or House of Bread, and to her, their sweet "Madonna Nourrice," no less than to her Teacher, the sparrows and linnets that crowd its thresholds are in a very particular sense "Sons of God."

A. F.

April 14th, 1874.

I sent off such a long letter to you yesterday, my dear friend. Did you think of your own quotation from Homer, when you told me that field of yours was full of violets? But where are the four fountains of *white* water?—through a meadow full of violets and parsley? How delicious Calypso's fire of finely chopped cedar! How shall I thank you for allowing *me*, Susie the little, to *distil* your writings? Such a joy and comfort to me—for I shall need much very soon now. I do so thank and love you for it ; I am sure I may say so to *you*. I rejoice again and again that I have such a friend.

May I never love him less, never prove unworthy of his friendship! How I wanted my letter, and now it has come, and I have told our Dr. John of your safe progress so far. I trust you will be kept safe from *everything* that might injure you in any way.

The snow has melted away, and this is a really sweet April day and *ought* to be enjoyed—if only Susie *could*. But both she and her dear friend must strive with their grief. When I was a girl—(I was once)—I used to delight in Pope's Homer. I do believe I rather enjoyed the killing and slaying, specially the splitting down the *chine*! But when I tried to read it again not *very* long ago, I got tired of this kind of thing. If *you* had only translated Homer! then I should have had a feast. When a schoolgirl, going each day with my bag of books into Manchester, I used to like Don Quixote and Sir Charles Grandison with my milk porridge. I must send you only this short letter to-day. I can see your violet field from this window. How sweetly the little limpid stream would *tinkle* to-day; and how the primroses are sitting listening to it and the little birds sipping it! I have come to the conclusion that bees go more by *sight* than by scent. As I stand by my peacock with his gloriously gorgeous tail all spread out, a bee comes *right at it* (very vulgar, but expressive); and I have an Alpine Primula on this window-stone brightly in flower, and a bee came and alighted, but went away again at once, not finding the expected honey. I wonder what you do the livelong day, for I know you and idleness are not acquaintances. I am so sorry your favorite places are spoiled. But dear Brantwood will grow prettier and prettier under your care.

April 9th.

I have just been pleased by seeing a blackbird enjoying, with schoolboy appetite, portions of a moistened crust of bread which I threw out for him and his fellow-creatures. How he dug with his orange bill!—even more orange than usual perhaps at this season of the year. At length the

robins have built a nest in the ivy in our yard—a very secure and sheltered place, and a very convenient distance from the crumb market. Like the old woman, *he* sings with a merry devotion, and *she* thinks there never was such music, as she sits upon her eggs ; he comes again and again, with every little dainty that his limited income allows, and *she* thinks it all the sweeter because *he* brings it to her. Now and then she leaves her nest to stretch her wings, and to shake off the dust of care, and to prevent her pretty *ankles* being cramped. But she knows her duty too well to remain absent long from her precious eggs.

Now another little note from Dr. John, and he actually begins, "My dear 'Susie,'"—and ends, "Let me hear from you soon. Ever yours affectionately." Also he says, "It is very kind in you to let me get at once close to you." The rest of his short letter (like you, he was busy) is nearly all about *you*, so of course it is interesting to *me*, and he hopes you are already getting good from the change, and I indulge the same hope.

10th April.

Brantwood looked so very nice this morning decorated by the coming into leaf of the larches. I wish you could have seen them in the distance as I did : the early sunshine had glanced upon them lighting up one side, and leaving the other in softest shade, and the tender green contrasted with the deep browns, and grays stood out in a wonderful way, and the trees looked like spirits of the wood, which you might think would melt away like the White Lady of Avenel.

Dear sweet April still looks coldly upon us—the month you love so dearly. Little white lambs are in the fields now, and so much that is sweet is coming ; but there is a shadow over this house *now* ; and, also, my dear kind friend is far away. The horse-chestnuts have thrown away the winter coverings of their buds, and given them to that dear economical mother earth, who makes such good use of everything, and works up old materials again in a wonderful way, and is delightfully unlike most economists—the very soul of generous liberality.

Now some of your own words, so powerful as they are—you are speaking of the Alp and of the “Great Builder”—of your own transientness, as of the grass upon its sides ; and in this very sadness, a sense of strange companionship with past generations, in seeing what they saw. They have ceased to look upon it, you will soon cease to look also ; and the granite wall will be for others, etc., etc.

My dear friend, was there ever anyone so pathetic as you ? And you have the power of bringing things before one, both to the eye and to the mind : you do indeed paint with your pen. Now I have a photograph of you—not a very satisfactory one, but still I am glad to have it, rather than none. It was done at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Were you in search of something of Bewick’s ?

I have just given the squirrel his little loaf (so you see I am a lady),* he has bounded away with it, full of joy and gladness. I wish that this were my case and *yours*, for whatever we may wish for, that we have not. We have a variety and abundance of loaves. I have asked Dr. J. Brown whether he would like photographs of your house and the picturesque breakwater. I do so wish that you and he and I did not suffer so much, but *could* be at least moderately happy. I am sure you would be glad if you knew, even in this time of sorrow, when all seems stale, flat, unprofitable, the pleasure and interest I have had in reading your Vol. 3 [“Modern Painters”]. I study your character in your writings, and I find so much to elevate, to love, to admire—a sort of education for my poor old self—and oh ! such beauty of thought and word.

Even yet my birds want so much bread ; I do believe the worms are sealed up in the dry earth, and they have many little mouths to fill just now—and there is one old blackbird whose devotion to his wife and children is lovely. I should like him never to die, he is *one* of my heroes. And now a dog

* See Fors Clavigera, Letter XLV.

which calls upon me sometimes at the window, and I point kitchenward and the creature knows what I mean, and goes and gets a good meal. So if I can only make a dog happy (as you do, only you take yours to live with you, and I cannot do that) it is a pleasant thing. I do so like to make things happier, and I should like to put bunches of hay in the fields for the poor horses, for there is very scant supply of grass, and too many for the supply.

1st May.

I cannot longer refrain from writing to you, my dear kind friend, so often are you in my thoughts. Dearest Joanie has told you, I doubt not, and I know how sorry you are, and how truly you are feeling for your poor Susie. So *knowing that*, I will say no more about my sorrow. There is no need for words. I am wishing, oh, so much, to know how you are: quite safe and well, I hope, and able to have much real enjoyment in the many beautiful things by which you are surrounded. May you lay up a great stock of good health and receive much good in many ways, and then return to those who so much miss you, and by whom you are so greatly beloved.

Coniston would go into your heart if you could see it now—so very lovely, the oak trees so early, nearly in leaf already. Your beloved blue hyacinths will soon be out, and the cuckoo has come, but it is long since Susie has been out. She only stands at an open window, but she must try next week to go into the garden; and she is finding a real pleasure in making extracts from your writings *for you*, often wondering “will he let that remain?” and hoping that he will.

Do you ever send home orders about your Brantwood? I have been wishing so much that your gardener might be told to mix quantities of old mortar and soil together, and to fill many crevices in your new walls with it; then the breezes will bring fern seeds and plant them, or rather sow them in such fashion as no human being can do. When time and the showers brought by the west wind have mellowed it a little,

the tiny beginnings of mosses will be there. The sooner this can be done the better. Do not think Susie presumptuous.

We have hot sun and a *very* cool air, which I do not at all like.

I hope your visit to Palermo and your lady have been all that you could wish. Please *do* write to me ; it would do me so much good and so greatly refresh me.

This poor little letter is scarcely worth sending, only it says that I am your loving Susie.

14th May.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—Your letter yesterday did me so much good, and though I answered it at once yet here I am again. A kind woman from the other side has sent me the loveliest group of drooping and very tender ferns, soft as of some velvet belonging to the fairies, and of the most exquisite green, and primroses, and a slender-stalked white flower, and so arranged that they continually remind me of that enchanting group of yours in Vol. 3, which you said I might cut out. What would you have thought of me if I had? Oh, that you would and could sketch this group—or even that your eye could rest upon it! Now you will laugh if I ask you whether harpies ever increase in number? or whether they are only the “old original.” They quite torment me when I open the window, and blow chaff at me. I suppose at this moment dearest Joanie is steaming away to Liverpool; one always wants to know now whether people accomplish a journey safely. When the blackbirds come for soaked bread, they generally eat a nice little lot themselves, before carrying any away from the window for their little ones; but Bobbie, “our little English Robin,” has just been twice, took none for himself, but carries beak-load after beak-load for his speckled infants. How curious the universal love of bread is; so many things like and eat it—even flies, and snails!

You know you inserted a letter from Jersey about fish!*

* See Fors Clavigera, Letter XXX.

A lady there tells me that formerly you might have a bucket of oysters for sixpence, and that now you can scarcely get anything but such coarse kinds of fish as are not liked ; and she has a sister, a sad invalid, to whom fish would be a very pleasant and wholesome change. This is really a sad state of things, and *here* the railways seem very likely to carry away our butter, and it is now such a price, quite ex[h]orbitant. Why did I put an *h* in ? Is it to prove the truth of what you say, that ladies do not spell well ? A letter which I once wrote when a girl was a wonderful specimen of bad spelling.

15th May.

I have found such lovely passages in Vol. 1 this morning that I am delighted, and have begun to copy one of them. You do float in such beautiful things sometimes that you make me feel I don't know how !

How I thank you for ever having written them, for though late in the day, they were written for *me*, and have at length reached me !

You are so candid about your age that I shall tell you mine ! I am astonished to find myself sixty-eight—very near the Psalmist's threescore and ten. Much illness and much sorrow, and then I woke up to find myself *old*, and as if I had lost a great part of my life. Let us hope it was not all lost.

I think *you* can understand me when I say that I have a great fund of love, and no one to spend it upon, because there are not any to whom I could give it *fully*, and I love my pets so dearly, but I *dare not* and cannot enjoy it fully because—they *die*, or get injured, and then my misery is intense. I feel as if I could tell *you* much, because your sympathy is so refined and so tender and true. Cannot I be a sort of second mother to you ? I am sure the first one was often praying for blessings for you, and in this, at least, I resemble her.

Am I tiresome writing all this ? It just came, and you said I was to write what did. We have had some nice rain, but followed not by warmth, but a cruel *east* wind.

ABOUT WRENS.

This year I have seen wrens' nests in three different kinds of places—one built in the angle of a doorway, one under a bank, and a third near the top of a raspberry bush ; this last was so large that when our gardener first saw it, he thought it was a swarm of bees. It seems a pleasure to this active bird to build ; he will begin to build several nests sometimes before he completes one for Jenny Wren to lay her eggs and make her nursery. Think how busy both he and Jenny are when the sixteen young ones come out of their shells—little helpless gaping things wanting feeding in their turns the live-long summer day ! What hundreds and thousands of small insects they devour ! They catch flies with good-sized wings. I have seen a parent wren with its beak so full that the wings stood out at each side like the whiskers of a cat.

Once in America, in the month of June, a mower hung up his coat under a shed near a barn ; two or three days passed before he had occasion to put it on again. Thrusting his arm up the sleeve he found it completely filled with something, and on pulling out the mass he found it to be the nest of a wren, completely finished and lined with feathers. What a pity that all the labor of the little pair had been in vain ! Great was the distress of the birds, who vehemently and angrily scolded him for destroying their house ; happily it was an empty one, without either eggs or young birds.

HISTORY OF A BLACKBIRD.

We had had one of those summer storms which so injure the beautiful flowers and the young leaves of the trees. A blackbird's nest with young ones in it was blown out of the ivy on the wall, and the little ones, with the exception of one, were killed ! The poor little bird did not escape without a wound upon his head, and when he was brought to me it did not seem very likely that I should ever be able to rear him ;

but I could not refuse to take in the little helpless stranger, so I put him into a covered basket for a while.

I soon found that I had undertaken what was no easy task, for he required feeding so early in a morning that I was obliged to take him and his bread crumbs into my bed-room, and jump up to feed him as soon as he began to chirp, which he did in very good time.

Then in the daytime I did not dare to have him in the sitting-room with me, because my sleek favorites, the cats, would soon have devoured him, so I carried him up into an attic, and as he required feeding very often in the day, you may imagine that I had quite enough of exercise in running up and down stairs.

But I was not going to neglect the helpless thing after once undertaking to nurse him, and I had the pleasure of seeing him thrive well upon his diet of dry-bread crumbs and a little scrap of raw meat occasionally; this last delicacy, you know, was a sort of imitation of worms!

Very soon my birdie knew my step, and though he never exactly said so, I am sure he thought it had "music in't," for as soon as I touched the handle of the door he set up a shriek of joy!

"The bird that we nurse is the bird that we love," and I soon loved Dick. And the love was not all on one side, for my bonnie bird would sit upon my finger uttering complacent little chirps, and when I sang to him in a low voice he would gently peck my hair.

As he grew on and wanted to use his limbs, I put him into a large wicker bonnet-basket, having taken out the lining; it made him a large, cheerful, airy cage. Of course I had a perch put across it, and he had plenty of white sand and a pan of water; sometimes I set his bath on the floor of the room, and he delighted in bathing until he looked half-drowned; then what shaking of his feathers, what *preening* and arranging there was! And how happy and clean and comfortable he looked when his toilet was completed!

You may be sure that I took him some of the first ripe currants and strawberries, for blackbirds like fruit, and so

do boys! When he was fledged I let him out in the room, and so he could exercise his wings. It is a curious fact that if I went up to him with my bonnet on he did not know me at all, but was in a state of great alarm.

Blackbirds are wild birds, and do not bear being kept in a cage, not even so well as some other birds do; and as this bird grew up he was not so tame, and was rather restless. I knew that, though I loved him so much, I ought not to keep him shut up against his will. He was carried down into the garden while the raspberries were ripe, and allowed to fly away; and I have never seen him since. Do you wonder that my eyes filled with tears when he left?

IN MONTIBUS SANCTIS

STUDIES OF MOUNTAIN FORM AND OF ITS
VISIBLE CAUSES

COLLECTED AND COMPLETED OUT OF

“MODERN PAINTERS’

PREFACE.

I RECEIVE at present with increasing frequency requests or counsels from people whose wishes and advice I respect, for the reprinting of "Modern Painters." When I formerly stated my determination not to republish that work in its original form, it was always with the purpose of giving its scientific sections with farther illustration in "Deucalion" and "Proserpina," and extracts from those relating to art and education in my Oxford Lectures. But finding, usually, for these last, subjects more immediately interesting; and seeing that Deucalion and Proserpina have quite enough to do in their own way—for the time they have any chance of doing it in—I am indeed minded now to reprint the three scientific sections of "Modern Painters" in their original terms, which, very thankfully I find, cannot much be bettered, for what they intend or attempt. The scientific portions, divided prospectively, in the first volume, into four sections, were meant to define the essential forms of sky, earth, water, and vegetation; but finding that I had not the mathematical knowledge required for the analysis of wave-action, the chapters on Seapainting were never finished, the materials for them being partly used in the "Harbors of England," and the rest of the design remitted till I could learn more dynamics. But it was never abandoned, and the corrections already given in "Deucalion" of the errors of Agassiz and Tyndall on the glacier theory are based on studies of wave-motion which I hope still to complete the detail of in that work.

My reprints from "Modern Painters" will therefore fall only into three divisions, on the origin of form in clouds, mountains, and trees. They will be given in the pages and

type now chosen for my Oxford Lectures; and the two lectures on existing Storm-cloud already published will form a proper introduction to the cloud-studies of former times, of which the first number is already in the press. In like manner, the following paper, prepared to be read before the Mineralogical Society on the occasion of their meeting in Edinburgh, this year, and proposing, in brief abstract, the questions which are at the root of rock-science, may not unfitly introduce the chapters of geological inquiry, begun at the foot of the Matterhorn thirty years ago, inquiries which were the proper sequel of those instituted by Saussure, and from which the fury of investigation in extinct zoölogy has since so far diverted the attention of mineralogists, that I have been virtually left to pursue them alone; not without some results, for which, fortified as they are by the recent advance of rock-chemistry, I might claim, did I care to claim, the dignity of Discoveries. For the separate enumeration of these, the reader is referred to the postscript to the opening paper.

The original wood-cuts will all be used in this edition, but in order not to add to the expense of the republished text, I have thought it best that such of the steel plates as are still in a state to give fair impressions, should be printed and bound apart; purchasable either collectively or in separate parts, illustrative of the three several sections of text. These will be advertised when ready.

The text of the old book, as in the already reprinted second volume, will be in nothing changed, and only occasionally explained or amplified by notes in brackets.

It is also probable that a volume especially devoted to the subject of Education may be composed of passages gathered out of the entire series of my works; and since the parts of "Modern Painters" bearing on the principles of art will be incorporated in the school lectures connected with my duty at Oxford, whatever is worth preservation in the whole book will be thus placed at the command of the public.

BRANTWOOD,

16th September, 1884.

IN MONTIBUS SANCTIS.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE DISTINCTIONS OF FORM IN SILICA.

(Read before the Mineralogical Society, July 24, 1884.)

As this paper, by the courtesy of the secretaries, stands first on the list of those to be read at the meeting, I avail myself of the privilege thus granted me of congratulating the Society on this occasion of its meeting in the capital of a country which is itself one magnificent mineralogical specimen, reaching from Cheviot to Cape Wrath ; thus gathering into the most convenient compass, and presenting in the most instructive forms, examples of nearly every mineralogical process and phenomenon which have taken place in the construction of the world.

May I be permitted, also, to felicitate myself, on the permission thus given me, to bring before the Mineralogical Society a question which, in Edinburgh, of all cities of the world, it should be easiest to solve, namely, the methods of the construction and painting of a Scotch pebble ?

I am the more happy in this unexpected privilege, because, though an old member of the Geological Society, my geological observations have always been as completely ignored by that Society, as my remarks on political economy by the Directors of the Bank of England ; and although I have repeatedly solicited from them the charity of their assistance in so small a matter as the explanation of an agate stone on the forefinger of an alderman, they still, as I stated the case in

closing my first volume of "Deucalion," discourse on the catastrophes of chaos, and the processes of creation, without being able to tell why a slate splits, or how a pebble is colored.

Pebble—or crystal; here in Scotland the main questions respecting these two main forms of silica are put to us, with a close solicitude, by the beautiful conditions of agate, and the glowing colors of the Cairngorm, which have always variegated and illuminated the favorite jewelry of Scottish laird and lassie.

May I hope, with especial reference to the

"favorite gem
Of Scotland's mountain diadem,"

to prevail on some Scottish mineralogist to take up the hitherto totally neglected subject of the relation of color in minerals to their state of substance: why, for instance, large and well-developed quartz crystals are frequently topaz color or smoke color,—never rose-color; while massive quartz may be rose-color, and pure white or gray, but never smoke color;—again, why amethyst quartz may continually, as at Schemnitz and other places, be infinitely complex and multiplex in crystallization, but never warped; while smoky quartz may be continually found warped, but never, in the amethystine way, multiplex;—why, again, smoky quartz and Cairngorm are continually found in short crystals, but never in long slender ones,—as, to take instance in another mineral, white beryl is usually short or even tabular, and green beryl long, almost in proportion to its purity?

And, for the better solution, or at least proposition, of the many questions, such as these, hitherto undealt with by science, might I also hope that the efforts of the Mineralogical Society may be directed, among other quite feasible objects not yet attained, to the formation of a museum of what might be called mineral-geology, showing examples of all familiar minerals in association with their native rocks, on a sufficiently large and intelligible scale. There may be, perhaps, by this time, in the museum of Edinburgh,—but there

is not in the British Museum, nor have I ever myself seen,—either a specimen of pure Cairngorm in the gangue, or a block of trap containing agates of really high quality, whether from Scotland, Germany, or India.

Knowing the value of time to the meeting, I leave this, to my thinking, deeply important subject of the encouragement of geognostic mineralogy, to their own farther consideration; and pass to a point of terminology which is of extreme significance in the study of siliceous minerals, namely, the desirableness, and I should myself even say the necessity, of substituting the term "spheroidal" for "reniform" in mineralogical description. Every so-called "kidney-shaped" mineral is an aggregate of spheroidal crystallizations, and it would be just as rational and elegant to call sea-foam kidney-shaped, as to call chalcedony so. The word "Botryoidal" is yet more objectionable, because it is wholly untrue. There are many minerals that resemble kidneys; but there is no substance in the whole mineral kingdom that resembles a bunch of grapes. The pisolitic aggregations which a careless observer might think grape-like, are only like grape-shot, and lie in heaps, not clusters.

But the change I would propose is not a matter of mere accuracy or elegance in description. For want of observing that the segmental surfaces of so-called reniform and botryoidal minerals are spheroidal, the really crystalline structure producing that external form has been overlooked, and, in consequence, minerals have been continually described either as amorphous, or as mixtures of different substances, which are neither formless nor mingled, but are absolutely defined in structure, and absolutely homogeneous in substance.

There are at least six states of siliceous substance which are thus entirely distinct,—flint, jasper, chalcedony, hyalite, opal, and quartz. They are only liable to be confused with each other in bad specimens; each has its own special and separate character, and needs peculiar circumstances for its production and development. The careful history of the forms of these six minerals, and the careful collection of the facts respecting the mode of their occurrence, would require a volume as large

as any that are usually issued by way of complete systems of mineralogy. Whereas, sufficient account is usually supposed to be rendered of them in a few sentences, and, moreover, every sentence of these concise abstracts usually contains, or implies, an unchallenged fallacy.

I take, for example, from the account of "chalcedonic varieties of quartz" given in Dana's octavo of 456 close-printed pages (Trübner, 1879),—the entire account occupies no more than a page and three lines,—the following sentences:

"Chalcedony oftens occurs lining or filling cavities in amygdaloidal rocks, and sometimes in other kinds. These cavities are nothing but little caverns, into which siliceous waters have filtrated at some period. The stalactites are 'icicles' of chalcedony, hung from the roof of the cavity.

"Agate, a variegated chalcedony. The colors are distributed in clouds, spots, or concentric lines. These lines take straight, circular, or zigzag forms, and when the last, it is called fortification agate, so named from the resemblance to the angular outlines of a fortification. These lines are the edges of layers of chalcedony, and these layers are successive deposits during the process of its formation.

"Mocha stone, or moss agate, is a brownish agate, consisting of chalcedony with dentritic or moss-like delineations, of an opaque yellowish-brown color."

Now, with respect to the first of these statements, it is true that cavities in amygdaloidal rocks are nothing but little caverns, just as caverns in any rocks are nothing but large cavities. But the rocks are called "amygdaloidal," because their cavities are in the shape of almonds, and there must be a reason for this almond shape, which will bear on the structure of their contents. It is also true that in the rocks of Iceland there are cavities lined with stalactites of chalcedony. But I believe no member of this Society has ever seen a cavity in Scotch trap lined with stalactites of chalcedony; nor a Scotch pebble which gave the slightest evidence of the direction of its infiltration.

The second sentence is still more misleading, for in no sense is it true that agate is a "variegated chalcedony." It is

chalcedony separated into bands of various consistence, and associated with parallel bands of jasper and quartz. And whether these bands are successive deposits during the process of formation or not, must be questionable until we produce the resemblance of an agate by a similar operation, which I would very earnestly request some of the members of the Mineralogical Society to do, before allowing statements of this positive kind to be made on the subject in popular text-books.

The third sentence confounds Mocha stone with moss agate, they being entirely different minerals. The delineations in Mocha stone are dendritic, and produced by mechanical dissemination of metallic oxides, easily imitable by dropping earthy colors into paste. But moss agates are of two kinds, brown and green, the one really like moss, the other filiform and like seaweed; and neither of them is at present explicable or imitable.

The inaccuracy of the statements thus made in so elaborate a work on mineralogy as Dana's, may, I think, justify me in asking the attention of the Mineralogical Society to the distinctions in the forms of silica which they will find illustrated by the chosen examples from my own collection, placed on the table for their inspection. I place, first, side by side, No. 1, the rudest, and No. 7, the most delicate, conditions of pure chalcedony; the first, coarsely spheroidal, and associated with common flint; the second, filiform, its threads and rods combining into plates,—each rod, on close examination, being seen to consist of associated spheroidal concretions.

Next to these I place No. 2, a common small-globed chalcedony formed on the common quartzite of South England, with opaque concentric zones developing themselves subsequently over its translucent masses. I have not the slightest idea how any of these three specimens can have been formed, and simply lay them before the Society in hope of receiving some elucidatory suggestions about them.

My ignorance need not have remained so abject, had my other work left me leisure to follow out the deeply interesting experiments instituted by Mr. E. A. Pankhurst and Mr.

J. T'Anson, of which the first results, being indeed the beginning of the true history of silica, were published by those gentlemen in the *Mineralogical Magazine* for 1882. I have laid their paper, kindly then communicated to me, on the table, for immediate comparison of its plates with the specimens, and I have arranged the first two groups of these, adopting from that paper the terms exogenous and endogenous, for the two great families of agates, so as to illustrate the principal statements made in its pages.

It would materially facilitate the pursuit of their discoveries if some of the members of the Society would register and describe the successive phenomena of crystallization in any easily soluble or fusible minerals. The history of a mineral is not given by ascertainment of the number or the angles of the planes of its crystals, but by ascertaining the manner in which those crystals originate, increase, and associate. The ordinary mineralogist is content to tell us that gold, silver, and diamond are all cubic;—it is for the mineralogist of the future to say why gold associates its countless cubes into arborescent laminae, and silver into capillary wreaths; while diamond condemns its every octahedron to monastic life, and never, except by accident, permits one of them to crystallize beside another.

At pages 5 and 6 of Mr. J. T'Anson's paper will be found explanations, more or less complete, of the forms which I have called folded "agates" and "lake" agates, reaching to No. 40. The specimens from 40 to 60 then illustrate the conditions of siliceous action which I am still alone among modern mineralogists in my mode of interpreting.

The minor points of debate concerning them are stated in the descriptions of each in the catalogue; but there are some examples among them from which branch lines of observation leading far beyond the history of siliceous pebbles. To these I venture here to direct your special attention.

No. 3 is a fragment of black flint on which blue chalcedony is deposited as a film extending itself in circles, exactly like the growth of some lichens. I have never seen this form of chalcedony solidify from circles into globes, and it is evident

that for this condition we must use the term "cycloidal," instead of "spheroidal." I need not point out that "reniform" would be here entirely absurd.

This apparently common specimen (and, as far as regards frequency of occurrence, indeed common enough) is nevertheless one of the most profoundly instructive of the whole series. It is, to begin with, a perfect type of the finest possible *flint*, properly so called. Its surface, eminently characteristic of the forms of flint-concretion, is literally a white dust of organic fragments, while the narrow fissure which has opened in it, apparently owing to the contraction of its mass, is besprinkled and studded, as closely, with what might not unfitly be called pearl-chalcedony, or seed-chalcedony, or hail-chalcedony; for seen through the lens it exactly resembles the grains of minute hail, sticking together as they melt; in places, forming very solid crests—in others, and especially in the rifted fissure, stalactites, possibly more or less vertical to the plane in which the flint lay.

In No. 5 the separation into concentric films is a condition peculiar to flint-chalcedony, and *never found in true agates*.

In No. 6 (chalcedony in stalactitic coats, on amethyst) the variation of the stalactites in direction, and their modes of agglutination, are alike unintelligible.

No. 8 is only an ordinary specimen of chalcedony on hæmatite, in short, closely combined vertical stalactites, each with a central stalactite of black iron-oxide; but it is to be observed, in comparing it with No. 6, that when chalcedony is thus formed on rods of hæmatite, the stalactites are almost unexceptionally vertical, and quite straight. The radiate ridge at one side of this example is, however, entirely anomalous.

No. 9. The succeeding specimen, though small, is a notable one, consisting of extremely minute and delicate shells or crusts of spheroidal hæmatite, establishing themselves in the heart of quartz. I have no idea of the method, or successions in time, of this process. These I leave to the consideration of the Society, but I point to the specimen as exquisitely exhibiting the laws of true spheroidal crystallization, in a min-

eral which both in its massive and crystalline state is continually associated with quartz. And it cannot but be felt that this spheroidal structure of hæmatite could as little be explained by calling or supposing it a mixture of micaceous hæmatite with amorphous hæmatite, as that of chalcedony by calling it a mixture of hexagonal with amorphous quartz.

No. 10. Next follows a beautiful and perfectly characteristic example of massively spheroidal agate, in which first gray and then white chalcedony, peculiarly waved and faulted by a tendency to become quartz, surrounds earthy centres, and is externally coated with pure quartz. And here I must ask the Society to ratify for me the general law, that in all solid globular or stalactitic conditions of chalcedony, if any foreign substance occurs mixed with them, it is thrown to their centres, while the pure quartz is always found on the outside.* On the other hand, the usual condition of geodes of chalcedony found in the cavities of rocks, is to purify themselves toward the interior, and either coat themselves with quartz on the interior surface, or entirely fill the central cavity with quartz.

No. 46 is a most literally amygdaloidal—almond-shaped—mass of silica; only, not poured into an almond-shaped cavity in basalt, but gathered into a knot out of Jurassic limestone, as flint is out of chalk.

It is, however, banded quite otherwise than flint, the bands giving occasion to its form, and composed of different substances. Whereas those of flint are of the flint itself in different states, and always independent of external form.

Secondly. It seems to me a question of considerable interest, why the coarse substance of flint and of this dull hornstone can be stained with black, but not chalcedony, nor quartz. The blackest so-called quartz is only a clear umber, and opaque quartz is never so stained at all. Natural black onyx is of extreme rarity, the onyx of commerce being artificially stained; the black band in the lake agate, No. 32, is

* It is to be noticed also that often in stalactitic or tubular concretions the purest chalcedony immediately surrounds the centre.

probably bituminous. And in connection with this part of the inquiry, it seems to be the peculiar duty of the mineralogist to explain the gradual darkening of the limestones toward the central metamorphic chains.

Thirdly, and principally. This stone gives us an example of waved or contorted strata which are unquestionably produced by concretion and partial crystallization, not compression, or any kind of violence. I shall take occasion, in concluding, to insist farther on the extreme importance of this character.

The specimen was found by my good publisher, Mr. Allen, on the southern slope of the Salève ; and it is extremely desirable that geologists in Savoy should obtain and describe more pebbles of the same sort, this one being, as far as my knowledge goes, hitherto unique.

71-77. These seven examples of opal have been chosen merely to illustrate farther the modes of siliceous solution and segregation, not with that of illustrating opal itself,—every one of the seven examples presenting phenomena more or less unusual. The two larger blocks, 71, 72 (Australian), give examples in one or two places of obscurely nodular and hollow concretion, before unknown in opal, but of which a wonderful specimen, partly with a vitreous superficial glaze, has been sent me by Mr. Henry Willett, of Arnold House, Brighton, a most accurate investigator of the history of silica. It is to be carefully noted, however, that the moment the opal shows a tendency to nodular concretion, its colors vanish.

No. 73 is sent only as an example of the normal state of Australian opal, disseminated in a rock of which it seems partly to have opened for itself the shapeless spaces it fills. In No. 71, it may be observed, there is a tendency in them to become tabular. No. 74, an apparently once fluent state of opal in veins, shows in perfection the arrangement in straight zones *transverse* to the vein, which I pointed out in my earliest papers on silica as a constant distinctive character in opal-crystallization. No. 75 is the only example I ever saw of stellar crystallization in opal. No. 76, from the same

locality, is like a lake agate associated with a brecciate condition of the gangue; while No. 77, though small, will be found an extremely interesting example of hydrophane. The blue bloom seen in some lights on it, when dry, as opposed to the somewhat vulgar vivacity of its colors when wet, is a perfect example of the opal's faculty of *selecting* for its lustre the most lovely combinations of the separated rays. A diamond, or a piece of fissured quartz, reflects indiscriminately all the colors of the prism; an opal, only those which are most delightful to human sight and mental association.

78-80. These three geological specimens are placed at the term of the series, that the importance of the structure already illustrated by No. 46 may be finally represented to the Society; No. 46 being an undulated chalcedony; No. 78 an undulated jasper; No. 79, a hornstone; and No. 80 a fully developed gneiss.

I have no hesitation in affirming,—though it is not usual with me to affirm anything I have not seen, and seen close,—that every one of these types of undulated structure has been produced by crystallization only, and absolutely without compression or violence. But the transition from the contorted gneiss which has been formed by crystallization only, to that which has been subjected to the forces of upheaval, or of lateral compression, is so gradual and so mysterious, that all the chemistry and geology of modern science is hitherto at fault in its explanation; and this meeting would confer a memorable benefit on future observers by merely determining for them the *conditions* of the problem. Up to a certain point, however, these were determined by Saussure, from whose frequent and always acutely distinct descriptions of contorted rocks I select the following, because it refers to a scene of which the rock structure was a subject of constant interest to the painter Turner; the ravine, namely, by which, on the Italian side of the St. Gothard, the Ticino escapes from the valley of Airolo.

“At a league from Faïdo the traveller ascends by a road carried on a cornice above the Ticino, which precipitates itself between the rocks with the greatest violence. I made the

ascent on foot, in order to examine with care the beautiful rocks, worthy of all the attention of a rock-lover. The veins of that granite form in many places redoubled zigzags, precisely like the ancient tapestries known as point of Hungary, and there it is impossible to say whether the veins of the stone are, or are not, parallel to the beds; while finally I observed several beds which in the middle of their thickness appeared filled with veins in zigzag, while near their borders they were arranged all in straight lines. This observation proves that the zig-zags are the effect of crystallization, and not that of a compression of the beds when they were in a state of softness. In effect, the middle of a bed could not be pushed together ('refoulé') unless the upper and lower parts of it were pushed at the same time."

This conclusive remark of Saussure renders debate impossible respecting the cause of the contortions of gneiss on a small scale; and a very few experiments with clay, dough, or any other ductile substance, such as those of which I have figured the results in the VIth plate of "Deucalion," will prove, what otherwise is evident on sufficient reflection, that minutely rhythmic undulations of beds cannot be obtained by compression on a large scale. But I am myself prepared to go much farther than this. During half a century of various march among the Alps, I never saw the gneiss yet, which I could believe to have been wrinkled by pressure, and so far am I disposed to carry this denial of external force, that I live in hopes of hearing the Matterhorn itself, whose contorted beds I engraved thirty years ago in the fourth volume of "Modern Painters" (the book is laid on the table, open at the plate), pronounced by the Mineralogical Society to be nothing else than a large gneissitic crystal, curiously cut!

Whether this hope be vain or not, I believe it will soon be felt by the members of this Society, that an immense field of observation is opened to them by recent chemistry, peculiarly their own: and that mineralogy, instead of being merely the servant of geology, must be ultimately her guide. No movement of rocks on a large scale can ever be explained until we

understand rightly the formation of a quartz vein, and the growth, to take the most familiar of fusible minerals, of an ice-crystal.*

And I would especially plead with the younger members of the Society, that they should quit themselves of the idea that they need large laboratories, fine microscopes, or rare minerals, for the effective pursuit of their science. A quick eye, a candid mind, and an earnest heart, are all the microscopes and laboratories which any of us need ; and with a little clay, sand, salt, and sugar a man may find out more of the methods of geological phenomenon than ever were known to Sir Charles Lyell. Of the interest and entertainment of such unpretending science I hope the children of this generation may know more than their fathers, and that the study of the Earth, which hitherto has shown them little more than the monsters of a chaotic past, may at last interpret for them the beautiful work of the creative present, and lead them day by day to find a loveliness, till then unthought of, in the rock, and a value, till then uncounted, in the gem.

POSTSCRIPT TO CHAPTER I.

I believe that one of the causes which has prevented my writings on subjects of science from obtaining the influence with the public which they have accorded to those on art, though precisely the same faculties of eye and mind are concerned in the analysis of natural and of pictorial forms, may have been my constant practice of teaching by question rather than assertion. So far as I am able, I will henceforward mend this fault as I best may ; beginning here with the assertion of the four facts for which, being after long observation convinced of them, I claim now, as I said in the Preface, the dignity of Discoveries.

I. That a large number of agates, and other siliceous substances, hitherto supposed to be rolled pebbles in a conglomerate paste, are in truth crystalline secretions out of that paste in situ, as garnets out of mica-slate.

II. That a large number of agates, hitherto supposed to be formed by

* A translation into English of Dr. Schumacher's admirable essay, *Die Krystallisation des Eises*, Leipzig, 1844, is extremely desirable.

broken fragments of older agate, cemented by a gelatinous chalcedony, are indeed secretions out of a siliceous fluid containing miscellaneous elements, and their apparent fractures are indeed produced by the same kind of tranquil division which terminates the bands in banded flints.

III. That the contortions in gneiss and other metamorphic rocks, constantly ascribed by geologists to pressure, are only modes of crystallization.

And IV. That many of the faults and contortions produced on a large scale in metamorphic rocks are owing to the quiet operation of similar causes.

These four principles, as aforesaid, I have indeed worked out and discovered for myself, not in hasty rivalry with other mineralogists, but continually laying before them what evidence I had noted, and praying them to carry forward the inquiry themselves. Finding they would not, I have given much time this year to the collection of the data in my journals, and to the arrangement of various collections of siliceous and metallic minerals, illustrating such phenomena, of which the primary one is that just completed and catalogued in the British Museum (Nat. Hist.), instituting there, by the permission of the Trustees, the description of specimens by separate numbers; the next in importance is that at St. George's Museum in Sheffield; the third is one which I presented this spring to the Museum of Kirkcudbright; the fourth that placed at St. David's School, Reigate; and a fifth is in course of arrangement for the Mechanics' Institute here at Coniston; the sixth, described in the preceding chapter, may probably, with some modification, be placed at Edinburgh, but remains for the present at Brantwood, with unchanged numbers.

The six catalogues describing these collections will enable any student to follow out the history of siliceous minerals with reference to the best possible cabinet examples; but for a guide to their localities and the modes of their occurrence, he will find the following extracts from Pinkerton's "Petralogy,"* more useful than anything in modern books; and I am entirely happy to find that my above-claimed discoveries were all anticipated by him, and are, by his close descriptions, in all points confirmed. His general term "Glutenites," for stones apparently formed of cemented fragments, entirely deserves restoration and future acceptance.

"The division of glutenites into bricias and pudding-stones, the former consisting of angular fragments, the latter of round or oval peb-

* Two vols. 8vo, Cochrane & Co., Fleet Street, 1811. A quite invaluable book for clearness of description, usefulness of suggestion, and extent of geognostic reference. It has twenty beautiful little vignettes also, which are models of steel engraving.

bles, would not be unadvisable, were it in strict conformity with nature. But there are many rocks of this kind; as, for example, the celebrated Egyptian bricia, in which the fragments are partly round and partly angular; while the term glutenite is liable to no such objections, and the several structures identify the various substances.

"The celebrated English pudding-stone, found nowhere in the world but in Hertfordshire, appears to me to be rather an original rock, formed in the manner of amygdalites, because the pebbles do not seem to have been rolled by water, which would have worn off the substances in various directions; while, on the contrary, the white, black, brown, or red circlets are always entire, and parallel with the surface, like those of agates. Pebbles, therefore, instead of being united to form such rocks, may, in many circumstances, proceed from their decomposition; the circumjacent sand also arising from the decomposition of the cement.

"Mountains or regions of real glutenite often, however, accompany the skirts of extensive chains of mountains, as on the northwest and southeast sides of the Grampian Mountains in Scotland, in which instance the cement is affirmed by many travellers to be ferruginous, or sometimes argillaceous. The largeness or minuteness of the pebbles or particles cannot be said to alter the nature of the substance; so that a fine sandstone is also a glutenite, if viewed by the microscope. They may be divided into two structures: the large-grained, comprising bricias and pudding-stones; and the small-grained, or sandstones.

"At Dunstaffnage, in Scotland,* romantic rocks of a singularly abrupt appearance, in some parts resembling walls, are formed by glutenite, in which the kernels consist of white quartz, with green or black trap porphyries, and basalts.

"In the glutenite from the south of the Grampians, from Ayrshire, from Inglestone Bridge, on the road between Edinburgh and Lanark, the cement is often siliceous, as in those at the foot of the Alps observed by Saussure.

"Another glutenite consists of fragments of granite, cemented by trap.

"Siderous glutenite, or pudding-stone of the most modern formation, is formed around cannon, pistols, and other instruments of iron, by the sand of the sea.

"Glutenite of small quartz pebbles, in a red ferruginous cement, is found in the coal mines near Bristol, etc.

"Porphyritic bricia (*Linn. a Gmelin*, 247), from Dalecarlia in Sweden, and Saxony. Calton-hill, Edinburgh?

* For convenience in quotation, I occasionally alter Pinkerton's phrases—but, it will be found by reference to the original, without the slightest change in, or loss of, their meaning.

"The entirely siliceous glutenites will comprehend many important substances of various structures, from the celebrated Egyptian bricia, containing large pebbles of jasper, granite, and porphyry, to the siliceous sandstone of Stonehenge. These glutenites are of various formations; and the pudding-stone of England would rather seem, as already mentioned, to be an original rock, the pebbles or rather kernels having no appearance of having been rolled in water. Patrin* has expressed the same idea concerning those pudding-stones which so much embarrassed Saussure, as he found their beds in a vertical position, while he argues that they could only have been formed on a horizontal level. This curious question might, as would seem, be easily decided by examining if the kernels have been rolled, or if, on the contrary, they retain their uniform concentric tints, observable in the pudding stone of England, and well represented in the specimen which Patrin has engraved. But the same idea had arisen to me before I had seen Patrin's ingenious system of mineralogy. In like manner rocks now universally admitted to consist of granular quartz, or that substance crystallized in the form of sand, were formerly supposed to consist of sand agglutinated. Several primitive rocks contain glands of the same substance, and that great observer, Saussure, has called them Glandulites, an useful denomination when the glands are of the same substance with the rock; while Amygdalites are those rocks which contain kernels of quite a different nature. He observes, that in such a rock a central point of crystallization may attract the circumjacent matter into a round or oval form, perfectly defined and distinct; while other parts of the substance, having no point of attraction, may coalesce into a mass. The agency of iron may also be suspected, that metal, as appears from its ores, often occurring in detached round and oval forms of many sizes, and even a small proportion having a great power.

"On the other hand, many kinds of pudding-stone consist merely of rounded pebbles. Saussure describes the Rigiberg, near the lake of Lucerne, a mountain not less than 5,800 feet in height above the sea, and said to be eight leagues in circumference, which consists entirely of rolled pebbles, and among them some of pudding-stone, probably original, disposed in regular layers, and embedded in a calcareous cement. The pudding rocks around the great lake Baikal, in the centre of Asia, present the same phenomenon; but it has not been observed whether the fragments be of an original or derivative rock.

"The siliceous sandstones form another important division of this class. They may sometimes, as already mentioned, be confounded with granular quartz, which must be regarded as a primary crystallization. The sand, which has also been found in micaceous schistus, and at a

* i., 154.

vast depth in many mines, may be well regarded as belonging to this formation; for it is well known that, if the crystallization be much disturbed, the substance will descend in small irregular particles.

"Siliceous sandstones are far more uncommon than the calcareous or argillaceous. The limits of the chalk country in England are singularly marked by large masses of siliceous sandstone, irregularly dispersed. Those of Stonehenge afford remarkable examples of the size and nature of those fragments, but the original rock has not been discovered. Trap or basaltin often reposes on siliceous sandstone.

"But the most eminent and singular pudding-stones are those occurring in Egypt, in the celebrated bricia of the Valley of Cosseir, and in the siliceous bricia of the same chain, in which are embedded those curious pebbles known by the name of Egyptian jasper; and which also sometimes contain agates. Bricias, with red jasper, also occur in France, Switzerland, and other countries; but the cement is friable, and they seldom take a good polish. All these rocks present both round and angular fragments, which shows that the division into bricias and pudding-stones cannot be accepted: a better division, when properly ascertained, would be into original and derivative glutenites. In a geological point of view, the most remarkable pudding-stones, which might more classically be called Kollanites, from the Greek,* are those which border the chains of primitive mountains, as already mentioned. The English Hertfordshire pudding-stone is unique, and beautiful specimens are highly valued in France, and other countries. It is certainly an original rock, arising from a peculiar crystallization, being composed of round and oval kernels of a red, yellow, brown, or gray tint, in a base consisting of particles of the same, united by a siliceous cement.

"Of small-grained argillaceous glutenite, the most celebrated rock is the Grison, or Bergmanite, just mentioned, being composed of grains of sand, various in size, sometimes even kernels of quartz; which, with occasional bits of hard clay slate, are embedded in an argillaceous cement, of the nature of common gray clay slate. When the particles are very fine, it assumes the slaty structure, and forms the grauack slate of the Germans. It is the chief of Werner's transitive rocks, nearly approaching to the primitive; while at the same time it sometimes contains shells and other petrifications.

"This important rock was formerly considered as being almost peculiar to the Hartz, where it contains the richest mines; but has since been observed in many other countries. The slaty grison, or Bergmanite, has been confounded with a clay slate, and we are obliged to Mr. Jameson for the following distinctions: 1. It is commonly of a bluish,

* Κόλλα, cement; the more proper, as it also implies iron, often the chief agent.

ash, or smoke gray, and rarely presents the greenish or light yellowish-gray color of primitive clay slate. 2. Its lustre is sometimes glimmering from specks of mica, but it never shows the silky lustre of clay slate. 3. It never presents siderite nor garnets. 4. It alternates with massive grauwack. But is not the chief distinction its aspect of a sandstone, which has led to the trivial French name of *grès-gris*, and the English *rubble-stone*, which may imply that it was formed of rubbed fragments, or of the rubbish of other rocks? The fracture is also different; and three specimens of various fineness, which I received from Daubuisson, at Paris, could never be confounded with clay slate.

"This rock is uncommonly productive of metals, not only in beds but also in veins, which latter are frequently of great magnitude. Thus almost the whole of the mines in the Hartz are situated in greywack. These mines afford principally argentiferous lead-glance, which is usually accompanied with blend, fahl ore, black silver ore, and copper pyrites. A more particular examination discloses several distinct venigenous formations that traverse the mountains of the Hartz. The greywack of the Saxon Erzgebirge, of the Rhine at Rheinbreidenbach, Andernach, etc., of Leogang in Salzburg, is rich in ores, particularly those of lead and copper. At Vorospatak and Facebay, in Transylvania, the greywack is traversed by numerous small veins of gold."

These passages from Pinkerton, with those translated at p. 9 from Saussure, are enough to do justice to the clear insight of old geologists, respecting matters still at issue among younger ones; and I must therefore ask the reader's patience with the hesitating assertions in the following chapters of many points on which a wider acquaintance with the writings of the true Fathers of the science might have enabled me to speak with grateful confidence.

CHAPTER II

THE DRY LAND.

"Modern Painters," Vol. IV., chap. vii.

"And God said, Let the waters which are under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear."

WE do not, perhaps, often enough consider the deep significance of this sentence. We are too apt to receive it as the description of an event vaster only in its extent, not in its nature, than the compelling the Red Sea to draw back, that Israel might pass by. We imagine the Deity in like manner rolling the waves of the greater ocean together on a heap, and setting bars and doors to them eternally.

But there is a far deeper meaning than this in the solemn words of Genesis, and in the correspondent verse of the Psalm, "His hands prepared the dry land." Up to that moment the earth had been *void*, for it had been *without form*. The command that the waters should be *gathered*, was the command that the earth should be *sculptured*. The sea was not driven to his place in suddenly restrained rebellion, but withdrawn to his place in perfect and patient obedience. The dry land appeared, not in level sands, forsaken by the surges, which those surges might again claim for their own; but in range beyond range of swelling hill and iron rock, forever to claim kindred with the firmament, and be companioned by the clouds of heaven.

2. What space of time was in reality occupied by the "day" of Genesis, is not, at present, of any importance for us to consider. By what furnaces of fire the adamant was melted, and by what wheels of earthquake it was torn, and by

what teeth of glacier * and weight of sea-waves it was engraven and finished into its perfect form, we may perhaps hereafter endeavor to conjecture ; but here, as in few words the work is summed by the historian, so in few broad thoughts it should be comprehended by us ; and as we read the mighty sentence, "Let the dry land appear," we should try to follow the finger of God, as it engraved upon the stone tables of the earth the letters and the law of its everlasting form ; as, gulf by gulf, the channels of the deep were ploughed ; and, cape by cape, the lines were traced, with Divine foreknowledge, of the shores that were to limit the nations ; and, chain by chain, the mountain walls were lengthened forth, and their foundations fastened for ever ; and the compass was set upon the face of the depth, and the fields, and the highest part of the dust of the world were made ; and the right hand of Christ first strewed the snow on Lebanon, and smoothed the slopes of Calvary.

3. It is not, I repeat, always needful, in many respects it is not possible, to conjecture the manner, or the time, in which this work was done ; but it is deeply necessary for all men to consider the magnificence of the accomplished purpose, and the depth of the wisdom and love which are manifested in the ordinances of the hills. For observe, in order to bring the world into the form which it now bears, it was not mere *sculpture* that was needed ; the mountains could not stand for a day unless they were formed of materials altogether different from those which constitute the lower hills, and the surfaces of the valleys. A harder substance had to be prepared for every mountain chain ; yet not so hard but that it might be capable of crumbling down into earth fit to nourish the Alpine forest and the Alpine flower ; not so hard but that, in the midst of the utmost majesty of its enthroned strength, there should be seen on it the seal of death, and the

* Though I had already learned from James Forbes the laws of glacier motion, I still fancied that ice could drive embedded blocks and wear down rock surfaces. See for correction of this error, Arrows of the Chase, vol. i, pp. 255-273, and Deucalion, *passim*.

writing of the same sentence that had gone forth against the human frame, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." * And with this perishable substance the most majestic forms were to be framed that were consistent with the safety of man; and the peak was to be lifted, and the cliff rent, as high and as steeply as was possible, in order yet to permit the shepherd to feed his flocks upon the slope, and the cottage to nestle beneath their shadow.

4. And observe, two distinct ends were to be accomplished in the doing this. It was, indeed, absolutely necessary that such eminences should be created, in order to fit the earth in any wise for human habitation; for without mountains the air could not be purified, nor the flowing of the rivers sustained, and the earth must have become for the most part desert plain, or stagnant marsh. But the feeding of the rivers and the purifying of the winds are the least of the services appointed to the hills. To fill the thirst of the human heart for the beauty of God's working—to startle its lethargy with the deep and pure agitation of astonishment—are their higher missions. They are as a great and noble architecture; first giving shelter, comfort, and rest; and covered also with mighty sculpture and painted legend. It is impossible to examine in their connected system the features of even the most ordinary mountain scenery, without concluding that it has been prepared in order to unite, as far as possible, and in the closest compass, every means of delighting and sanctifying the heart of man. "As far as possible;" that is, as far as is consistent with the fulfilment of the sentence of condemnation on the whole earth. Death must be upon the hills; and the cruelty of the tempests smite them, and the brier and thorn spring up upon them: but they so smite, as to bring their rocks into the fairest forms; and so spring, as to make the very desert blossom as the rose. Even among

* "Surely the mountain falling cometh to nought, and the rock is removed out of his place. The waters wear the stones: thou wastest away the things which grow out of the dust of the earth, and thou destroyest the hope of man."—*Job* xiv. 18, 19.

our own hills of Scotland and Cumberland, though often too barten to be perfectly beautiful, and always too low to be perfectly sublime, it is strange how many deep sources of delight are gathered into the compass of their glens and vales ; and how, down to the most secret cluster of their far-away flowers, and the idlest leap of their straying streamlets, the whole heart of Nature seems thirsting to give, and still to give, shedding forth her everlasting beneficence with a profusion so patient, so passionate, that our utmost observance and thankfulness are but, at last, neglect of her nobleness, and apathy to her love.

But among the true mountains of the greater orders the Divine purpose of appeal at once to all the faculties of the human spirit becomes still more manifest. Inferior hills ordinarily interrupt, in some degree, the richness of the valleys at their feet ; the gray downs of southern England, and treeless coteaux of central France, and gray swells of Scottish moor, whatever peculiar charm they may possess in themselves, are at least destitute of those which belong to the woods and fields of the lowlands. But the great mountains *lift* the lowlands *on their sides*. Let the reader imagine, first, the appearance of the most varied plain of some richly cultivated country ; let him imagine it dark with graceful woods, and soft with deepest pastures ; let him fill the space of it, to the utmost horizon, with innumerable and changeful incidents of scenery and life ; leading pleasant streamlets through its meadows, strewing clusters of cottages beside their banks, tracing sweet footpaths through its avenues, and animating its fields with happy flocks, and slow wandering spots of cattle ; and when he has wearied himself with endless imagining, and left no space without some loveliness of its own, let him conceive all this great plain, with its infinite treasures of natural beauty and happy human life, gathered up in God's hands from one edge of the horizon to the other, like a woven garment ; and shaken into deep falling folds, as the robes droop from a king's shoulders ; all its bright rivers leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes, as a rider rears himself back when his horse

plunges ; and all its villages nestling themselves into the new windings of its glens ; and all its pastures thrown into steep waves of greensward, dashed with dew along the edges of their folds, and sweeping down into endless slopes, with a cloud here and there lying quietly, half on the grass, half in the air ; and he will have as yet, in all this lifted world, only the foundation of one of the great Alps. And whatever is lovely in the lowland scenery becomes lovelier in this change : the trees which grew heavily and stiffly from the level line of plain assume strange curves of strength and grace as they bend themselves against the mountain side ; they breathe more freely, and toss their branches more carelessly as each climbs higher, looking to the clear light above the topmost leaves of its brother tree : the flowers which on the arable plain fell before the plough, now find out for themselves unapproachable places, where year by year they gather into happier fellowship, and fear no evil ; and the streams which in the level land crept in dark eddies by unwholesome banks, now move in showers of silver, and are clothed with rainbows, and bring health and life wherever the glance of their waves can reach.

5. And although this beauty seems at first, in its wildness, inconsistent with the service of man, it is in fact more necessary to his happy existence than all the level and easily subdued land which he rejoices to possess. It seems almost an insult to the reader's intelligence to ask him to dwell (as if they could be doubted) on the uses of the hills, and yet so little until lately have those uses been understood that, in the seventeenth century, one of the most enlightened of the religious men of his day (Fleming), himself a native of a mountain country, casting about for some reason to explain to himself the existence of mountains, and prove their harmony with the providential government of creation, can light upon this reason only, "They are inhabited by the beasts."

6. It may not, therefore, even at this day, be profitless to review briefly the nature of the three great offices which mountain ranges are appointed to fulfil, in order to preserve the health and increase the happiness of mankind.

I. Their first use is of course *to give motion to (fresh) water.*

Every fountain and river, from the inch-deep streamlet that crosses the village lane in trembling clearness, to the massy and silent march of the everlasting multitude of waters in Amazon or Ganges, owe their play and purity and power to the ordained elevations of the Earth. Gentle or steep, extended or abrupt, some determined slope of the earth's surface is of course necessary, before any wave can so much as overtake one sedge in its pilgrimage; and how seldom do we enough consider, as we walk beside the margins of our pleasant brooks, how beautiful and wonderful is that ordinance, of which every blade of grass that waves in their clear water is a perpetual sign; that the dew and rain fallen on the face of the earth shall find *no* resting-place; shall find, on the contrary, fixed channels traced for them, from the ravines of the central crests down which they roar in sudden ranks of foam, to the dark hollows beneath the banks of lowland pasture, round which they must circle slowly among the stems and beneath the leaves of the lilies; paths prepared for them, by which, at some appointed rate of journey, they must evermore descend, sometimes slow and sometimes swift, but never pausing; the daily portion of the earth they have to glide over marked for them at each successive sunrise, the place which has known them knowing them no more, and the gateways of guarding mountains opened for them in cleft and chasm, none letting them in their pilgrimage; and, from far off, the great heart of the sea calling them to itself! Deep calleth unto deep.

I know not which of the two is the more wonderful,—that calm, gradated, invisible slope* of the champaign land, which gives motion to the stream; or that passage cloven for it through the ranks of hill, which, necessary for the health of the land immediately around them, would yet, unless so supernaturally divided, have fatally intercepted the flow of the

* (Only true on a large scale. I have perhaps not allowed enough for the mere secession of flowing water, supplying the evaporation of the sea, whether the plains be level or not;—it must find its way to the place where there *is* a fall, as through a mill pond to the weir.)

waters from far-off countries. When did the great spirit of the river first knock at those adamantine gates? When did the porter open to it, and cast his keys away for ever, lapped in whirling sand? I am not satisfied—no one should be satisfied with that vague answer—the river *cut* its way. Not so. The river *found* its way.* I do not see that rivers, in their own strength, can do much in cutting their way; they are nearly as apt to choke their channels up, as to carve them out. Only give a river some little sudden power in a valley, and see how it will use it. Cut itself a bed? Not so, by any means, but fill up its bed, and look for another, in a wild, dissatisfied, inconsistent manner. Any way, rather than the old one, will better please it; and even if it is banked up and forced to keep to the old one, it will not deepen, but do all it can to raise it, and leap out of it. And although, wherever water has a steep fall, it will swiftly cut itself a bed deep into the rock or ground, it will not, when the rock is hard, cut a wider channel than it actually needs; so that if the existing river beds, through ranges of mountain, had in reality been cut by the streams, they would be found, wherever the rocks are hard, only in the form of narrow and profound ravines—like the well-known channel of the Niagara, below the fall; not in that of extended valleys. And the actual work of true mountain rivers, though often much greater in proportion to their body of water than that of the Niagara, is quite insignificant when compared with the area and depth of the valleys through which they flow; so that, although in many cases it appears that those larger valleys have been excavated at earlier periods by more powerful streams, or by the existing stream in a more powerful condition, still the great fact remains always equally plain, and equally admirable, that, whatever the nature and duration of the agencies employed, the earth was so shaped at first as to direct the currents of its rivers in the manner most

* (It is very delightful to me,—at least to the proud spirit in me,—to find myself thus early perceiving and clearly announcing a fact of which modern geology is still incognizant; see the postscript to this chapter.)

healthy and convenient for man. The valley of the Rhone may, though it is not likely, have been in great part excavated in early time by torrents a thousand times larger than the Rhone; but it could not have been excavated at all, unless the mountains had been thrown at first into two chains, between which the torrents were set to work in a given direction. And it is easy to conceive how, under any less beneficent dispositions of their masses of hill, the continents of the earth might either have been covered with enormous lakes, as parts of North America actually are covered; or have become wildernesses of pestiferous marsh; or lifeless plains, upon which the water would have dried as it fell, leaving them for great part of the year desert. Such districts do exist, and exist in vastness; the *whole* earth is not prepared for the habitation of man; only certain small portions are prepared for him—the houses, as it were, of the human race, from which they are to look abroad upon the rest of the world, not to wonder or complain that it is not all house, but to be grateful for the kindness of the admirable building, in the house itself, as compared with the rest. It would be as absurd to think it an evil that all the world is not fit for us to inhabit, as to think it an evil that the globe is no larger than it is. As much as we shall ever need is evidently assigned to us for our dwelling-place; the rest, covered with rolling waves or drifting sands, fretted with ice, or crested with fire, is set before us for contemplation in an uninhabitable magnificence; and that part which we are enabled to inhabit owes its fitness for human life chiefly to its mountain ranges, which, throwing the superfluous rain off as it falls, collect it in streams or lakes, and guide it into given places, and in given directions; so that men can build their cities in the midst of fields which they know will be always fertile, and establish the lines of their commerce upon streams which will not fail.

7. Nor is this giving of motion to water to be considered as confined only to the *surface* of the earth. A no less important function of the hills is in directing the flow of the fountains and springs, from subterranean reservoirs. There

is no miraculous springing up of water out of the ground at our feet ; but every fountain and well is supplied from a reservoir among the hills, so placed as to involve some slight fall or pressure, enough to secure the constant flowing of the stream. And the incalculable blessing of the power given to us in most valleys, of reaching by excavation some point whence the water will rise to the surface of the ground in perennial flow, is entirely owing to the concave disposition of the beds of clay or rock raised from beneath the bosom of the valley into ranks of enclosing hills.

8. II. The second great use of mountains is to maintain a constant change in the currents and nature of the *air*. Such change would, of course, have been partly caused by differences in soils and vegetation, even if the earth had been level ; but to a far less extent than it is now by the chains of hills, which, exposing on one side their masses of rock to the full heat of the sun (increased by the angle at which the rays strike on the slope), and on the other casting a soft shadow for leagues over the plains at their feet, divide the earth not only into districts, but into climates, and cause perpetual currents of air to traverse their passes,* and ascend or descend their ravines, altering both the temperature and nature of the air as it passes, in a thousand different ways ; moistening it with the spray of their waterfalls, sucking it down and beating it hither and thither in the pools of their torrents, closing it within clefts and caves, where the sunbeams never reach, till it is as cold as November mists, then sending it forth again to breathe softly across the slopes of velvet fields, or to be scorched among sunburnt shales and grassless crags ; then drawing it back in moaning swirls through clefts of ice, and up into dewy wreaths above the snow-fields ; then piercing it with strange electric darts and flashes of mountain fire, and tossing it high in fantastic storm-cloud, as the dried grass is tossed by the mower, only suffering it to depart at last, when

* This second division of my subject, compressed into one paragraph, is treated with curious insufficiency. See again postscript to this chapter.

chastened and pure, to refresh the faded air of the far-off plains.

9. III. The third great use of mountains is to cause perpetual change in the *soils* of the earth. Without such provision, the ground under cultivation would in a series of years become exhausted, and require to be upturned laboriously by the hand of man. But the elevations of the earth's surface provide for it a perpetual renovation. The higher mountains suffer their summits to be broken into fragments and to be cast down in sheets of massy rock, full, as we shall see presently, of every substance necessary for the nourishment of plants; these fallen fragments are again broken by frost, and ground by torrents, into various conditions of sand and clay—materials which are distributed perpetually by the streams farther and farther from the mountain's base. Every shower which swells the rivulets enables their waters to carry certain portions of earth into new positions, and exposes new banks of ground to be mined in their turn. That turbid foaming of the angry water—that tearing down of bank and rock along the flanks of its fury—are no disturbances of the kind course of nature; they are beneficent operations of laws necessary to the existence of man and to the beauty of the earth. The process is continued more gently, but not less effectively, over all the surface of the lower undulating country; and each filtering thread of summer rain which trickles through the short turf of the uplands is bearing its own appointed burden of earth to be thrown down on some new natural garden in the dingles below.

And it is not, in reality, a degrading, but a true, large, and ennobling view of the mountain ranges of the world, if we compare them to heaps of fertile and fresh earth, laid up by a prudent gardener beside his garden beds, whence, at intervals, he casts on them some scattering of new and virgin ground. That which we so often lament as convulsion or destruction is nothing else * than the momentary shaking of

* (I should call it a good deal else, now! but must leave the text untouched; being, in its statements of pure fact—putting its theology aside for the moment—quite one of the best pieces I have ever done.)

the dust from the spade. The winter floods, which inflict a temporary devastation, bear with them the elements of succeeding fertility ; the fruitful field is covered with sand and shingle in momentary judgment, but in enduring mercy ; and the great river, which chokes its mouth with marsh, and tosses terror along its shore, is but scattering the seeds of the harvests of futurity, and preparing the seats of unborn generations.

10. I have not spoken of the local and peculiar utilities of mountains ; I do not count the benefit of the supply of summer streams from the moors of the higher ranges—of the various medicinal plants which are nested among their rocks—of the delicate pasturage which they furnish for cattle *—of the forests in which they bear timber for shipping—the stones they supply for building, or the ores of metal which they collect into spots open to discovery, and easy for working. All these benefits are of a secondary or a limited nature. But the three great functions which I have just described—those of giving motion and change to water, air, and earth—are indispensable to human existence ; they are operations to be regarded with as full a depth of gratitude as the laws which bid the tree bear fruit, or the seed multiply itself in the earth. And thus those desolate and threatening ranges of dark mountains, which, in nearly all ages of the world, men have looked upon with aversion or with terror, and shrunk back from as if they were haunted by perpetual images of death, are, in reality, sources of life and happiness far fuller and more beneficent than all the bright fruitfulness of the plain. The valleys only feed ; the mountains feed, and guard, and strengthen us. We take our ideas of fearfulness and sublimity alternately from the mountains and the sea ; but we associate them unjustly. The sea wave, with all its beneficence, is yet devouring and terrible ; but the silent wave of the blue mountain is lifted toward heaven in a stillness of perpetual mercy ; and the one surge, unfathomable

* The *highest* pasturages (at least so say the Savoyards) being always the best and richest.

in its darkness, the other, unshaken in its faithfulness, for ever bear the seal of their appointed symbolism,

“THY JUSTICE IS LIKE THE GREAT MOUNTAINS :
THY JUDGMENTS ARE A GREAT DEEP.”

POSTSCRIPT TO CHAPTER II

The subject of erosion by water, referred to in the note at p. 134, is treated of at length in the 12th chapter of “Deucalion,” of which the conclusions may be summed in the warning to young geologists not to suppose that because Shanklin Chine was “chined” by its central gutter, therefore Salisbury Craigs were cut out by the Water of Leith—Ingleborough by the Ribble, or Monte Rosa by the Rhone.

The subject has since been farther illustrated by the admirable drawings and sections given by Mr. Collingwood in his “Limestone Alps of Savoy,” 1884.

The paragraph at p. 136 is chiefly, and enormously, defective in speaking only of the changes effected by mountains in the nature of air, and not following out their good offices in lifting the mountaineer nations to live in the air they purify, or rise into, already pure.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE MATERIALS OF MOUNTAINS.

"Modern Painters," Part V., the beginning of chap. viii.

IN the early days of geological science the substances which composed the crust of the earth, as far as it could be examined, were supposed to be referable to three distinct classes: the first consisting of rocks which not only supported all the rest, but from which all the rest were derived, therefore called "Primary;" the second class consisting of rock formed of the broken fragments or altered substance of the primary ones, therefore called "Secondary;" and, thirdly, rocks or earthy deposits formed by the ruins and detritus of both primary and secondary rocks, called therefore "Tertiary." This classification was always, in some degree, uncertain; and has been lately superseded by more complicated systems, founded on the character of the fossils contained in the various deposits, and on the circumstances of position, by which their relative ages are more accurately ascertainable. But the original rude classification, though of little, if any, use for scientific purposes, was based on certain broad and conspicuous phenomena, which it brought clearly before the popular mind. In this way it may still be serviceable, and ought, I think, to be permitted to retain its place, as an introduction to systems more defined and authoritative.*

2. For the fact is, that in approaching any large mountain

* I am still entirely of this opinion. See postscript to chapter. These opening paragraphs are to my mind extremely well put, and should be read to young people by their tutors as an introduction to geological study. I have here and there retouched a loose sentence, and leave them as good as I could do now.

range, the ground over which the spectator passes, if he examine it with any intelligence, will almost always arrange itself in his mind under three great heads. There will be, first, the ground of the plains or valleys he is about to quit, composed of sand, clay, gravel, rolled stones, and variously mingled soils ; which, when there is opportunity, at the banks of a stream, or the sides of a railway cutting, to examine to any depth, he will find arranged in beds exactly resembling those of modern sandbanks or sea-beaches, and appearing to have been formed under natural laws such as are in operation daily around us. At the outskirts of the hill district, he may, perhaps, find considerable eminences, formed of these beds of loose gravel and sand ; but, as he enters into it farther, he will soon discover the hills to be composed of some harder substance, properly deserving the name of rock, sustaining itself in picturesque forms, and appearing, at first, to owe both its hardness and its outlines to the action of laws such as do not hold at the present day. He can easily explain the nature, and account for the distribution, of the banks which overhang the lowland road, or of the dark earthy deposits which enrich the lowland pasture ; but he cannot so distinctly imagine how the limestone hills of Derbyshire and Yorkshire were hardened into their stubborn whiteness, or raised into their cavernous cliffs. Still, if he carefully examine the substance of these more noble rocks, he will, in nine cases out of ten, discover them to be composed of fine calcareous dust, or closely united particles of sand ; and will be ready to accept as possible, or even probable, the suggestion of their having been formed, by slow deposit, at the bottom of deep lakes and ancient seas, and then gradually consolidated under such laws of Nature as are still in operation.

3. But, as he advances yet farther into the hill district, he finds the rocks around him assuming a gloomier and more majestic condition. Their tint darkens ; their outlines become wild and irregular ; and whereas before they had only appeared at the roadside in narrow ledges among the turf, or glanced out from among the thickets above the brooks in

white walls and fantastic towers, they now rear themselves up in solemn and shattered masses far and near ; softened, indeed, with strange harmony of clouded * colors, but possessing the whole scene with their iron spirit ; and rising, in all probability, into eminences as much prouder in actual elevation than those of the intermediate rocks, as more powerful in their influence over every minor feature of the landscape.

4. And when the traveller proceeds to observe closely the materials of which these nobler ranges are composed, he finds also a complete change in their internal structure. They are no longer formed of delicate sand or dust—each particle of that dust the same as every other, and the whole mass depending for its hardness merely on their closely cemented unity ; but they are now formed of several distinct substances visibly unlike each other ; and not *pressed*, but *crystallized* into one mass—crystallized into a unity far more perfect than that of the dusty limestone, but yet without the least mingling of their several natures with each other. Such a rock, freshly broken, has a spotty, granulated, and, in almost all instances, sparkling, appearance ; it requires a much harder blow to break it than the limestone or sandstone ; but when once thoroughly shattered, it is easy to separate from each other the various substances of which it is composed, and to examine them in their individual grains or crystals ; of which each variety will be found to have a different degree of hardness, a different shade of color, a different character of form, and a different chemical composition.

But this examination will not enable the observer to comprehend the method either of their formation or aggregation, at least by any process such as he now sees taking place around him ; he will at once be driven to admit that some

* "*Clouded*" referring to the peculiar softness and richness of the dark lichens on many primitive rocks, as opposed to the whiteness or gray yellow of many among the secondaries. "*Iron spirit*," just after, meaning a strength having the toughness of iron in it, unassailable ; but I find with pleasant surprise in extremely "old English" geology, a large family of these rocks called "*siderous*," from the quantity of latent iron they contain.

strange and powerful operation has taken place upon these rocks, different from any of which he is at present cognizant.*

5. Now, although these three great groups of rocks do indeed often pass into each other by imperceptible gradations, and although their peculiar aspect is never a severe indication of their relative ages, yet their characters are for the most part so defined as to make a strong impression on the mind of an ordinary observer; and their age is also for the most part approximately indicated by their degrees of hardness and crystalline aspect. It does, indeed, sometimes † happen that a soft and slimy clay will pass into a rock like Aberdeen granite by transitions so subtle that no point of separation can be determined; and it very often happens that rocks like Aberdeen granite are of more recent formation than certain beds of sandstone and limestone. But in spite of all these uncertainties and exceptions, I believe that unless actual pains be taken to efface from the mind its natural impressions, the idea of three great classes of rocks and earth will maintain its ground in the thoughts of the generally intelligent observer; that, whether he desire it or not, he will find himself throwing the soft and loose clays and sands together under one head; placing the hard rocks, of a dull, compact, homogeneous substance, under another head; and the hardest rocks, of a crystalline, glittering, and various substance, under a third head; and having done this, he will also find that, with certain easily admissible exceptions, these three classes of rocks are, in every district which he examines, of three different ages; that the softest are the youngest, the hard and homogeneous ones are older, and the crystalline are the oldest; and he will, perhaps, in the end, find it a somewhat

* The original text proceeded thus—"and farther inquiry will probably induce him to admit, as more than probable, the supposition that their structure is in great part owing to the action of enormous heat prolonged for indefinite periods"—which sentence I remove into this note to prevent the lucidity and straightforward descriptive truth of these paragraphs to be soiled with conjecture.

† Very rarely! I forget what instance I was thinking of—anyhow the sentence is too strongly put.

inconvenient piece of respect to the complexity and accuracy of modern geological science, if he refuse to the three classes, thus defined in his imagination, their ancient titles of Tertiary, Secondary, and Primary.

6. But however this may be, there is one lesson evidently intended to be taught by the different characters of these rocks, which we must not allow to escape us. We have to observe, first, the state of perfect powerlessness, and loss of all beauty, exhibited in those beds of earth in which the separated pieces or particles are entirely independent of each other, more especially in the gravel whose pebbles have all been *rolled into one shape*; secondly, the greater degree of permanence, power, and beauty possessed by the rocks whose component atoms have some affection and attraction for each other, though all of one kind; and, lastly, the utmost form and highest beauty of the rocks in which the several atoms have all *different shapes, characters, and offices*; but are inseparably united by some fiery, or baptismal,* process which has purified them all.

It can hardly be necessary to point out how these natural ordinances seem intended† to teach us the great truths which are the basis of all political science; how the polishing friction which separates, the affection that binds, and the affliction that fuses and confirms, are accurately symbolized by the processes to which the several ranks of hills appear to owe their present aspect; and how, even if the knowledge of those processes be denied to us, that present aspect may in itself seem no imperfect image of the various states of mankind: first, that which is powerless through total disorganization; secondly, that which, though united, and in some degree powerful, is yet incapable of great effort, or result, owing to the too great similarity and confusion of offices, both

* The words "or baptismal" now inserted.

† Most people being unable to imagine intention under the guise of fixed law, I should have said now, rather than "seem intended to teach us," "*do*, if we will consider them, teach us." See however, below, the old note to § 9. This 6th paragraph is the germ, or rather bulb, of Ethics of the Dust.

in ranks and individuals; and finally, the perfect state of brotherhood and strength in which each character is clearly distinguished, separately perfected, and employed in its proper place and office.

7. I shall not, however, so oppose myself to the views of our leading geologists as to retain here the names of Primary, Secondary, and Tertiary rocks. But as I wish the reader to keep the ideas of the three classes clearly in his mind, I will ask his leave to give them names which involve no theory, and can be liable, therefore, to no grave objections. We will call the hard, and (generally) central, masses, Crystalline Rocks, because they almost always present an appearance of crystallization.* The less hard substances, which appear compact and homogeneous, we will call Coherent Rocks, and for the scattered débris we will use the general term Diluvium.

8. All these orders of substance agree in one character, that of being more or less frangible or soluble. One material, indeed, which enters largely into the composition of most of them, *flint*, is harder than iron; but even this, their chief source of strength, is easily broken by a sudden blow; and it is so combined in the large rocks with softer substances, that time and the violence or chemical agency of the weather invariably produce certain destructive effects on their masses. Some of them become soft, and moulder away; others break, little by little, into angular fragments or slaty sheets; but all yield in some way or other; and the problem to be solved in every mountain range appears to be, that under these conditions of decay, the cliffs and peaks may be raised as high and thrown into as noble forms, as is possible, consistently with an effective, though not perfect, permanence, and a general, though not absolute, security.

9. Perfect permanence and absolute security were evidently in nowise intended.† It would have been as easy for the

*Not strongly enough put, this time. They always are crystalline, whether they present the appearance of it or not.

† I am well aware that to the minds of many persons nothing bears a greater appearance of presumption than any attempt at reasoning re-

Creator to have made mountains of steel as of granite, of adamant as of lime ; but this was clearly no part of the Divine counsels : mountains were to be destructible and frail—to melt under the soft lambency of the streamlet, to shiver before the subtle wedge of the frost, to wither with untraceable decay in their own substance—and yet, under all these conditions of destruction, to be maintained in magnificent eminence before the eyes of men.

Nor is it in anywise difficult for us to perceive the beneficent reasons for this appointed frailness of the mountains. They appear to be threefold : the first, and the most important, that successive soils might be supplied to the plains, in the manner explained in the last chapter, and that men might be furnished with a material for their works of architecture and sculpture, at once soft enough to be subdued, and hard enough to be preserved ; the second, that some sense of danger might always be connected with the most precipitous forms, and thus increase their sublimity ; and the third, that a subject of perpetual interest might be opened to the human mind in observing the changes of form brought about by time on these monuments of Creation.

10. In order, therefore, to understand the method in which these various substances break, so as to produce the forms which are of chief importance in landscape, as well as the exquisite adaptation of all their qualities to the service of men, it will be well that I should take some note of them in their order ; not with any far-followed mineralogical detail, but with care enough to enable me hereafter to explain, without

specting the purposes of the Divine Being ; and that in many cases it would be thought more consistent with the modesty of humanity to limit its endeavor to the ascertaining of physical causes than to form conjectures respecting Divine intentions. But I believe this feeling to be false and dangerous. Wisdom can only be demonstrated in its ends, and goodness only perceived in its motives. He who in a morbid modesty supposes that he is incapable of apprehending any of the purposes of God renders himself also incapable of witnessing His wisdom ; and he who supposes that favors may be bestowed without intention will soon learn to receive them without gratitude.

obscurity, any phenomena dependent upon such peculiarities of substance.

(I have cut the eighth chapter of the old book in half here, for better arrangement of subject. The reader will perhaps forego, once in a way, without painful sense of loss, my customary burst of terminal eloquence.)

POSTSCRIPT TO CHAPTER III.

For many reasons, which will appear one by one in the course of this work, I think it well to give, for postscript to this chapter, a translation of Saussure's introductory account of granite, published in 1803, at Neuchatel, chez Louis Fauche-Borel, imprimeur *du Roi* (King of Prussia), "*Voyages dans les Alpes*," vol. i. chap. v. *Les Roches Composées. Granit.*

"Granites belong to that class of stones which naturalists name composed stones, or rocks, or living rock, *roc vif*,* the *saxa mixta* of Wallerius. This class includes stones which are composed of two, three, or four different species of stones, intermixed under the form of angular grains, or *folia* (*feuilletés*) united by the intimacy of their contact, without the help of any stronger *gluten*.

"Those which divide themselves by *folia* are called schistous rocks, or foliated rocks (*Roches schisteuses* ou *Roches feuilletées*). *Saxa fissilia*, Wall. Those which appear composed of grains, and which present neither *folia* nor sensible veins, are named Rocks in mass. *Saxa solida*, Wall. Such are the granites.

"It is these two species of rocks which form the matter of the most elevated mountains, such as the central chains of the Alps, the Cordillera, the Ural, Caucasus, and Altaic mountains. One never finds them seated upon (*assises sur*) mountains of slate (*ardoise*) or of calcareous stone; they serve, on the contrary, for base to these, and have consequently existed before them. They bear then, by just claim, the name

* The modern reader passes as merely poetical the words "*living rock*" of former good writers. But living rock is as distinct from dead, as heart of oak from dry rot. In accuracy, "*living*" is the word used by the natural human sense to express the difference between a crystalline rock and one of mere coagulated sand or slime.

of primitive mountains, while those of slate and calcareous stone are qualified as secondary."

The young reader will do well to fix these simple statements in his head, and by no means let them be shaken in it. Modern geologists will tell him that Mont Blanc is young; but the date of a mountain's elevation is not that of its substance. Granite no more becomes a secondary rock in lifting a bed of chalk than an old man becomes a boy in throwing off his bedclothes. All modern geologists will tell you that granite and basalt are pretty much the same thing, that each may become the other, and any come to the top. Recollect simply, to begin with, that granite forms delightful and healthy countries, basalt gloomy and oppressive ones, and that, if you have the misfortune to live under Etna or Hecla, you and your house may both be buried in basalt to-morrow morning; but that nobody was ever buried in granite, unless somebody paid for his tomb. Recollect farther, that granite is for the most part visibly composed of three substances, always easily recognizable—quartz, felspar, and mica; but basalt may be made of anything on the face or in the stomach of the Earth. And recollect finally, that there was assuredly a time when the Earth had no animals upon it; another time when it had only nasty and beastly animals upon it; and that at this time it has a great many beautiful and angelic animals upon it, tormented out of their lives by one extremely foolish two-legged one. To these three periods, the first of chaotic solitude, the second of rampant monstrosity, and the third of ruthless beauty, the names of Primary, Secondary, and Tertiary may justly hold for ever—be the Fourth Age what it may.

CŒLI ENARRANT

STUDIES OF CLOUD FORM AND OF ITS
VISIBLE CAUSES

COLLECTED AND COMPLETED OUT OF

“MODERN PAINTERS”

PREFACE.

THE studies of the nature and form of clouds, reprinted in the following pages from the fourth and fifth volumes of "Modern Painters," will be in this series third in order, as they are in those volumes, of the treatises on natural history which were there made the foundation of judgment in landscape art. But the essay on trees will require more careful annotation than I have at present time for, and I am also desirous of placing these cloud studies quickly in the hands of anyone who may have been interested in my account of recent storms.

I find nothing to alter,* and little to explain, in the following portions of my former work, in which such passages as the eighth and ninth paragraphs of the opening chapter—usually thought of by the public merely as word-painting, but which are in reality accurately abstracted, and finally concentrated, expressions of the general laws of natural phenomena †—are indeed among the best I have ever written, and in their

* Sometimes a now useless reference to other parts of the book is omitted, or one necessary to connect the sentence broken by such omission; otherwise I do not retouch the original text.

† Thus the sentence at page 7, "murmuring only when the winds raise them, or rocks divide," does not describe, or word-paint, the sound of waters, but (with only the admitted art of a carefully reiterated "r") sums the general *causes* of it; while, again, the immediately following one, defining the limitations of sea and river, "restrained by established shores, and guided through unchanging channels," attempts no word-painting either of coast or burnside; but states, with only such ornament of its simplicity as could be got of the doubled "t" and doubled "ch," the fact of the stability of existing rock structure which I was, at that time, alone among geologists in asserting.

way, I am not ashamed to express my conviction, unlikely to be surpassed by any other author. But it may be necessary to advise the student of these now isolated chapters not to interpret any of their expressions of awe or wonder as meaning to attribute any supernatural, or in any special sense miraculous, character to the phenomena described, other than that of their adaptation to human feeling or need. I did not in the least mean to insinuate, because it was not easy to explain the buoyancy of clouds, that they were supported in the air as St. Francis in his ecstasy; or because the forms of a thunder-cloud were terrific, that they were less natural than those of a diamond; but in all the forms and actions of non-sentient things, I recognized (as more at length explained in the conclusion of my essay on the plague cloud) constant miracle, and according to the need and deserving of man, more or less constantly manifest Deity. Time, and times, have since passed over my head, and have taught me to hope for more than this — nay, perhaps so much more as that in English cities, where two or three are gathered in His name, such vision as that recorded by the sea-king Dandolo * might again be seen, when he was commanded that in the midst of the city he should build a church, “in the place above which he should see a red cloud rest.”

J. RUSKIN.

OXFORD, November 8th, 1884.

* St. Mark's.

CŒLI ENARRANT.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRMAMENT.

"Modern Painters," Vol. IV., Part V., Chap. VI.

I. THE task which we now enter upon, as explained in the close of the preceding chapter, is the ascertaining as far as possible what the proper effect of the natural beauty of different objects *ought* to be on the human mind, and the degree in which this nature of theirs, and true influence, have been understood and transmitted by Turner.

I mean to begin with the mountains, for the sake of convenience in illustration, but, in the proper order of thought, the clouds ought to be considered first; and I think it will be well, in this intermediate chapter, to bring to a close that line of reasoning by which we have gradually, as I hope, strengthened the defences around the love of mystery, which distinguishes our modern art; and to show, on final and conclusive authority, what noble things these clouds are, and with what feeling it seems to be intended by their Creator that we should contemplate them.

2. The account given of the stages of creation in the first chapter of Genesis is in every respect clear and intelligible to the simplest reader, except in the statement of the work of the second day. I suppose that this statement is passed over by careless readers as a sublime mystery which was not intended to be understood. But there is no mystery in any other part of the chapter, and it seems to me unjust to conclude that any was intended here.

And the passage ought to be peculiarly interesting to us, as being the first in the Bible in which the *heavens* are named, and the only one in which the word "Heaven," all-important as that word is to our understanding of the most precious promises of Scripture, receives a definite explanation.

Let us, therefore, see whether by a careful comparison of the verse with other passages in which the word occurs, we may not be able to arrive at as clear an understanding of this portion of the chapter as of the rest.

3. In the first place the English word "Firmament" itself is useless, because we never employ it but as a synonym of heaven; it conveys no other distinct idea to us; and the verse, though from our familiarity with it we imagine that it possesses meaning, has in reality no more point or value than if it were written, "God said, Let there be a something in the midst of the waters, and God called the something Heaven."

But the marginal reading, "Expansion," has definite value; and the statement that "God said, Let there be an expansion in the midst of the waters, and God called the expansion Heaven," has an apprehensible meaning.

4. Accepting this expression as the one intended, we have next to ask what expansion there is between two waters, describable by the term Heaven. Milton adopts the term "expanses;"* but he understands it of the whole volume of the air which surrounds the earth. Whereas, so far as we can tell, there is no water beyond the air, in the fields of space; and the whole expression of division of waters from waters is thus rendered valueless.

5. Now, with respect to this whole chapter, we must remember always that it is intended for the instruction of all mankind, not for the learned reader only; and that, therefore, the most simple and natural interpretation is the likeliest in

* "God made

The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffused
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round."

—*Paradise Lost*, Book VII.

general to be the true one. An unscientific reader knows little about the manner in which the volume of the atmosphere surrounds the earth ; but I imagine that he could hardly glance at the sky when rain was falling in the distance, and see the level line of the bases of the clouds from which the shower descended, without being able to attach an instant and easy meaning to the words "expansion in the midst of the waters." And, if having once seized this idea, he proceeded to examine it more accurately, he would perceive at once, if he had ever noticed *anything* of the nature of clouds, that the level line of their bases did indeed most severely and stringently divide "waters from waters," that is to say, divide water in its collective and tangible state, from water in its divided and aerial state ; or the waters which *fall* and *flow*, from those which *rise* and *flow*. Next, if we try this interpretation in the theological sense of the word *Heaven*, and examine whether the clouds are spoken of as God's dwelling-place, we find God going before the Israelites in a pillar of cloud ; revealing Himself in a cloud on Sinai ; appearing in a cloud on the mercy seat ; filling the Temple of Solomon with the cloud when its dedication is accepted ; appearing in a great cloud to Ezekiel ; ascending into a cloud before the eyes of the disciples on Mount Olivet, and in like manner returning to Judgment. "Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." "Then shall they see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory."* While farther, the "clouds" and "heavens" are used as interchangeable words in those Psalms which most distinctly set forth the power of God : "He bowed the heavens also, and came down ; He made darkness pavilions around about Him, dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies." And again : "Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens, and Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds." And again : "His excellency is over Israel, and His strength

* The reader may refer to the following texts, which it is needless to quote:—Exod. xiii. 21, xvi. 10, xix. 9, xxiv. 16, xxxiv. 5 ; Levit. xvi. 2 ; Num. x. 34 ; Judges v. 4 ; 1 Kings viii. 10 ; Ezek. i. 4 ; Dan. vii. 13 ; Matt. xxiv. 30 ; 1 Thess. iv. 17 ; Rev. i. 7.

is in the clouds." Again: "The clouds poured out water, the skies sent out a sound, the voice of Thy thunder was in the heaven." Again: "Clouds and darkness are round about Him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne; the heavens declare His righteousness, and all the people see His glory."

6. In all these passages the meaning is unmistakable, if they possess definite meaning at all. We are too apt to take them merely for sublime and vague imagery, and therefore gradually to lose the apprehension of their life and power. The expression, "He bowed the heavens," for instance, is, I suppose, received by most readers as a magnificent hyperbole, having reference to some peculiar and fearful manifestation of God's power to the writer of the Psalm in which the words occur. But the expression either has plain meaning, or it has *no* meaning. Understand by the term "Heavens" the compass of infinite space around the earth, and the expression, "bowed the Heavens," however sublime, is wholly without meaning; infinite space cannot be bent or bowed. But understand by the "Heavens" the veil of clouds above the earth, and the expression is neither hyperbolical nor obscure; it is pure, plain, and accurate truth, and it describes God, not as revealing Himself in any peculiar way to David, but doing what He is still doing before our own eyes day by day. By accepting the words in their simple sense, we are thus led to apprehend the immediate presence of the Deity, and His purpose of manifesting Himself as near us whenever the storm-cloud stoops upon its course; while by our vague and inaccurate acceptance of the words we remove the idea of His presence far from us, into a region which we can neither see nor know; and gradually, from the close realization of a living God who "maketh the clouds His chariot," we refine and explain ourselves into dim and distant suspicion of an inactive God, inhabiting inconceivable places, and fading into the multitudinous formalisms of the laws of Nature.

7. All errors of this kind—and in the present day we are in constant and grievous danger of falling into them—arise from the originally mistaken idea that man can, "by search-

ing, find out God—find out the Almighty to perfection ;" that is to say, by help of courses of reasoning and accumulations of science, apprehend the nature of the Deity in a more exalted and more accurate manner than in a state of comparative ignorance ; whereas it is clearly necessary, from the beginning to the end of time, that God's way of revealing Himself to His creatures should be a *simple* way, which *all* those creatures may understand. Whether taught or untaught, whether of mean capacity or enlarged, it is necessary that communion with their Creator should be possible to all ; and the admission to such communion must be rested, not on their having a knowledge of astronomy, but on their having a human soul. In order to render this communion possible, the Deity has stooped from His throne, and has not only, in the person of the Son, taken upon Him the veil of our human *flesh*, but, in the person of the Father, taken upon Him the veil of our human *thoughts*, and permitted *us*, by His own spoken authority, to conceive Him simply and clearly as a loving Father and Friend ;—a being to be walked with and reasoned with ; to be moved by our entreaties, angered by our rebellion, alienated by our coldness, pleased by our love, and glorified by our labor ; and finally, to be beheld in immediate and active presence in all the powers and changes of creation.

This conception of God, which is the child's, is evidently the only one which can be universal, and therefore, the only one which *for us* can be true. The moment that, in our pride of heart, we refuse to accept the condescension of the Almighty, and desire Him, instead of stooping to hold our hands, to rise up before us into His glory—we, hoping that by standing on a grain of dust or two of human knowledge higher than our fellows, we may behold the Creator as He rises—God takes us at our word ; He rises, into His own invisible and inconceivable Majesty ; He goes forth upon the ways which are not our ways, and retires into the thoughts which are not our thoughts ; and we are left alone. And presently we say in our vain hearts, "There is no God."

8. I would desire, therefore, to receive God's account of

His own creation as, under the ordinary limits of human knowledge and imagination, it would be received by a simple-minded man ; and finding that the "heavens and the earth" are spoken of always as having something like equal relation to each other ("thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them"), I reject at once all idea of the term "Heavens" being intended to signify the infinity of space inhabited by countless sand, with which space though we measured not the earth only, but the sun itself, with all the solar system, no relation of equality or comparison could be inferred. But I suppose the heavens to mean that part of the creation which holds equal companionship with our globe ; I understand the "rolling of those heavens together as a scroll" to be an equal and relative destruction with the "melting of the elements in fervent heat ;" * and I understand the making the firmament to signify that, so far as man is concerned, most magnificent ordinance of the clouds—the ordinance, that as the great plain of waters was formed on the face of the earth, so also a plain of waters should be stretched along the height of air, and the face of the cloud answer the face of the ocean ; and this upper and heavenly plain should be of waters, as it were, glorified in their nature, no longer quenching the

* Compare also Job xxxvi. 29, "The spreading of the clouds, and the noise of His *tabernacle* ;" and xxxviii. 33, "Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven ? canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth ? canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds ?"

Observe that in the passage of Addison's well-known hymn—

" The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim "—

the writer has clearly the true distinctions in his mind ; he does not use his words, as we too often accept them, in vain tautology. By the *spacious* firmament he means the clouds, using the word "*spacious*" to mark the true meaning of the Hebrew term ; the blue *ethereal* sky is the real air or ether, blue above the clouds ; the heavens are the starry space, for which he uses this word, less accurately indeed than the others, but as the only one available for his meaning.

fire, but now bearing fire in their own bosoms ; no longer murmuring only when the winds raise them or rocks divide, but answering each other with their own voices from pole to pole ; no longer restrained by established shores, and guided through unchanging channels, but going forth at their pleasure like the armies of the angels, and choosing their encampments upon the heights of the hills ; no longer hurried downward for ever, moving but to fall, nor lost in the lightless accumulation of the abyss, but covering the east and west with the waving of their wings, and robing the gloom of the farther infinite with a vesture of divers colors, of which the threads are purple and scarlet, and the embroideries flame.

9. This, I believe, is the ordinance of the firmament ; and it seems to me that in the midst of the material nearness of these heavens God means us to acknowledge His own immediate presence as visiting, judging, and blessing us. "The earth shook, the heavens also dropped, at the presence of God." "He doth set His bow in the cloud," and thus renews, in the sound of every drooping swathe of rain, His promises of everlasting love. "In them hath He set a *tabernacle* for the sun," whose burning ball, which, without the firmament, would be seen but as an intolerable and scorching circle in the blackness of vacuity, is by that firmament surrounded with gorgeous service, and tempered by mediatorial ministries ; by the firmament of clouds the golden pavement is spread for his chariot wheels at morning ; by the firmament of clouds the temple is built for his presence to fill with light at noon ; by the firmament of clouds the purple veil is closed at evening round the sanctuary of his rest ; by the mists of the firmament his implacable light is divided, and its separated fierceness appeased into the soft blue that fills the depth of distance with its bloom, and the flush with which the mountains burn as they drink the overflowing of the dayspring. And in this tabernacling of the unendurable sun with men, through the shadows of the firmament, God would seem to set forth the stooping of His own majesty to men, upon the *throne* of the firmament. As the Creator of all the worlds, and the inhabitator of eternity, we cannot behold Him ; but as

the Judge of the earth and the Preserver of men, those heavens are indeed His dwelling-place. "Swear not, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool." And all those passings to and fro of fruitful shower and grateful shade, and all those visions of silver palaces built about the horizon, and voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders, and glories of colored robe and cloven ray, are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance, and distinctness, and dearness of the simple words, "Our Father, which art in heaven."

CHAPTER II.

THE CLOUD-BALANCINGS.

"Modern Painters," Vol. V., Part VII., Chap. I.

1. We have seen that when the earth had to be prepared for the habitation of man, a veil, as it were, of intermediate being was spread between him and its darkness, in which were joined, in a subdued measure, the stability and insensibility of the earth, and the passion and perishing of mankind.

But the heavens, also, had to be prepared for his habitation.

Between their burning light—their deep vacuity, and man, as between the earth's gloom of iron substance, and man, a veil had to be spread of intermediate being; which should appease the unendurable glory to the level of human feebleness, and sign the changeless motion of the heavens with a semblance of human vicissitude.

Between the earth and man arose the leaf. Between the heaven and man came the cloud. His life being partly as the falling leaf, and partly as the flying vapor.

2. Has the reader any distinct idea of what clouds are? We had some talk about them long ago, and perhaps thought their nature, though at that time not clear to us, would be easily enough understandable when we put ourselves seriously to make it out. Shall we begin with one or two easiest questions?

That mist which lies in the morning so softly in the valley, level and white, through which the tops of the trees rise as if through an inundation—why is *it* so heavy? and why does it lie so low, being yet so thin and frail that it will melt away utterly into splendor of morning, when the sun has shone on

it but a few moments more? Those colossal pyramids, huge and firm, with outlines as of rocks, and strength to bear the beating of the high sun full on their fiery flanks—why are *they* so light—their bases high over our heads, high over the heads of Alps? why will these melt away, not as the sun rises, but as he *descends*, and leave the stars of twilight clear, while the valley vapor gains again upon the earth like a shroud?

Or that ghost of a cloud, which steals by yonder clump of pines; nay, which does *not* steal by them, but haunts them, wreathing yet round them, and yet—and yet, slowly; now falling in a fair waved line like a woman's veil; now fading, now gone; we look away for an instant, and look back, and it is again there. What has it to do with that clump of pines, that it broods by them and waves itself among their branches, to and fro? Has it hidden a cloudy treasure among the moss at their roots, which it watches thus? Or has some strong enchanter charmed it into fond returning, or bound it fast within those bars of bough? And yonder filmy crescent, bent like an archer's bow above the snowy summit, the highest of all the hill—that white arch which never forms but over the supreme crest—how is it stayed there, repelled apparently from the snow—nowhere touching it, the clear sky seen between it and the mountain edge, yet never leaving it—poised as a white bird hovers over its nest?

Or those war-clouds that gather on the horizon, dragon-crested, tongued with fire; how is their barbed strength bridled? what bits are these they are champing with their vaporous lips; flinging off flakes of black foam? Leagued leviathans of the Sea of Heaven, out of their nostrils goeth smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of the morning; the sword of him that layeth at them cannot hold the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. Where ride the captains of their armies? Where are set the measures of their march? Fierce murmurers, answering each other from morning until evening—what rebuke is this which has awed them into peace?—what hand has reined them back by the way by which they came?

3. I know not if the reader will think at first that questions like these are easily answered. So far from it, I rather believe that some of the mysteries of the clouds never will be understood by us at all. "Knowest thou the balancings of the clouds?" Is the answer ever to be one of pride? "The wondrous works of Him which is *perfect* in knowledge?" Is *our* knowledge ever to be so?

It is one of the most discouraging consequences of the varied character of this work of mine, that I am wholly unable to take note of the advance of modern science. What has conclusively been discovered or observed about clouds I know not; but by the chance inquiry possible to me I find no book which fairly states the difficulties of accounting for even the ordinary aspects of the sky. I shall, therefore, be able in this section to do little more than suggest inquiries to the reader, putting the subject in a clear form for him. All men accustomed to investigation will confirm me in saying that it is a great step when we are personally quite certain what we do *not* know.

4. First, then, I believe we do not know what makes clouds float. Clouds are water, in some fine form or another; but water is heavier than air, and the finest form you can give a heavy thing will not make it float in a light thing.* *On* it, yes, as a boat; but *in* it, no. Clouds are not boats, nor boat-shaped, and they float in the air, not on the top of it. "Nay, but though unlike boats, may they not be like feathers? If out of quill substance there may be constructed eider-down, and out of vegetable tissue, thistle-down, both buoyant enough for a time, surely of water-tissue may be constructed also water-down, which will be buoyant enough for all cloudy purposes." Not so. Throw out your eider plumage in a calm day, and it will all come settling to the ground—slowly indeed,

* [Compare the old note to § 6: but I had not, when I wrote it, enough reflected on the horrible buoyancy of smoke, nor did I know over what spaces volcanic ashes were diffusible. Will any of my scientific friends now state for me the approximate weight and bulk of a particle of dust of any solid substance which would be buoyant in air of given density?]

to aspect ; but practically so fast that all our finest clouds would be here in a heap about our ears in an hour or two, if they were only made of water feathers. "But may they not be quill feathers, and have air inside them ? May not all their particles be minute little balloons?"

A balloon only floats when the air inside it is either specifically, or by heating, lighter than the air it floats in. If the cloud-feathers had warm air inside their quills, a cloud would be warmer than the air about it, which it is not (I believe). And if the cloud-feathers had hydrogen inside their quills, a cloud would be unwholesome for breathing, which it is not—at least so it seems to me.

"But may they not have nothing inside their quills?" Then they would rise, as bubbles do through water, just as certainly as, if they were solid feathers, they would fall. All our clouds would go up to the top of the air, and swim in eddies of cloud-foam.

"But is not that just what they do?" No. They float at different heights, and with definite forms, in the body of the air itself. If they rose like foam, the sky on a cloudy day would look like a very large flat glass of champagne seen from below, with a stream of bubbles (or clouds) going up as fast as they could to a flat foam-ceiling.

"But may they not be just so nicely mixed out of something and nothing, as to float where they are wanted?"

Yes : that is just what they not only may, but must be ; only this way of mixing something and nothing is the very thing I want to explain or have explained, and cannot do it, nor get it done.

5. Except thus far. It is conceivable that minute hollow spherical globules might be formed of water, in which the enclosed vacuity just balanced the weight of the enclosing water, and that the arched sphere formed by the watery film was strong enough to prevent the pressure of the atmosphere from breaking it in. Such a globule would float like a balloon at the height in the atmosphere where the equipoise between the vacuum it enclosed, and its own excess of weight above that of the air, was exact. It would, probably, approach its com-

panion globules by reciprocal attraction, and form aggregations which might be visible.

This is, I believe, the view usually taken by meteorologists. I state it as a possibility, to be taken into account in examining the question—a possibility confirmed by the scriptural words which I have taken for the title of this chapter.

6. Nevertheless, I state it as a possibility only, not seeing how any known operation of physical law could explain the formation of such molecules. This, however, is not the only difficulty. Whatever shape the water is thrown into, it seems at first improbable that it should lose its property of wetness. Minute division of rain, as in "Scotch mist," makes it capable of floating farther,* or floating up and down a little, just as dust will float, though pebbles will not; or gold-leaf, though a sovereign will not; but minutely divided rain wets as much as any other kind, whereas a cloud, partially always, some-

* The buoyancy of solid bodies of a given specific gravity, in a given fluid, depends, first on their size, then on their forms.

First, on their size; that is to say, on the proportion of the magnitude of the object (irrespective of the distribution of its particles) to the magnitude of the particles of the air.

Thus, a grain of sand is buoyant in wind, but a large stone is not; and pebbles and sand are buoyant in water in proportion to their smallness, fine dust taking long to sink, while a large stone sinks at once. Thus, we see that water may be arranged in drops of any magnitude, from the largest rain-drop, about the size of a large pea, to an atom so small as not to be separately visible, the smallest rain passing gradually into mist. Of these drops of different sizes (supposing the strength of the wind the same), the largest fall fastest, the smaller drops are more buoyant, and the small misty rain floats about like a cloud, as often up as down, so that an umbrella is useless in it; though in a heavy thunder-storm, if there is no wind, one may stand gathered up under an umbrella without a drop touching the feet.

Secondly, buoyancy depends on the amount of surface which a given weight of the substance exposes to the resistance of the substance it floats in. Thus, gold-leaf is in a high degree buoyant, while the same quantity of gold in a compact grain would fall like a shot; and a feather is buoyant, though the same quantity of animal matter in a compact form would be as heavy as a little stone. A slate blows far from a house-top, while a brick falls vertically, or nearly so.

times entirely, loses its power of moistening. Some low clouds look, when you are in them, as if they were made of specks of dust, like short hair; and these clouds are entirely dry. And also many clouds will wet some substances, but not others. So that we must grant further, if we are to be happy in our theory, that the spherical molecules are held together by an attraction which prevents their adhering to any foreign body, or perhaps ceases only under some peculiar electric conditions.

7. The question remains, even supposing their production accounted for—What intermediate states of water may exist between these spherical hollow molecules and pure vapor?

Has the reader ever considered the relations of commonest forms of volatile substance? The invisible particles which cause the scent of a rose-leaf, how minute, how multitudinous, passing richly away into the air continually! The visible cloud of frankincense—why visible? Is it in consequence of the greater quantity, or larger size, of the particles, and how does the heat act in throwing them off in this quantity, or of this size?

Ask the same questions respecting water. It dries, that is, becomes volatile, invisibly, at (any?) temperature. Snow dries, as water does. Under increase of heat, it volatilizes faster, so as to become dimly visible in large mass, as a heat-haze. It reaches boiling-point, then becomes entirely visible. But compress it, so that no air shall get between the watery particles—it is invisible again. At the first issuing from the steam-pipe the steam is transparent; but opaque, or visible, as it diffuses itself. The water is indeed closer, because cooler, in that diffusion; but more air is between its particles. Then this very question of visibility is an endless one, wavering between form of substance and action of light. The clearest (or least visible) stream becomes brightly opaque by more minute division in its foam, and the clearest dew in hoar-frost. Dust, unperceived in shade, becomes constantly visible in sunbeam; and watery vapor in the atmosphere, which is itself opaque, when there is promise of fine weather,

becomes exquisitely transparent ; and (questionably) blue, when it is going to rain.

8. Questionably blue ; for besides knowing very little about water, we know what, except by courtesy, must, I think, be called Nothing—about air. Is it the watery vapor, or the air itself, which is blue ? Are neither blue, but only white, producing blue when seen over dark spaces ? If either blue, or white, why, when crimson is their commanded dress, are the most distant clouds crimsonest ? Clouds close to us may be blue, but far off, golden—a strange result, if the air is blue. And again, if blue, why are rays that come through large spaces of it red ; and that Alp, or anything else that catches far-away light, why colored red at dawn and sunset ? No one knows, I believe. It is true that many substances, as opal, are blue, or green, by reflected light, yellow by transmitted ; but air, if blue at all, is blue always by transmitted light. I hear of a wonderful solution of nettles, or other unlovely herb, which is green when shallow—red when deep. Perhaps some day, as the motion of the heavenly bodies by help of an apple, their light by help of a nettle, may be explained to mankind.

9. But further : these questions of volatility, and visibility, and hue, are all complicated with those of shape. How is a cloud outlined ? Granted whatever you choose to ask concerning its material, or its aspect, its loftiness, and luminousness—how of its limitation ? What hews it into a heap, or spins it into a web ? Cold is usually shapeless, I suppose, extending over large spaces equally, or with gradual diminution. You cannot have, in the open air, angles, and wedges, and coils, and cliffs of cold. Yet the vapor stops suddenly, sharp and steep as a rock, or thrusts itself across the gates of heaven in likeness of a brazen bar ; or braids itself in and out, and across and across, like a tissue of tapestry ; or falls into ripples, like sand ; or into waving shreds and tongues, as fire. On what anvils and wheels is the vapor pointed, twisted, hammered, whirled, as the potter's clay ? By what hands is the incense of the sea built up into domes of marble ?

And, lastly, all these questions respecting substance, and

aspect, and shape, and line, and division, are involved with others as inscrutable, concerning action. The curves in which clouds move are unknown—nay, the very method of their motion, or apparent motion, how far it is by change of place, how far by appearance in one place and vanishing from another. And these questions about movement lead partly far away into high mathematics, where I cannot follow them, and partly into theories concerning electricity and infinite space, where I suppose at present no one can follow them.

What, then, is the use of asking the questions?

For my own part, I enjoy the mystery, and perhaps the reader may. I think he ought. He should not be less grateful for summer rain, or see less beauty in the clouds of morning, because they come to prove him with hard questions; to which, perhaps, if we look close at the heavenly scroll,* we may find also a syllable or two of answer illuminated here and there.

* There is a beautiful passage in *Sartor Resartus* concerning this old Hebrew scroll, in its deeper meanings, and the child's watching it, though long illegible for him, yet "with an eye to the gilding." It signifies in a word or two nearly all that is to be said about clouds.—(Not quite. J. R., 1884.)

NOTES
ON SOME OF
THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES
EXHIBITED IN THE ROOMS OF THE
ROYAL ACADEMY

1875

PREFACE.

It is now just twenty years since I wrote the first number of these notes ; and fifteen since they were discontinued. I have no intention of renewing the series, unless occasionally, should accident detain me in London during the spring. But this year, for many reasons, it seemed to me imperatively proper to say as much as is here said.

And that the temper of the saying may not, so far as I can prevent it, be mistaken, I will venture to ask my reader to hear, and trust that he will believe, thus much concerning myself. Among various minor, but collectively sufficient, reasons for the cessation of these notes, one of the chief was the exclamation of a young artist, moving in good society—authentically, I doubt not, reported to me—"D—— the fellow, why doesn't he back his friends?" The general want in the English mind of any abstract conception of justice, and the substitution for it of the idea of fidelity to a party, as the first virtue of public action, had never struck me so vividly before ; and thenceforward it seemed to me useless, so far as artists were concerned, to continue criticism which they would esteem dishonorable, unless it was false.

But Fortune has so sternly reversed her wheel during these recent years, that I am more likely now to be accused of malice than of equity ; and I am therefore at the pains to beg the honest reader to believe that, having perhaps as much pleasure as other people, both in backing my friends and fronting my enemies, I have never used, and shall never use, my power of criticism to such end ; but that I write now, and have always written, so far as I am able, what may show that

there is a fixed criterion of separation between right art and wrong ; that no opinion, no time, and no circumstances can ever in one jot change this relation of their Good and Evil ; and that it would be pleasant for the British public to recognize the one, and wise in them to eschew the other.

HERNE HILL, *May 23*, 1875.

NOTES, ETC.

BEFORE looking at any single picture, let us understand the scope and character of the Exhibition as a whole. The Royal Academy of England, in its annual publication, is now nothing more than a large colored *Illustrated Times* folded in saloons :—the splendidest May Number of the *Graphic*, shall we call it? That is to say, it is a certain quantity of pleasant, but imperfect, “illustration” of passing events, mixed with as much gossip of the past, and tattle of the future, as may be probably agreeable to a populace supremely ignorant of the one, and reckless of the other.

Supremely ignorant, I say — ignorant, that is, on the lofty ground of their supremacy in useless knowledge.

For instance : the actual facts which Shakespeare knew about Rome were, in number and accuracy, compared to those which M. Alma-Tadema knows, as the pictures of a child’s first story-book, compared to Smith’s “Dictionary of Antiquities.”

But when Shakespeare wrote,

“ The noble sister of Publicola,
The Moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle
That’s curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian’s temple,”

he knew Rome herself, to the heart ; and M. Tadema, after reading his Smith’s “ Dictionary ” through from A to Z, knows nothing of her but her shadow ; and that cast at sunset.

Yet observe, in saying that Academy work is now nothing more, virtually, than cheap colored woodcut, I do not mean to depreciate the talent employed in it. Our public press is

supported by an ingenuity and skill in rapid art unrivalled at any period of history ; nor have I ever been so humbled, or astonished, by the mightiest work of Tintoret, Turner, or Velasquez, as I was one afternoon last year, in watching, in the Dudley gallery, two ordinary workmen for a daily newspaper, finishing their drawings on the blocks by gaslight, against time.

Nay, not in skill only, but in pretty sentiment, our press illustration, in its higher ranks, far surpasses—or indeed, in that department finds no rivalry in—the schools of classical art ; and it happens curiously that the only drawing of which the memory remains with me as a possession, out of the old water-color exhibition of this year—Mrs. Allingham's "Young Customers"—should be, not only by an accomplished designer of woodcut, but itself the illustration of a popular story. The drawing, with whatever temporary purpose executed, is forever lovely ; a thing which I believe Gainsborough would have given one of his own pictures for—old-fashioned as red-tipped daisies are—and more precious than rubies.

And I am conscious of, and deeply regret, the inevitable warp which my own lately exclusive training under the elder schools gives to my estimate of this current art of the day ; and submissively bear the blame due to my sullen refusal of what good is offered me in the railroad station, because I cannot find in it what I found in the Ducal Palace. And I may be permitted to say this much, in the outset, in apology for myself, that I determined on writing this number of Academy notes, simply because I was so much delighted with Mr. Leslie's School—Mr. Leighton's little Fatima, Mr. Hook's Hearts of Oak, and Mr. Couldery's kittens—that I thought I should be able to write an entirely good-humored, and therefore, in all likelihood, practically useful, sketch of the socially pleasant qualities of modern English painting, which were not enough acknowledged in my former essays.

As I set myself to the work, and examined more important pictures, my humor changed, though much against my will. Not more reluctantly the son of Beor found his utterances

become benedictory, than I mine—the reverse. But the need of speaking, if not the service (for too often we can help least where need is most), is assuredly greater than if I could have spoken smooth things without ruffling anywhere the calm of praise.

Popular or classic—temporary or eternal—all good art is more or less didactic. My artist-adversaries rage at me for saying so ; but the gayest of them cannot help being momentarily grave ; nor the emptiest-headed occasionally instructive ; and whatever work any of them do, that is indeed honorable to themselves, is also intellectually helpful, no less than entertaining, to others. And it will be the surest way of estimating the intrinsic value of the art of this year, if we proceed to examine it in the several provinces which its didactic functions occupy ; and collect the sum of its teaching on the subjects—which will, I think, sufficiently embrace its efforts in every kind—of Theology, History, Biography, Natural History, Landscape, and as the end of all, Policy.

THEOLOGY.

584. Dedicated to all the Churches. (G. F. Watts, R.A.)

Here, at least, is one picture meant to teach ; nor failing of its purpose, if we read it rightly. Very beautiful, it might have been ; and is, in no mean measure ; but as years pass by, the artist concedes to himself, more and more, the privilege which none but the feeble should seek, of substituting the sublimity of mystery for that of absolute majesty of form. The relation between this gray and soft cloud of visionary power, and the perfectly substantial, bright, and near presence of the saints, angels, or Deities of early Christian art, involves questions of too subtle interest to be followed here ; but in the essential force of it, belongs to the inevitable expression, in each period, of the character of its own faith. The Christ of the 13th century was vividly present to its thoughts, and dominant over its acts, as a God manifest in

the flesh, well pleased in the people to whom He came ; while ours is either forgotten ; or seen, by those who yet trust in Him, only as a mourning and departing Ghost.

129. *Ezekiel's Vision.* (P. F. Poole, R.A.)

Though this design cannot for a moment be compared with the one just noticed, in depth of feeling, there is yet, as there has been always in Mr. Poole's work, some acknowledgment of a supernatural influence in physical phenomena, which gives a nobler character to his storm-painting than can belong to any merely literal study of the elements. But the piece is chiefly interesting for its parallelism with that "dedicated to all the churches," in effacing the fearless realities of the elder creed among the confused speculations of our modern one. The beasts in Raphael's vision of Ezekiel are as solid as the cattle in Smithfield ; while here, if traceable at all in the drift of the storm-cloud (which, it is implied, was all that the prophet really saw), their animal character can only be accepted in polite compliance with the prophetic impression, as the weasel by Polonius. And my most Polonian courtesy fails in deciphering the second of the four—not-living—creatures.

218. *Rachel and her Flock.* (F. Goodall, R.A.)

This is one of the pictures which, with such others as Holman Hunt's "Scapegoat," Millais' "Dove Returning to the Ark," etc., the public owe primarily to the leading genius of Dante Rossetti, the founder, and for some years the vital force, of the pre-Raphaelite school. He was the first assertor in painting, as I believe I was myself in art-literature (Goldsmith and Molière having given the first general statements of it), of the great distinctive principle of that school, that things should be painted as they probably did look and happen, and not as, by rules of art developed under Raphael, Correggio, and Michael Angelo, they might be supposed gracefully, deliciously, or sublimely to have happened.

The adoption of this principle by good and great men, produces the grandest art possible in the world ; the adoption of

it by vile and foolish men—very vile and foolish art ; yet not so entirely nugatory as imitations of Raphael or Correggio would be by persons of the same calibre : an intermediate and large class of pictures have been produced by painters of average powers ; mostly of considerable value, but which fall again into two classes, according to the belief of the artists in the truth, and understanding of the dignity of the subjects they endeavor to illustrate, or their opposite degree of incredulity and materialistic vulgarism of interpretation.

The picture before us belongs to the higher class, but is not a fine example of it. We cannot tell from it whether Mr. Goodall believes Rachel to have wept over Ramah from her throne in heaven ; but at least we gather from it some suggestion of what she must have looked like, when she was no more than a Syrian shepherdess.

That she was a very beautiful shepherdess, so that her lover thought years of waiting but as days, for the love he bore to her, Mr. Goodall has scarcely succeeded in representing. And on the whole he would have measured his powers more reasonably in contenting himself with painting a Yorkshire shepherdess instead of a Syrian one.* Like everybody except myself—he has been in the East. If that is the appearance of the new moon in the East, I am well enough content to guide, and gild, the lunacies of my declining years by the light of the old western one.

518. Julian the Apostate, presiding, etc. (E. Armytage, R.A.)

This, I presume, is a modern enlightened improvement on the *Disputa del Sacramento*. The English Church is to be congratulated on the education she gives her artists. Fumbling with sham Gothic penny tracts, and twopenny Scripture prints, among the embers of reverence and sacred life that yet linger on from the soul of ancient days, she holds her own, in outward appearance at least, among our simple coun-

* Compare, however, at once, 582, which is, on the whole, the most honorably complete and scholastic life-size figure in the rooms, with well-cast, and unaffectedly well-painted, drapery.

try villages ; and, in our more ignorant manufacturing centres, contentedly enamels the service of Mammon with the praise of God. But in the capital of England—here, on her Vatican hill above St. Peter's church, and beside St. Paul's—*this* is the testimony she wins from art, as compared with the councils of Fathers, and concourses of Saints, which poor dark-minded Italy once loved to paint. Mr. Armytage, however, has not completed his satire with subtlety ; he knows the higher virtue of sectarians as little as Gibbon knew those of Julian,* whose sincere apostasy was not the act of a soul which could "enjoy the agreeable spectacle" of vile dispute among any men—least of all, among those whom he had once believed messengers of Christ.

1293—1295. Terra-cottas, representing, etc. (S. Tinworth.)

Full of fire and zealous faculty, breaking its way through all conventionalism to such truth as it can conceive ; able also to conceive far more than can be rightly expressed on this scale. And, after all the labors of past art on the Life of Christ, here is an English workman fastening, with more decision than I recollect in any of them, on the gist of the sin of the Jews, and their rulers, in the choice of Barabbas, and making the physical fact of contrast between the man released, and the man condemned, clearly visible. We must receive it, I suppose, as a flash of really prophetic intelligence on the question of Universal Suffrage.

These bas-reliefs are the most earnest work in the Academy, next to Mr. Boehm's study of Carlyle. But how it happens that after millions of money have been spent in the machinery of art education at Kensington, an ornamental designer of so high faculty as this one, should never in his life have found a human being able to explain to him the first principles of relief, or show him the difference between decorative foliage-sculpture, and Norman hatchet-work—I must leave the Kensington authorities to explain ; for it passes all my capacities of conjecture, and all my hitherto experience of the costly

* See note on page 000.

and colossal public institution of—Nothing—out of which, to wise men, as here, can come nothing ; but to fools everywhere, —worse than nothing. Kensington has flattened its thousands of weak students into machine pattern-papers : here, it had a true man to deal with ; and for all he has learned of his business, he might as well have lived in South Australia.

HISTORY.

26. The Sculpture Gallery. (L. Alma-Tadema.)

This, I suppose, we must assume to be the principal historical piece of the year ; a work showing artistic skill and classic learning, both in high degree. But both parallel in their method of selection. The artistic skill has succeeded with all its objects in the degree of their unimportance. The piece of silver plate is painted best ; the griffin bas-relief it stands on, second best ; the statue of the empress worse than the griffins, and the living personages worse than the statue. I do not know what feathers the fan with the frightful mask in the handle, held by the nearest lady, is supposed to be made of ; to a simple spectator they look like peacock's, without the eyes. And, indeed, the feathers, under which the motto "I serve" of French art seems to be written in these days, are, I think, very literally, all feather and no eyes—the Raven's feather to wit, of Sycorax. The selection of the subject is similarly—one might say, filamentous—of the extremity, instead of the centre. The old French Republicans, reading of Rome, chose such events to illustrate her history, as the battle of Romulus with the Sabines, the vow of the Horatii, or the self-martyrdom of Lucretia. The modern Republican sees in the Rome he studies so profoundly, only a central establishment for the manufacture and sale of imitation-Greek articles of virtù.

The execution is dextrous, but more with mechanical steadiness of practice than innate fineness of nerve. It is impossible, however, to say how much the personal nervous faculty

of an artist of this calibre is paralyzed by his education in schools which I could not characterize in my Oxford inaugural lectures otherwise than as the "schools of clay," in which he is never shown what Venetians or Florentines meant by "painting," and allowed to draw his flesh steadily and systematically with shadows of charcoal, and lights of cream-soap, without ever considering whether there would be any reflections in the one, or any flush of life in the other. The head on the extreme left is exceptionally good; but who ever saw a woman's neck and hand blue-black under reflection from white drapery, as they are in the nearer figure? It is well worth while to go straight from this picture to the two small studies by Mr. Albert Moore, 356 and 357, which are consummately artistic and scientific work: examine them closely, and with patience; the sofa and basket especially, in 357, with a lens of moderate power; and, by way of a lesson in composition, hide in this picture the little honeysuckle ornament above the head, and the riband hanging over the basket, and see what becomes of everything! Or try the effect of concealing the yellow flower in the hair, in the "flower walk." And for comparison with the elementary method of M. Tadema, look at the blue reflection on the chin in this figure; at the reflection of the warm brick wall on its right arm; and at the general modes of unaffected relief by which the extended left arm in "Pansies" detaches itself from the background. And you ought afterward, if you have eye for color, never more to mistake a tinted drawing for a painting.

233. *The Festival.* (E. J. Poynter, A.)

I wonder how long Mr. Poynter thinks a young lady could stand barefoot on a round-runged ladder; or that a sensible Greek girl would take her sandals off to try, on an occasion when she had festive arrangements to make with care. The ladders themselves, here and in No. 236 (*The Golden Age*), appear to me not so classical, or so rude, in type, as might have been expected; but to savor somewhat of the expeditious gas-lighting. Of course Mr. Poynter's object in No. 236 is to show us, like Michael Angelo, the adaptability of limbs to

awkward positions. But he can only, by this anatomical science, interest his surgical spectators ; while the Golden Age, in this pinchbeck one, interests nobody. Not even the painter—for had he looked at the best authorities for account of it, he would have found that its people lived chiefly on corn and strawberries, both growing wild ; and doubtless the loaded fruit-branches drooped to their reach. Both these pictures are merely studies of decorative composition, and have far too much pains taken with them for their purpose. Decorative work, however complete, should be easy.

401. Ready ! (P. Cockerell.)

I suppose this is meant for portrait, not history. At all events, the painter has been misled in his endeavor, if he made any, to render Swiss character, by Schiller's absurd lines. Schiller, of all men high in poetic fame whose works are in anywise known to me, has the feeblest hold of facts and the dullest imagination. "Still as a lamb !" Sucking, I suppose ? They are so very quiet in that special occupation ; and never think of such a thing as jumping, when they have had enough, of course ? And I should like to hear a Swiss (or English) boy, with any stuff in him, liken himself to a lamb ! If there were any real event from which the legend sprung, the boy's saying would have been not in the smallest degree pathetic : "Never fear *me*, father ; I'll stand like grandmother's donkey when she wants him to go"—or something to such effect.

482. The Babylonian Marriage Market. (E. Long.)

A painting of great merit, and well deserving purchase by the Anthropological Society. For the varieties of character in the heads are rendered with extreme subtlety, while, as a mere piece of painting, the work is remarkable, in the modern school, for its absence of affectation ; there is no insolently indulged indolence, nor vulgarly asserted dexterity—the painting is good throughout, and unobtrusively powerful.

It becomes a question of extreme interest with me, as I examine this remarkable picture, how far the intensely subtle

observation of physical character and expression which rendered the painting of it possible, necessitates the isolation of the artist's thoughts from subjects of intellectual interest, or moral beauty. Certainly, the best expressional works of the higher schools present nothing analogous to the anatomical precision with which the painter has here gradated the feature and expression of the twelve waiting girls, from great physical beauty to absolute ugliness; and from the serene insolence and power of accomplished fleshly womanhood, to the restless audacity, and crushed resignation, of its despised states of personal inferiority, unconsolated by moral strength, or family affection. As a piece of anthropology, it is the natural and very wonderful product of a century occupied in carnal and mechanical science. In the total paralysis of conception—without attempt to disguise the palsy—as to the existence of any higher element in a woman's mind than vanity and spite, or in a man's than avarice and animal passion, it is also a specific piece of the natural history of our own century; but only a partial one, either of it, or of the Assyrian, who was once as "the cedars in the garden of God."

The painter has in the first instance misread his story, or been misled by his translation. This custom, called wise by Herodotus, is so called only as practised in country districts with respect to the fortuneless girls of the lower laboring population; daughters of an Assyrian noble, however plain-featured, would certainly not be exposed in the market to receive dowry from the dispute for their fairer sisters.* But there is matter of deeper interest in the custom, as it is compared to our modern life. However little the English educated classes now read their Bibles, they cannot but, in the present state of literary science, be aware that there is a book,

* The passage in Strabo which gives some countenance to the idea of universality in the practice, gives a somewhat different color to it by the statement that over each of the three great Assyrian provinces a "temperately wise" person was set to conduct the ordinances of marriage.

once asserted to have been written by St. John, in which a spiritual Babylon is described as the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth, and her ruin represented as lamentable, especially to the *merchants*, who trafficked with her in many beautiful and desirable articles, but above all in "souls of men."

Also, the educated reader cannot but be aware that the animosity of Christian sects—which we have seen the subject of another important national-historical picture in this Academy—has for the last three hundred years wasted much of their energy in endeavors to find Scriptural reason for calling each other Babylonians, and whatever else that term may be understood to imply.

There is, however, no authority to be found in honestly read Scripture for these well-meaning, but ignorant, incivilities. Read in their entirety, the books of the Bible represent to us a literal and material deliverance of a visibly separated people, from a literal bondage; their establishment in a literally fruitful and peaceful land, and their being led away out of that land, in consequence of their refusal to obey the laws of its Lord, into a literal captivity in a small, material Babylon. The same Scriptures represent to us a spiritual deliverance of an invisibly separated people, from spiritual bondage; their establishment in the spiritual land of Christian joy and peace; and their being led away out of this land into a spiritual captivity in a great spiritual Babylon, the mother of abominations, and in all active transactions especially delightful to "merchants"—persons engaged, that is to say, in obtaining profits by exchange instead of labor.

And whatever was literally done, whether apparently wise or not, in the minor fleshly Babylon, will, therefore, be found spiritually fulfilled in the major ghostly one; and, for instance, as the most beautiful and marvellous maidens were announced for literal sale by auction in Assyria, are not also the souls of our most beautiful and marvellous maidens announced annually for sale by auction in Paris and London, in a spiritual manner, for the spiritual advantages of position in society.

BIOGRAPHY.

UNDER this head I include Drama, Domestic Incident, and Portrait : this last being, if good, the sum of what drama and domestic chances have been wrought by, and befallen to, the person portrayed.

Not to begin with too high matters, and collapse subsequently, suppose we first contemplate the pretty little scene,

408. Domestic Troubles. (J. Burr.)

The boy peeping in fearfully at the door, has evidently, under the inspiration of modern scientific zeal, dissected the bellows ; and whether they will ever help the pot to boil again is doubtful to grandpapa. The figure of the younger child, mute with awe and anxiety, yet not wholly guiltless of his naughty brother's curiosity, is very delightful. Avenging Fate, at the chimney-piece, is too severe.

I have marked, close by it, two other pictures, 403, 405, which interested me for reasons scarcely worth printing. The cloister of Assisi has been carefully and literally studied, in all but what is singular or beautiful in it ; namely, the flattened dome over its cistern, and the central mossy well above. But there is more conscientious treatment of the rest of the building, and greater quietness of natural light than in most picture backgrounds of these days. Ponte della Paglia, 405, may be useful to travellers in at least clearly, if not quite accurately, showing the decorative use of the angle sculpture of the drunkenness of Noah on the Ducal Palace ; and the Bridge of Sighs is better painted than usual.

242. A Merrie Jest. (H. S. Marks, A.)

Very characteristic of the painter's special gift. The difficulty of so subtle a rendering as this of the half-checked, yet extreme mirth, of persons naturally humorous, can only be judged of by considering how often aspects of laughter are attempted in pictures, and how rarely we feel ourselves in-

clined to join in the merriment. The piece of accessory and-scape is very unaffected and good, and the painting, throughout, here, as well as in the equally humorous, and useless, picture of bygone days, 166, of good standard modern quality.

107. *The Barber's Prodigy.* (J. B. Burgess.)

A close and careful study of modern domestic drama, deserving notice, however, chiefly for its unaffected manner of work, and moderately pleasant incident, as opposed to over-labored pictures of what is merely ugly, or meanly faultful, 141, 241—wastes of attention, skill, and time. “Too Good to be True,” 153, another clever bit of minor drama, is yet scarcely good enough to be paused at; “Private and Confidential,” 375, deserves a few moments more. 879 (A. Lüben) is much surer and finer in touch than anything English that I can find in this sort. The Düsseldorf Germans, and the Neuchatel Swiss have been doing splendid domestic work lately; but, I suppose, are too proud to exhibit here.

75. *Sophia Western.* (W. P. Frith, R. A.)

The painter seems not to have understood, nor are the public likely to understand, that Fielding means, in the passage quoted, to say that Miss Western's hands were white, soft, translucent, and at the moment, snow-cold. In the picture they cannot be shown to be cold—are certainly not white; do not look soft; and scarcely show the light of the fire on them, much less through them. But what is the use of painting from Fielding at all? Of all our classic authors, it is he who demands the reader's attention most strictly; and what modern reader ever attends to anything?

88. *Loot: 1797.* (A. C. Gore.)

An entirely fine picture of its class, representing an ordinary fact of war as it must occur, without any forced sentiment or vulgar accent. Highly skilful throughout, keenly seen, well painted, and deserving a better place than the slow cart-horses and solid waterfalls on the line have left for it.

89. War Time. (B. Rivière.)

Compare 626, at once ; the first is a true piece of feeling—almost Wordsworthian ; the second, disgraceful to it, both in the low pitch of its vulgar horror, and in its loss of power, by retreat to picturesque tradition, instead of dealing, like the other, with the facts of our own day.

If Mr. Rivière really feels as I think he feels, and means to do good, he must not hope to do anything with people who would endure the sight of a subject such as this. He may judge what they are worth by a sentence I heard as I stood before it. “Last of the garrison—ha! they’re all finished off, you see—isn’t that well done?” At all events, if he means to touch them, he must paint the cooking of a French pet-poodle ; not the stabbing of a bloodhound.

214. The Crown of Love. (J. E. Millais.)

Much of the painter’s old power remains in this sketch (it cannot be called a painting) ; and it is of course the leading one of the year in dramatic sentiment. This, then, it appears, is the best that English art can, at the moment, say in praise of the virtue, and promise of the reward, of Love ; this, the subject of sentimental contemplation likely to be most pleasing to the present British public ; torture, namely, carried to crisis of death, in the soul of one creature, and flesh of another. The British public are welcome to their feast ; but, as purchasers, they ought to be warned that, compared with the earlier dual pictures of the school (Huguenot, Claudio and Isabella, April love, and the like), this composition balances its excess of sentiment by defect of industry ; and that it is not a precedent advantageous to them, in the arrangement of pictures of lovers, that one should have a body without a face, and the other a face without a body.

47. Hearts of Oak. (J. C. Hook, R.A.)

Beautiful, but incomplete ; the painter wants more heart of oak himself. If he had let all his other canvases alone, and finished this, the year’s work would have been a treasure for all the centuries ; while now, it is only “the Hook of the season.”

It looks right and harmonious in its subdued sunshine. But it isn't. Why should mussel-shells cast a shadow, but boats and hats none? Why should toy-carts and small stones have light and dark sides, and tall rocks none? I fancy all the pictures this year must have been painted in the sunless east wind; and only a bit of sunshine put in here and there out of the painter's head, where he thought it would do nobody any harm.

112. A November Morning, etc. (H. T. Wells, R.A.)

Fishermen's hearts being of oak, what are huntsmen's hearts made of?

They will have to ascertain, and prove, soon; there being question nowadays, among the lower orders, whether they have got any, to speak of.

A pleasant aristocratic picture—creditable to Mr. Wells, and the nobility. Not a Vandyck, neither.

430. Sunday Afternoon. (R. Collinson.)

This picture, though of no eminent power in any respect, is extremely delightful to myself; and ought, I think, to be so to most unsophisticated persons, who care for English rural life; representing, as it does, a pleasant and virtuous phase of such life, whether on Sunday or Saturday afternoon.

Why, by the way, *must* we accept it for Sunday? Have our nice old women no rest on any other day? Do they never put on a clean muslin kerchief on any other day? Do they never read their Bible (of course, it would be improper to suppose any other book readable by them) on any other day? Whatever day it be—here, at all events, are peace, light, cleanliness, and content.

Luxury even, of a kind; the air coming in at that door must be delicious; and the leaves, outside of it, look like a bit of the kitchen-garden side of Paradise. They please me all the better because, since scientific people were good enough to tell us that leaves were made green by "green-leaf," I haven't seen a leaf painted green, by anybody. But this peep through the door is like old times, when we were neither plagued with soot, nor science.

Note, for a little piece of technical study in composition, that the painter would not have been able to venture on so pure color outside of the door, had he not painted the door green as well, only of a modified tint, and so led the subdued color forward into the red interior, taken up again by the shadows of the plants in the window. The management of the luminous shadow throughout is singularly skilful—all the more so because it attracts so little attention. *This* is true chiaroscuro; not spread treacle or splashed mud, speckled with white spots—as a Rembrandt amateur thinks.

Mr. Pettie, for instance, a man of real feeling and great dramatic power, is ruining himself by these shallow notions of chiaroscuro. If he had not been mimicking Rembrandt, as well as the "costume of the sixteenth century," in 318, he never would have thought of representing Scott's entirely heroic and tender-hearted Harry of Perth (223), merely by the muscular back and legs of him (the legs, by the way, were slightly bandy—if one holds to accuracy in anatomical respects); nor vulgarized the real pathos and most subtle expression of his Jacobites (1217) by the slovenly dark background, corresponding, virtually, to the slouched hat of a theatrical conspirator. I have been examining the painting of the chief Jacobite's face very closely. It is nearly as good as a piece of old William Hunt; but Hunt never loaded his paint, except in sticks, and moss, and such like. Now there's a wrinkle quite essential to the expression, under the Jacobite's eye, got by a projecting ridge of paint, instead of a proper dark line. Rembrandt's bad bricklayer's work, with all the mortar sticking out at the edges, may be pardonable in a Dutchman sure of his colors; but it is always licentious; and in these days, when the first object of manufacture is to produce articles that won't last, if the mortar cracks, where are we?

To return to the question of chiaroscuro. The present Academicians—most of whom I have had anxious talk of, with their fathers or friends, when they were promising boys—have since been, with the best part of their minds, amusing themselves in London drawing-rooms, or Eastern deserts, instead of learning their business; with the necessary result

that they have, as a body, qualified themselves rather to be Masters of Ceremonies than of Studies; and guides rather of Caravans than Schools; and have not got an inkling of any principle of their art to bless themselves—or other people, with. So that they have not only filled their large railroad station and stalls (attached refreshment-room completing the nature of the thing) with a mass of heterogeneous pictures, of which at least two-thirds are beneath the level of acceptance in any well-established dealer's shop;* but they have encouraged, by favor of position, quite the worst abuses of the cheap art of the day; of which these tricks of rubbing half the canvas over with black or brown, that the rest may come out handsomer, or that the spectator may be properly, but at the same time economically, prepared for its melancholy or sublime tenor, are among the least creditable either to our English wits or honesty. The portrait, No. 437, for instance, is a very respectable piece of painting, and would have taken its place well in the year's show of work, if the inkstand had not been as evanescent as the vision of Ezekiel, and the library shelves so lost in the gloom of art, as to suggest, symbolically, what our bishops at home seem so much afraid of—indistinctness in colonial divinity. And the two highly moral pictures, 101 and 335, which are meant to enforce on the public mind the touching theories that, for the laboring poor, grass is not green, nor geese white; and that on the pastoral poor, the snow falls dirty; might have delivered their solemn message just as convincingly from a more elevated stage of the wall-pulpit, without leaving on the minds of any profane spectator like myself, the impression of their having been executed by a converted crossing-sweeper, with his broom, after it was worn stumpy.

If the reader is interested in the abstract qualities of art, he will find it useful at once to compare with these more or less feeble or parsimonious performances, two pictures—

* I permit myself to name, for instance, not as worse than others, but as peculiarly disagreeable to myself, because I love monks, herons, and sea—450, 291, and 837.

which, if not high in attainment, are at least, the one strong, and the other generous. 184. "Peasantry of Esthonia going to Market" (G. Bochman) is masterly work, by a man practised in his business; but who has been taught it in a bad school. It is a true artistic abstraction of gray and angular natural facts; it indeed omits too much—for even in Esthonia there must be grass somewhere, or what could the horses eat?—and it omits the best things and keeps the worst; but it is done with method, skill, and a conscientious notion that to be gray and angular is to be right. And it deserves a place in an Academy exhibition.

On the other hand, 263, "Getting Better" (C. Calthrop), is an intensely laborious, honest, and intentionally difficult study of chiaroscuro in two lights, on varied color; and in all other respects it is well meant, and generously, according to the painter's power, completed. I won't say more of it, because at the height it hangs I can see no more; nor must the reader suppose that what I *have* said implies anything beyond what is stated. All that I certify is, that as a study of chiaroscuro it deserves close attention, much praise, and a better place than it at present occupies.

336. The Mayor of Newcastle. (W. W. Oulesa.)

An agreeable and vigorous portrait, highly creditable to the painter, and honorable to its subject and its possessors. Mr. Oulesa has adopted from Mr. Millais what was deserving of imitation; and used the skill he has learned to better ends. All his portraits here are vigorous and interesting.

221. John Stuart Blackie. (J. Archer.)

An entirely well-meant, and I should conjecture successful, portrait of a man much deserving portraiture. The background has true meaning, and is satisfactorily complete; very notable, in that character, among the portrait backgrounds of the year. The whole is right and good.

718. The Countess of Pembroke. (E. Clifford.)

Mr. Clifford evidently means well, and is studying in the

elder schools ; and painting persons who will permit him to do his best in his own way.

There is much of interesting in his work, but he has yet to pass through the Valley of Humiliation before he can reach the Celestial Mountains. He must become perfectly simple before he can be sublime ; above all, he must not hope to be great by effort. This portrait is over-labored ; and, toward the finishing, he has not well seen what he was doing, and has not rightly balanced his front light against that of the sky. But his drawings always deserve careful notice.

317. Miss M. Stuart Wortley. (A. Stuart Wortley.)

The rightest and most dignified female portrait here—as Lady Coleridge's drawing of Mr. Newman, 1069, is the most subtle among those of the members of learned professions (though Mr. Laurence's two beautiful drawings, 1054, 1062, only fall short of it by exhibiting too frankly the practised skill of their execution). 1052 is also excellent ; and, on the whole—thinking over these, and other more irregular and skirmishing, but always well-meant, volunteer work, sprinkled about the rooms—I think the amateurs had better have an Academy of their own next year, in which indulgently, when they had room to spare, they might admit the promising effort of an artist.

I have scarcely been able to glance round at the portrait sculpture ; and am always iniquitously influenced, in judging of marble, by my humor for praise or dispraise of the model, rather than artist. Guarding myself, as well as I may, from such faultful bias, I yet venture to name 1342 as an exemplary piece of chiselling ; carefully and tenderly composed in every touch. If the hair on the forehead were completely finished, this would be a nearly perfect bust. I cannot understand why the sculptor should have completed the little tress that falls on the cheek so carefully ; and yet left so many unmodified contours in the more important masses.

1301. Thomas Carlyle. (J. E. Boehm.)

For this noble piece of portraiture I cannot trust myself to

express my personal gratitude ; nor does either the time I can give to these notes, or their limited intention, permit me—if even otherwise I could think it permissible—to speak at all of the high and harmonious measure in which it seems to me to express the mind and features of my dear Master.

This only it is within the compass of my present purpose to affirm—that here is a piece of vital and essential sculpture ; the result of sincere skill spent carefully on an object worthy its care : motive and method alike right ; no pains spared ; and none wasted. And any spectator of sensitiveness will find that, broadly speaking, all the sculpture round seems dead and heavy in comparison, after he has looked long at this.

There must always be, indeed, some difference in the immediate effect on our minds between the picturesque treatment proper in portrait sculpture, and that belonging, by its grace of reserve, to classical design. But it is generally a note of weakness in an Englishman when he thinks he can conceive like a Greek ; so that the plurality of modern Hellenic Academy sculpture consists merely of imperfect anatomical models peeped at through bath-towels ; and is in the essence of it quite as dull as it appears to be. Let us go back to less dignified work.

196. School Revisited. (G. D. Leslie, A.)

I came upon this picture early, in my first walk through the rooms, and was so delighted with it that it made me like everything else I saw, that morning ; it is altogether exquisite in rendering some of the sweet qualities of English girlhood ; and, on the whole, the most easy and graceful composition in the rooms. I had written first, “masterly” composition ; but no composition is quite masterly which modifies or subdues any of the natural facts so as to force certain relations between them. Mr. Leslie at present subdues all greens, refuses all but local darks, and scarcely permits himself, even in flesh, color enough for life. Young ladies at a happy country boarding-school, like this, would be as bright as by the seaside ; and there is no reason why a

knowledge-gatherer, well cared for, should be less rosy than a samphire-gatherer.

Rich color may be in good taste, as well as the poorest; and the quaintness, politeness, and grace of Leslie might yet glow with the strength and freshness of Hook. It may perhaps be more difficult than I suppose to get the delicate lines and gradations on which the expression of these girls mainly depends in deeper color. But, at all events, the whole should be more in harmony, and more consistently precious. English girls are, perhaps, not all of them, St. Dorothys; but at least they are good enough to deserve to have their rose-leaves painted about them thoroughly.

The little thing on the extreme left, with the hoop, is as pleasant a shadow of nature as can be conceived in this kind: and I have no words to say how pretty she is.

But Mr. Leslie is in the very crisis of his artist life. His earlier pictures were finer in color—and color is the soul of painting. If he could resolve to paint thoroughly, and give the colors of Nature as they are, he might be a really great painter, and almost hold, to Bonifazio, the position that Reynolds held to Titian. But if he subdues his color for the sake of black ribands, white dresses, or faintly idealized faces, he will become merely an Academic leaf of the "*Magazin des Modes*."

For the present, however, this picture, and the clay portrait of Carlyle, are, as far as my review reaches, the only two works of essential value in the Exhibition of this year—that is to say, the only works of quietly capable art, representing what deserved representation.

English girls, by an English painter. Whether you call them Madonnas, or saints—or what not—it is the law of art-life; your own people, as they live, are the only ones you can understand. Only living Venice, done by Venetian—living Greece by Greek—living Scotland, perhaps, which has much loved Germany, by living Germany, which has much revered Scotland: such expansion of law may be granted; nay, the strangeness of a foreign country, making an artist's sight of it shrewd and selective, may produce a sweet secondary

form of beautiful art ; your Spanish Lewis—your French Prout—your Italian Wilson—and their like—second-rate nevertheless, always. Not Lewis, but only Velasquez, can paint a perfect Spaniard ; not Wilson, nor Turner, but only Carpaccio, can paint an Italian landscape ; and, too fatally, the effort is destructive to the painters, beyond all resistance ; and Lewis loses his animal power among the arabesques of Cairo ; Turner, his Yorkshire honesty at Rome ; and Holman Hunt—painting the Light of the World in an English orchard—paints the gaslight of Bond Street in the Holy Land.

English maids, I repeat, by an English painter : that is all that an English Academy can produce of loveliest. There's another beautiful little one, by Mr. Leighton, with a purple drapery thrown over her, that she may be called Fatima (215, and 345), who would have been quite infinitely daintier in a print frock, and called Patty. And I fear there are no more, to speak of, by artists,* this year ; the two vivid sketches, 222, 262, being virtually put out of court by their coarse work. (Look close at the painting of the neck, in the one, and of the left hand, in the other.) Of English men, there is the Mayor, and the Chemist ; a vigorous squire or two, and the group of grand old soldiers at Greenwich—a most notable, true, pathetic study ; but scarcely artistic enough to be reckoned as of much more value than a good illustrative woodcut. Mr. Watts' portraits are all conscientious and subtle, and of great present interest, yet not realistic enough to last. Exclusively I return to my Carlyle and the school-girls, as, the one, sure to abide against the beating of the time stream ; and the other, possibly floating on it, discernible as a flower in foam.

* But see note on 317, p. 191.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THERE ought to be a separate room in our Academy for the exhibition of the magnificent work in scientific drawing and engraving, done, at present, almost without public notice, for the illustrations of great European works on Palæontology, Zoölogy, and Botany. The feeling, on the part of our artists, that an idle landscape sketch, or a clever caricature, may be admitted into their rooms as "artistic;" and that work which the entire energy of early life must be given to learn, and of late life to execute—is to be excluded, merely because it is thoroughly true and useful—is I hope likely to yield, some day, to the scientific enthusiasm which has prevailed often where it should have been resisted, and may surely therefore conquer, in time, where it has honorable claims.

There is nothing of the kind, however, to be seen here, hitherto; but I may direct attention under this head, rather than that of landscape, to the exquisite skill of delineation with which Mr. Cooke has finished the group of palm-trees in his wonderful study of *Sunset at Denderah*. (443.) The sacrifice of color in shadow for the sake of brilliancy in light, essentially a principle of Holland as opposed to Venice, is in great degree redeemed in this picture by the extreme care with which the relations of light are observed on the terms conceded: but surely, from so low sunset, the eastern slopes of the mountains on the left could not have been reached by so many rays?

To this division of our subject also must be referred Mr. Brett's "*Spires and Steeples of the Channel Islands*" (497), but with less praise, for since the days when I first endeavored to direct the attention of a careless public to his conscientious painting of the *Stonebreaker* and *Woodcutter*, he has gained nothing—rather, I fear, lost, in subtlety of execution, and necessitates the decline of his future power by persistently covering too large canvas. There is no occasion that a geological study should also be a geological map; and even

his earlier picture, which I am honored in possessing, of the Val d'Aosta, would have been more precious to me if it had been only of half the Val d'Aosta.

The extreme distance here, however, beyond the promontory, is without any question the best bit of sea and atmosphere in the rooms. The paint on the water surface in the bay is too loaded ; but laid with extreme science in alternations of color.

At a still lower level, though deserving some position in the Natural History class for its essential, though rude, and apparently motiveless, veracity, must be placed "The Fringe of the Moor." (74.)

But why one should paint the fringe of the moor, rather than the breadth of it, merely for the privilege of carrying an ugly wooden fence all across the foreground, I must leave modern sentimentalists and naturalists to explain. Vestiges of the painter's former power of seeing true color remain in the iridescent distance, but now only disgrace the gentle hillsides with their coarseness of harlequinade ; and the daubed sky—daubed without patience even to give unity of direction to the bristle marks—seems to have been wrought in obtrusive directness of insult to every master, principle, and feeling revered, or experienced, in the schools of noble art, from its nativity to this hour.

And, closing the equivocal group of works in which Naturalism prevails unjustly over art, I am obliged to rank Mr. Leighton's interesting study of man in his Oriental function of scarecrow (symmetrically antithetic to his British one of game-preserved) 398. It is, I do not doubt, anatomically correct ; and, with the addition of the corn, the poppies, and the moon, becomes semi-artistic ; so that I feel much compunction in depressing it into the Natural History class ; and the more, because it partly forfeits its claim even to such position, by obscuring in twilight its really valuable delineation of the body, and disturbing our minds, in the process of scientific investigation, by sensational effects of afterglow, and lunar effulgence, which are disadvantageous, not to the scientific observer only, but to less learned spectators ; for when

simple and superstitious persons like myself, greatly susceptible to the influence of low stage lamps and pink side-lights, first catch sight of the striding figure from the other side of the room, and take it, perhaps, for the angel with his right foot on the sea and his left foot on the earth, swearing there shall be Time no longer; or for Achilles alighting from one of his lance-cast-long leaps on the shore of Scamander; and find, on near approach, that all this grand straddling, and turning down of the gas, mean, practically, only a lad shying stones at sparrows, we are but too likely to pass on petulantly, without taking note of what is really interesting in this Eastern custom and skill—skill which I would recommend with all my heart to the imitation of the British game-preserve aforesaid, when the glorious end of Preservation is to be accomplished in Battue. Good slinging would involve more healthy and graceful muscular action than even the finest shooting; and might, if we fully followed the Eastern example, be most usefully practised in other periods of the year, and districts of England, than those now consecrated to the sports of our aristocracy. I cannot imagine a more edifying spectacle than a British landlord in the middle of his farmer's cornfield, occupied in this entirely patriotic method of Protection.

The remainder of the pictures which I have to notice as belonging to the domain of Natural History, are of indubitable, though unpretending, merit: they represent indeed pure Zoology in its highest function of Animal Biography, which scientific persons will one day find requires much more learned investigation of its laws than the Thanatography which is at present their exclusive occupation and entertainment.

414. A Fascinating Tail. (H. H. Couldery.)

Quite the most skilful piece of minute and Dureresque painting in the exhibition—(it cannot be rightly seen without a lens); and in its sympathy with kitten nature, down to the most appalling depths thereof, and its tact and sensitiveness to the finest gradations of kittenly meditation and motion,—unsurpassable. It seems hard to require of a painter who has toiled so much, that, for this very reason, he should toil the

more. But "The Little Epicure" (169) cannot be considered a picture till the cabbage leaves are as perfect as the fish.

1234. The First Taste. (S. Carter.)

Altogether enjoyable to me ; and I am prepared to maintain (as a true lover of dogs, young and old), against all my heroic and tragically-minded friends, that this picture is exemplary in its choice of a moment of supreme puppy felicity, as properest time for puppy portraiture. And I thankfully—and with some shame for my generally too great distrust of modern sentiment—acknowledge, before it, that there is a real element of fine benevolence toward animals, in us, advanced quite infinitely, and into another world of feeling, from the days of Snyders and Rubens. "The Little Wanderers" (1173), by this same painter, are a most pathetic and touching group of children in the wood. You may see, if you will take your opera-glass to it, that the robin is even promising to cover them with leaves, if indeed things are to end, as seems too probable. And compare, by the way, the still more meek and tender human destitution, "To be Left till Called for," 83, which I am ashamed of myself for forgetting, as one of the pretty things that first encouraged me to write these notes. "Nobody's Dog" may console us with his more cynical view of his position in the wide world ; and finally, Miss Acland's Platonic puppy (737) shows us how events of the most unexpected, and even astounding, character may be regarded, by a dog of sense, with entire moral tranquillity, and consequently with undisturbed powers of reflection and penetration.

How strange that I cannot add to my too short list of animal studies—any, however unimportant, of Birds ! (I do not count as deserving notice at all, dramatic effects of vulture, raven, etc.) Not a nest—not a plume ! English society now caring only for kingfishers' skins on its hat, and plovers' eggs on its plate.

LANDSCAPE.

THE distinction between Natural Historic painting of scenery and true Landscape, is that the one represents objects as a Government Surveyor does, for the sake of a good account of the things themselves, without emotion, or definite purpose of expression. Landscape painting shows the relation between nature and man ; and, in fine work, a particular tone of thought in the painter's mind respecting what he represents.

I endeavored, thirty years ago, in "Modern Painters," to explain this difference briefly, by saying that, in Natural History painting, the artist was only the spectator's horse ; but in Landscape painting, his friend.

The worst of such friendliness, however, is that a conceited painter may at last leave Nature out of the question altogether, and talk of himself only ; and then there is nothing for it but to go back to the Government Surveyor. Mr. Brett, in his coast scene above noticed, gives us things, without thoughts ; and the fuliginous moralists above noticed, thoughts—such as they are—without things : by all means let us rather have the geographical synopsis.

415. Hoppers on the Road. (W. Linnell.)

This is a landscape, however ; and, if it were more lightly painted, we might be very happy with it. Mr. Linnell cares no more than his father for brush-dexterity ; but he does no worse now, in that part of the business, than everyone else. And what a relief it is, for any wholesome human sight, after sickening itself among the blank horrors of dirt, ditch-water, and malaria, which the imitators of the French schools have begrimed our various exhibition walls with, to find once more a bit of blue in the sky, and a glow of brown in the coppice, and to see that Hoppers in Kent can enjoy their scarlet and purple—like empresses and emperors !

1199. Summer Days for Me. (A. W. Hunt.)

I am at some pause in expressing my pleasure in the realization of this beautiful scene, because I have personal interest in it, my own favorite summer walk being through this very field. As, however, I was far away at Assisi when the artist painted it, and had nothing whatever to do with either the choice or treatment of his subject, it is not indecorous for me to praise a work in which I am able so securely to attest a fidelity of portraiture, happily persisted in without losing the grace of imagination.

It is the only picture of the year which I saw in the studio; and that by chance; for it is one of my fixed laws not to look at pictures before they take their fair trial in the Academy. But I ventured to find fault with the sky. The sky was courteously changed to please me; but I am encroaching enough to want it changed more. "Summer days are" *not* "for me" unless the sky is blue in them, and especially unless it looks—what simple mortals too often make it in reality,—a great way off. I want this sky to look bluer at the top, and farther away at the bottom. The brook on the right is one of the very few pieces of stream which, this year, have been studied for their beauty, not their rage.

256. Wise Saws. (J. C. Hook, R.A.)

I suspect that many, even of the painter's admirers, pass this pretty sketch without noticing the humor with which he has expressed the gradations of feminine curiosity, scientific attention, and conscientious sense of responsibility, in the faces of the troop of cows who approach to investigate the nature of the noisy phenomenon upon the palings. It is a charming summer sketch, but scarcely worth sending to the Academy; and time was wasted by the good painter in carrying so far, what he felt his skill would be misapplied in carrying farther.

I am sure that Mr. Hook cannot lately have been reading his Richard II.; but, whether the line quoted for his motto chanced idly to occur to his memory, or was suggested to him by some acquaintance, he will, I trust, find a more decorous,

as he easily may a more amusing, motto for his pretty cattle piece, before it becomes known in the picture market as the parody of one of the most pathetic utterances in all Shakespearian tragedy.

123. On the River Mole. (Birket Foster.)

In doubt whether the spectator, without assistance, would see all the metaphysical distinctions between the cows in Mr. Hook's landscape, I need a more keen-sighted spectator's assistance to tell me, in Mr. Foster's, whether those animals on the opposite bank of the Mole are cows at all. If so, the trunks of the trees in the hedge beyond are about twenty yards in girth. What do our good water-color painters mean by wasting their time in things like this (and I could name one or two who have done worse), for the sake of getting their names into the Academy catalogue?

69, 81. The Horse-dealer. Crossing the Moor.

I have not looked long enough at these to justify me in saying more of them than that they should not be here on the line. That much I *must* say; and emphatically.

265. (I venture to supply a title, the painter seeming to have been at a loss.) A Wild Rose, remarkable in being left on its stalk, demonstrates to the poet Campbell that there has been a garden in this locality.

Little thought I, when I wrote the first line of "Modern Painters," that a day would come when I should have to say of a modern picture what I must say of this. When I began my book, Wilkie was yet living; and though spoiled by his Spanish ambition, the master's hand was yet unpalsied, nor had lost its skill of practice in its pride. Turner was in his main color-strength, and the dark room of the Academy had, every year, its four or five painted windows, bright as the jewel casements of Aladdin's palace, and soft as a kingfisher's wings. Mulready was at the crowning summit of his laborious skill; and the "Burchell and Sophia in the Hayfield," and the "Choosing of the Wedding Dress," remain in my mind as

standards of English effort in rivalry with the best masters of Holland. Constable's clumsy hand was honest, and his flickering sunshine fair. Stanfield, sea-bred, knew what a ship was, and loved it; knew what rocks and waves were, and wrought out their strength and sway with steadiest will. David Roberts, though utterly destitute of imagination, and incapable of color, was at least a practised draughtsman in his own field of architectural decoration; loved his Burgos or Seville cathedral fronts as a woman loves lace; and drew the details of Egyptian hieroglyph with dutiful patience, not to show his own skill, but to keep witness of the antiquity he had the wisdom to reverence; while, not a hundred yards from the Academy portico, in the room of the old water-color, Lewis was doing work which surpassed, in execution, everything extant since Carpaccio; and Copley-Fielding, Robson, Cox, and Prout were everyone of them, according to their strength, doing true things with loving minds.

The like of these last-named men, in simplicity and tenderness of natural feeling, expressing itself with disciplined (though often narrow) skill, does not, so far as I can see, now exist in the ranks of art-laborers; and even of men doing their absolute best according to their knowledge, it would be difficult to find many among the most renowned exhibitors of London and Paris; while here, full on the line, with highest Academic name, and hailed by explosive applause from the whole nation, here is—I cannot use strength of words enough to tell you what it is, unless you will first ascertain for yourselves what it is *not*.

Get what good you can of it, or anything else in the rooms to-day; but to-morrow, or when next you mean to come to the Academy, go first for half an hour into the National Gallery, and look closely and thoroughly at the painting of the soldier's helmet, and crimson plume in John Bellini's *Peter Martyr*; at the horse-bridle in the large, nameless Venetian picture of the *Madonna and kneeling Knight*; at the herbage in the foreground of Mantegna's *Madonna*; and at Titian's columbines and vine in the *Bacchus and Ariadne*. All these are examples of true painter's work in minor detail; unsurpassable, but not,

by patience and modesty, inimitable. There was once a day when the painter of this (soi-disant) landscape promised to do work as good. If, coming straight from that to this, you like this best, be properly thankful for the blessings of modern science and art, and for all the good guidance of Kensington and Messrs. Agnew. But if you think that the four-petalled rose, the sprinkle of hips looking like ill-drawn heather, the sundial looking like an ill-drawn fountain, the dirty birch-tree, and the rest—whatever it is meant for—of the inarticulate brown scrabble, are not likely to efface in the eyes of future generations the fame of Venice and Etruria, you have always the heroic consolation given you in the exclamation of the *Spectator*—"If we must choose between a Titian and a Lancashire cotton mill—give us the cotton mill."

Literally, here you have your cotton mill employed in its own special Art-produce. Here you have, what was once the bone and sinew of a great painter, ground and carded down into black-podded broom-twigs. That is what has come to pass upon him; that, *his* finding on his "ruinous walk" over the diabolic Tom Tidler's ground of Manchester and Salford. Threshed under the mammon flail into threads and dust, and shoddy-fodder for fools; making manifest yet, with what ragged remnant of painter's life is in him, the results of mechanical English labor on English land. Not here the garden of the sluggard, green with frank weeds; not here the garden of the Deserted Village, overgrown with ungathered balm; not here the noble secrecy of a virgin country, where the falcon floats and the wild goat plays; but here the withering pleasure of a fallen race, who have sold their hearths for money, and their glory for a morsel of bread.

231. The Quarries of Holmeground. (J. S. Raven.)

The painter has real feeling of the sublimity of hill forms, and has made the most of his Langdale pikes. But it is very wonderful that in all this Academy, so far as I have yet seen, there is not a single patient study of a mossy rock. Now the beauty of foreground stone is to be mossy, as the beauty of a beast is to be furry; and a quarried rock is to a natural one

what a skinned leopard is to a live one. Even if, as a simple painter, and no huntsman, one liked one's leopard or tiger better dead than alive, at least let us have him dead in his integrity ; or—if so much as that cannot be,—for pictorial purpose it is better to have, as in No. 697, the skin without the tiger, than, as here, the tiger without the skin. (No. 697, by the way, should have been named in the Natural History class, for a good study as far as it reaches, and there may be more substantial drawing in it than I can see at the height where it is hung.)

Another sorrowful character in the mountain-painting of this year, is the almost total absence of any attempt to render calm and full sunshine. 564 and 368 are, I think, the only exceptions, though scarcely worth noticing except as such ; unless the latter, for the extreme and singular beauty of the natural scene it represents. The "Mountain Twilight," 759, W. C. Eddington, is evidently a pure and careful study of evening air among noble hills. What an incomparably ridiculous mob this London mob is !—to let some square leagues of room lie about its metropolis in waste brick-field, and occupy immeasurable space of wall with advertisements of pills and pictures of newly-opened shops ; and lift a lovely little drawing like this simply—out of its way.

237. Richmond Hill. (Vicat Cole, A.)

The passages on the left, under the trees, of distant and subdued light, in their well-studied perfection, are about the most masterly things in landscape work in this exhibition ; but has the painter never in his life seen the view from Richmond Hill on a clear day ? Such a thing is still possible ; and when it happens, is the time to paint that distance, or at least (for the passages on the left imply mist), when the indistinctness of it may be in golden mist, not gas fume. The last line quoted from Thomson seems to have been written prophetically, to describe the England of our own day. But Thomson was never thinking of real smoke when he wrote it. He was as far from imagining that English landscape would ever be stifled in floating filth, as that the seasons should

stop rolling, or April not know itself from November. He means merely the warm mist of an extreme horizon ; and has at least given us something to look at before we come to it. What has Mr. Vicat Cole done with all those hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires, which he leads us to expect ?

I think I never saw a large picture so much injured by a little fault, as this is by the white wake of the farthest boat on the river. As a fact, it is impossible ; as a white line, it cuts all to pieces.

651. The Head of a Highland Glen. (F. C. Newcome.)

The best study of torrent, including distant and near water, that I find in the rooms : 1075 has been most carefully and admirably studied from nature by Mr. Raven : only what is the use of trying to draw water with charcoal ? and what makes nearly all the painters this year choose to paint their streams in a rage, and foul with flood, instead of in their beauty, and constant beneficence ? Our manufacturers have still left, in some parts of England and Scotland, streams of what may be advertised in the bills of Natural Scenery as " real water ; " and I myself know several so free from pollution that one can sit near them with perfect safety, even when they are not in flood.

The rest of this mountain scene by Mr. Newcome is also carefully studied, and very right and good.

756. The Llugwy at Capel Curig. (L. J. Curnock.)

I find this to be the most attentive and refined landscape of all here ; too subdued in its tone for my own pleasure, but skilful and affectionate in a high degree ; and one of the few exceptions to my general statement above made ; for here is a calm stream patiently studied. The distant woods and hills are all very tender and beautiful.

636 is also a singularly careful and unassumingly true drawing ;—but are the town and rail not disquieted enough,—that we should get no rest in a village ?

POLICY.

We finally inquire what our British artists have to say to us on the subject of good Government, and its necessary results ;—what triumph they express in the British Constitution and its present achievements.

In old times, all great artistic nations were pictorially talkative, chiefly, next to religion, on the subject of Government. Venice, Florence, and Siena did little else than expound, in figures and mythic types, the nature of civic dignity, statesmanly duty, and senatorial or soldierly honor ; and record, year by year, the events conducive to their fame.

I have not exhaustively overlooked the Academy ; but, except Miss Thomson's study of a battle fought just "sixty years since,"—I find no English record of any important military or naval achievement ; and the only exhibition of the mode in which Britannia at present rules the waves, is Mr. Cooke's "Devastation" being reviewed ; somewhat sable and lugubrious as a national spectacle, dubious as a national triumph, and to myself, neither in color nor sentiment enjoyable, as the pictures of Victorys and Temeraires one used to see in days of simpler warfare. And of political achievement there seems still less consciousness or regard in the British artist ; so that future generations will ask in vain for any aid to their imagination of the introduction of Dr. Kenealy to the Speaker, or any other recent triumph of the British Constitution.

The verdict of existing British Art on existing British Policy is, therefore, if I understand it rightly, that we have none ; but, in the battle of life, have arrived at declaration of an universal *Sauve qui peut* ;—or explicitly, to all men, Do as you like, and get what you can. Something other than this may however be gathered, it seems to me, from the two records given us of the war,—so unwise, and yet so loyal,—of sixty years ago.

613. *La Charge des Cuirassiers Français à Waterloo.* (Philippoteau.)

This carefully studied and most skilful battle piece is but too likely to be overlooked in the confused rush to Miss Thomson's more attractive composition. And of all in the Academy, this is the picture which an Englishman, of right feeling, would least wish to overlook. I remember no so impartial and faithful representation of an historical battle. I know no war-painting by the artists of any great race, however modest, in which the object has not hitherto been definitely—self-laudation. But here is a piece of true war-history, of which it is not possible to say, by observance of any traceable bias, whether a Frenchman or Englishman painted it. Such a picture is more honorable to France than the taking of the Malakoff.

I never approached a picture with more iniquitous prejudice against it, than I did Miss Thomson's; partly because I have always said that no woman could paint; and secondly, because I thought what the public made such a fuss about, *must* be good for nothing.

But it is Amazon's work, this; no doubt of it, and the first fine pre-Raphaelite* picture of battle we have had;—profoundly interesting; and showing all manner of illustrative and realistic faculty. Of course, all that need be said of it, on this side, must have been said twenty times over in the journals; and it remains only for me to make my tardy genuflection, on the trampled corn, before this Pallas of Pall Mall;—and to murmur my poor words of warning to her, that she remember, in her day of triumph, how it came to pass that Atlanta was stayed and Camilla slain.

Camilla-like the work is—chiefly in its refinement, a quality

* Miss Thomson may perhaps not in the least know herself for a sister of the school. But the entire power of her picture, as of her own mind, depends first on her resolution to paint things as they really are, or were; and not as they might be poetically fancied to be. See above, the note on 218, p. 176.

I had not in the least expected, for the cleverest women almost always show their weakness in endeavors to be dashing. But actually, here, what I suppose few people would think of looking at, the sky, is the most tenderly painted, and with the truest outlines of cloud, of all in the exhibition;—and the terrific piece of gallant wrath and ruin on the extreme right, where the cuirassier is catching round the neck of his horse as he falls, and the convulsed fallen horse just seen through the smoke below—is wrought, through all the truth of its frantic passion, with gradations of color and shade which I have not seen the like of since Turner's death.

I place these two paintings under the head of "Policy," because it seems to me that, especially before the *Quatrebras*, one might wisely consider with Mr. Carlyle, and with one's self, what was the "net upshot" and meaning of our modern form of the industry of war. Why should these wild and well-meaning young Irish lads have been brought, at great expense, all the way to Four Arms, merely to knock equally wild and well-meaning young French lads out of their saddles into their graves; and take delight in doing so? And why should the English and French squires at the head of their regiments, have, practically, no other object in life than deceiving these poor boys, and an infinite mob besides of such others, to their destruction?

Think of it. Suppose this picture, as well as the one I was so happy in praising of Mr. Collinson's, had been called—as it also, quite properly, might have been—"Sunday Afternoon" (only dating "June 18th, 1815"). Suppose the two had been hung side by side. And, to complete our materials for meditation, suppose Mr. Nicol's "*The Sabbath Day*" (1159)—which I observed the *Daily Telegraph* called an exquisitely comic picture, but which I imagine Mr. Nicol meant for a serious one—representing the conscientious Scottish mountain-matron setting out for the place where she may receive her cake of spiritual oatmeal, baken on the coals of Presbyterian zeal; suppose, I say, this ideal of Scottish Sabbath occupation placed beside M. Philippoteau's admirable painting of the Highland regiment at evening missionary service, in that

sweet and fruitful foreign land ; while Miss Thomson enables us also, thus meditating in our fields at eventide, to consider, if not the Lilies, at least the Poppies of them ; and to understand how in *this* manner of friction of ears of corn—by his bent knees instead of his fingers—the modern Christian shows that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath ?

“ Well—and if this were so done,—should we not feel that the peace of the cottage, and the honor of the mountain-side, were guarded and won for them by that mighty Evening Service, with the thunder of its funeral march rolled deep among the purple clouds ? ”

No ! my soldier friends ; no : do not think it. They were, and are, guarded and won by silent virtues of the hearth and the rock, which must endure until the time when the prayer we pray in our every Sabbath Litany, to be delivered from battle, murder, and sudden death—shall have been offered with sincere hearts, fervently ; and so found its way at last to the audience of Heaven.

NOTE TO PICTURE 518.

“ The rarity and grandeur of his character being that he was a Greek in ideas and a Roman in action ; who really did, and abstained, strictly to ideal, in a time when everybody else was sadly fallen from his ideal.

“ In 353 he is made Cæsar (Constantius having no sons, and he being last of his race) ; and from that to Constantius' death in 361 he has to fight the Franks and Alemanni. During the last few years of this time I find he lived mostly at Paris—that he fortified the ancient Lutetia (l'Île de la Cité), built the Thermæ Juliani, the remains of which, (Thermes de Julien) are still visible in the Rue de la Harpe, between Palais de Cluny and Ecole de Médecine. Also, in a scarcity of corn from inroads of the Germans, he got a great supply of corn from England (calculated at 120,000 quarters *at once*)—and fed people all along the Rhine from Bingen to Cologne. He says (Epist. ii.) he was a Christian up to his twentieth year, 351 ; and he said nothing about his change (in public) till 361. Then he felt himself the successor of M. Aurelius, and seems to have gone to work in his determined, clear-sighted way. But the Pagans seem to have been surprised at his faith as much as the Christians at his apostasy.”—REV. R. ST. J. TYRWHITT.

NOTES BY MR. RUSKIN

ON

SAMUEL PROUT AND WILLIAM HUNT

ILLUSTRATED BY A LOAN COLLECTION OF DRAWINGS EXHIBITED AT

THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERIES

148 NEW BOND STREET

1879-80

NOTE.

I HAVE to thank the kind friends who have contributed drawings. I regret that very many of them have had to be returned, simply because I had already to my hand examples which sufficiently illustrated the lessons I wished to teach in putting together these notes.

J. RUSKIN.

1

PREFACE.

It has been only in compliance with the often and earnestly urged request of my friend Mr. Marcus Huish, that I have thrown the following notes together, on the works of two artists belonging to a time with which nearly all associations are now ended in the mind of general society; and of which my own memories, it seemed to me, could give little pleasure (even if I succeeded in rendering them intelligible) to a public indulged with far more curious arts, and eager for otherwise poignant interests than those which seemed admirable,—though not pretending to greatness, and were felt to be delightful,—though not provoking enthusiasm, in the quiet and little diverted lives of the English middle classes, “sixty years since.”

It is especially to be remembered that drawings of this simple character were made for the same middle classes, exclusively: and even for the second order of the middle classes, more accurately expressed by the term “bourgeoisie.” The great people always bought Canaletto, not Prout, and Van Huysum, not Hunt. There was indeed no quality in the bright little water-colors, which could look other than pert in ghostly corridors, and petty in halls of state; but they gave an unquestionable tone of liberal-mindedness to a suburban villa, and were the cheerfulest possible decorations for a moderate-sized breakfast parlor, opening on a nicely mown lawn. Their liveliness even rose, on occasion, to the charity of beautifying the narrow chambers of those whom business or fixed habit still retained in the obscurity of London itself; and I remember with peculiar respect the pride of a benevolent physician, who never would exchange his neighborhood

to the poor of St. Giles's for the lucrative lustre of a West End Square, in wreathing his tiny little front drawing-room with Hunt's loveliest apple-blossom, and taking the patients for whom he had prescribed fresh air, the next instant on a little visit to the country.

Nor was this adaptation to the tastes and circumstances of the London citizen, a constrained or obsequious compliance on the part of the kindly artists. They were themselves, in mind, as in habits of life, completely a part of the characteristic metropolitan population whom an occasional visit to the Continent always thrilled with surprise on finding themselves again among persons who familiarly spoke French; and whose summer holidays, though more customary, amused them nevertheless with the adventure, and beguiled them with the pastoral charm, of an uninterrupted picnic. Mr. Prout lived at Brixton, just at the rural extremity of Cold Harbor Lane, where the spire of Brixton church, the principal architectural ornament of the neighborhood, could not but greatly exalt, by comparison, the impressions received from that of Strasburg Cathedral, or the Hôtel de Ville of Bruxelles; and Mr. Hunt, though often in the spring and summer luxuriating in country lodgings, was only properly at home in the Hampstead road,* and never painted a cluster of nuts without some expression, visible enough by the manner of their presentation, of the pleasure it was to him to see them in the shell, instead of in a bag at the greengrocer's.

The lightly rippled level of this civic life lay, as will be easily imagined, far beneath the distractions, while it maintained itself meekly, yet severely, independent of the advantages held out by the social system of what is most reverently called "Town." Neither the disposition, the health, nor the means of either artist admitted of their spending their evenings, in general, elsewhere than by their own firesides; nor could a spring levée of English peeresses and foreign ambassadors be invited by the modest painter whose only studio was his little back-parlor, commanding a partial view of the

* See his own inscription, with LONDON in capitals, under No.

scullery steps and the water-butt. The fluctuations of moral and æsthetic sentiment in the public mind were of small moment to the humble colorist, who depended only on the consistency of its views on the subject of early strawberries; and the thrilling subjects presented by the events or politics of the day were equally indifferent to the designer who invited interest to nothing later than the architecture of the 15th century. Even the treasures of scientific instruction, and marvels of physical discovery, were without material influence on the tranquillity of the two native painters' uneducated skill. Prout drew every lovely street in Europe without troubling himself to learn a single rule of perspective; while Hunt painted mossy banks for five-and-twenty years without ever caring to know a Sphagnum from a Polypody, and embossed or embowered his birds' eggs to a perfection, which Greek connoisseurs would have assured us the mother had unsuspectingly sate on—without enlarging his range of ornithological experience beyond the rarities of tomtit and hedge-sparrow.

This uncomplaining resignation of patronage, and unblushing blindness to instruction, were allied, in both painters, with a steady consistency in technical practice, which, from the first, and to the last, precluded both from all hope of promotion to the honors, as it withheld them from the peril of entanglement in the rivalries, connected with the system of exhibition in the Royal Academy. Mr. Prout's method of work was entirely founded on the quite elementary qualities of white paper and black Cumberland lead; and expressly terminated within the narrow range of prismatic effects producible by a brown or blue outline, with a wash of ochre or cobalt. Mr. Hunt's early drawings depended for their peculiar charm on the most open and simple management of transparent color; and his later ones, for their highest attainments, on the flexibility of a pigment which yielded to the slightest touch and softest motion of a hand always more sensitive than firm. The skill which unceasing practice, within limits thus modestly unrelaxed, and with facilities of instrument thus openly confessed, enabled each draughtsman in his

special path to attain, was exerted with a vividness of instinct somewhat resembling that of animals, only in the slightest degree conscious of praiseworthiness, but animated by a healthy complacency, as little anxious for external sympathy as the self-content of a bee in the translucent symmetry of its cell, or of a chaffinch in the silvery tracery of her nest—and uniting, through the course of their uneventful and active lives, the frankness of the bird with the industry of the insect.

In all these points of view the drawings to which I venture, not without hesitation, to call the passing attention of the public, can claim regard only as examples of genius both narrowed and depressed; yet healthy enough to become more elastic under depression; and scintillant enough to be made more vivid by contraction. But there are other respects in which these seemingly unimportant works challenge graver study; and illustrate phases of our own national mind—I might perhaps say, even of national civilization—which coincide with many curious changes in social feelings; and may lead to results not easily calculable in social happiness.

If the reader has any familiarity with the galleries of painting in the great cities of Europe, he cannot but retain a clear, though somewhat monotonously calm, impression of the character of those polished flower-pieces, or still-life pieces, which occupy subordinate corners in their smaller rooms; and invite to moments of repose, or frivolity, the attention and imagination which have been wearied in admiring the attitudes of heroism, and sympathizing with the sentiments of piety. Recalling to his memory the brightest examples of these which his experience can supply, he will find that all the older ones agree—if flower-pieces—in a certain courtliness and formality of arrangement, implying that the highest honors which flowers can attain are in being wreathed into grace of garlands, or assembled in variegation of bouquets, for the decoration of beauty, or flattery of noblesse. If fruit or still-life pieces, they agree no less distinctly in directness of reference to the supreme hour when the destiny of dignified fruit is to be accomplished in a royal dessert; and the

furred and feathered life of hill and forest may bear witness to the Wisdom of Providence by its extinction for the kitchen dresser.

Irrespectively of these ornamental virtues, and culinary utilities, the painter never seems to perceive any conditions of beauty in the things themselves, which would make them worth regard for their own sake: nor, even in these appointed functions, are they ever supposed to be worth painting, unless the pleasures they procure be distinguished as those of the most exalted society. No artists of the old school would ever think of constructing a subject out of the herbs of a cottage garden, or viands of a rural feast. Whatever interest was then taken in the life of the lower orders involved always some reference to their rudenesses or vices; and rarely exhibits itself in any other expression than that of contempt for their employments, and reproach to their recreation.

In all such particulars the feelings shown in the works of Hunt, and of the school with which he was associated, directly reverse those of the preceding age. So far from being garlanded into any polite symmetry, his primroses fresh from the bank, and hawthorns white from the hedge, confess at once their artless origin in the village lane—have evidently been gathered only at the choice, and thrown down at the caprice, of the farmer's children, and cheerfully disclaim all hope of ever contributing to the splendors or felicities of the great. The bloom with which he bedews the grape, the frosted gold with which he frets the pine, are spent chiefly to show what a visible grace there is in the fruits of the earth, which we may sometimes feel that it is rude to touch, and swinish to taste; and the tenderness of hand and thought that soothe the rose-gray breast of the fallen dove, and weave the couch of moss for its quiet wings, propose no congratulation to the spectator on the future flavor of the bird in a pie.

It is a matter of extreme difficulty, but of no less interest, to distinguish, in this order of painting, what part of it has its origin in a plebeian—not to say vulgar—simplicity, which education would have invested with a severer charm; and

what part is grounded on a real sense of natural beauty, more pure and tender than could be discerned amid the luxury of courts, or stooped to by the pride of nobles.

For an especial instance, the drawing of the interior, No. 174, may be taken as a final example of the confidence which the painter felt in his power of giving some kind of interest to the most homely objects, and rendering the transitions of ordinary light and shade impressive, though he had nothing more sacred to illuminate than a lettuce, and nothing more terrible to hide than a reaping-hook. The dim light from the flint-glass window, and the general disposition and scale of the objects it falls on, remind me sometimes, however unreasonably, of the little oratory into which the deeply-worn steps ascend from the Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick. But I know perfectly well, and partly acknowledge the rightness of his judgment, though I cannot analyze it, that Hunt would no more have painted that knightly interior instead of this, with helmets lying about instead of saucepans, and glowing heraldries staying the light instead of that sea-green lattice, than he would have gone for a walk round his farm in a court dress.

"Plebeian—not to say vulgar"—choice; but I fear that even "vulgar," with full emphasis, must be said sometimes in the end. Not that a pipkin of cream in Devonshire is to be thought of less reverently than a vase of oil or canister of bread in Attica; but that the English dairy-maid in her way can hold her own with the Attic Canephora, and the peasant children of all countries where leaves are green and waters clear, possess a grace of their own no less divine than that of branch and wave. And it is to be sorrowfully confessed that the good old peach and apple painter was curiously insensible to this brighter human beauty, and though he could scarcely pass a cottage door around his Berkshire home without seeing groups of which Correggio would have made Cupids, and Luini cherubs, turned away from them all, to watch the rough plough-boy at his dinner, or enliven a study of his parlor-maid at her glass (158), with the elegance of a red and green pincushion.

And yet, for all this, the subtle sense of beauty above referred to was always in his mind, and may be proved, and partly illustrated, by notice of two very minute, but very constant, differences between his groups of still life and those of the Dutch painters. In every flower-piece of pretension, by the masters of that old school, two accessory points of decoration are never absent. The first of these is the dew-drop, or rain-drop—it may be two or three drops, of either size, on one of the smoothest petals of the central flower. This is always, and quite openly, done to show how well the painter can do it—not in the least with any enjoyment of wetness in the flower. The Dutchman never got a wet flower to paint from. He had his exquisite and exemplary poppy or tulip brought in from the market as he had occasion, and put on its dew-drops for it as a lady's dressing-maid puts on her diamonds, merely for state. But Hunt saw the flowers in his little garden really bright in the baptismal dawn, or drenched with the rain of noontide, and knew that no mortal could paint any real likeness of that heaven-shed light—and never once attempted it; you will find nothing in any of his pictures merely put on that you may try to wipe it off.

But there was a further *tour-de-force* demanded of the Dutch workman, without which all his happiest preceding achievements would have been unacknowledged. Not only a dew-drop, but, in some depth of bell, or cranny of leaf, a bee, or a fly, was needful for the complete satisfaction of the connoisseur. In the articulation of the fly's legs, or neurography of the bee's wings, the Genius of painting was supposed to signify her accepted disciples; and their work went forth to the European world, thenceforward, without question, as worthy of its age and country. But, without recognizing in myself, or desiring to encourage in my scholars, any unreasonable dislike or dread of the lower orders of living creatures, I trust that the reader will feel with me that none of Mr. Hunt's peaches or plums would be made daintier by the detection on them of even the most cunningly latent wasp, or cautiously rampant caterpillar; and will accept,

without so much opposition as it met with forty years ago, my then first promulgated, but steadily since repeated assertion, that the "modern painter" had in these matters less vanity than the ancient one, and better taste.

Another interesting evidence of Hunt's feeling for beauty is to be found in the unequal distribution of his pains to different parts of his subject. This is indeed, one of the peculiar characteristics of our modern manner, and in the abstract, not a laudable one. All the old masters, without exception, complete their pictures from corner to corner with a strictly driven level of deliberation ; and whether it be a fold of drapery, a blade of grass, or a wreath of cloud, on which they are subordinately occupied, the pencil moves at the same tranquil pace, and the qualities of the object are rendered with the same fixed attention. In this habitual virtue, the dull and the brilliant, the weak and the mighty, concur without exception ; holding it for their first point of honor to be thorough craftsmen ; and to carry on the solicitude of their skill throughout the piece, as an armorer would hammer a corslet, or a housewife knit a stocking, leaving no edge untempered, and no thread unfastened. Modern petulance and incompetence lead, on the contrary, to the flaunting of dexterity in one place, and the pretence of ease in another—complete some portions of the subject with hypocritical affection, and abandon others in ostentatious contempt. In some few cases, the manner arises from a true eagerness of imagination, or kindly and natural desire for sympathy in particular likings ; but in the plurality of instances, the habit allies itself with mistaken principles of art, and protects impatience and want of skill under the shield of philosophy.

Few modern pieces of oil-painting are more accomplished or deliberate than those of Meissonier : and in the example placed on the table in the centre of the room, his subject was one which he certainly would not have treated, consciously, with prosaic indignity of manner, or injurious economy of toil. Yet the inequality of workmanship has depressed what might have been a most sublime picture almost to the level of

a scenic effect. The dress of the Emperor and housings of his steed are wrought with the master's utmost care : but the landscape is nearly unintelligible, and the ground a mere conventional diaper of feeble green and gray.

It is difficult to describe the height to which the picture would have risen above its present power, if a ruined French village had been represented with Flemish precision amidst the autumnal twilight of the woods ; and the ground over which the wearied horse bears his dreaming rider, made lovely with its native wild-flowers.

In all such instances, the hold which a true sense of beauty has over the painter's mind may be at once ascertained by observing the nature of the objects to which his pains have been devoted. No master with a fine instinct for color would spend his time with deliberate preference on the straps and buckles of modern horse-furniture, rather than on the surrounding landscape or foreground flowers, though in a subject like this he would have felt it right to finish both, to the spectator's content, if not to his amazement. And among the numerous rustic scenes by Hunt which adorn these walls, though all are painted with force and spirit, none are recommended to our curiosity by an elaborate finish given to ungraceful objects. His final powers are only employed on motives like the dead doves in Nos. 139 and 145, accompanied by incidents more or less beautiful and seemly.

I must even further guard my last sentence, by the admission that the means by which his utmost intentions of finish are accomplished, can never, in the most accurate sense, be termed "elaborate." When the thing to be represented is minute, the touches which express it are necessarily minute also ; they cannot be bold on the edge of a nutshell, nor free within the sphere of a bird's nest ; but they are always frank and clear, to a degree which may seem not only imperfect, but even harsh or offensive, to eyes trained in more tender or more formal schools. This broken execution by detached and sharply defined touches became indeed, in process of years, a manner in which the painter somewhat too visibly indulged, or prided himself ; but it had its origin and author-

ity in the care with which he followed the varieties of color in the shadow, no less than in the lights, of even the smallest objects. It is easy to obtain smoothness and unity of gradation when working with a single tint, but if all accidents of local color and all differences of hue between direct and reflected light are to be rendered with absolute purity, some breaking of the texture becomes inevitable. In many cases, also, of the most desirable colors, no pigments mixed on the palette, but only interlaced touches of pure tints on the paper, will attain the required effect. The indefinable primrose color, for instance, of the glazed porringer in the foreground of No. 174 could not possibly have been given with a mixed tint. The breaking of gray through gold by which it has been reached is one of the prettiest pieces of work to be seen in these rooms; it exhibits the utmost skill of the artist, and is an adequate justification of his usual manner.

Among the earliest statements of principles of art made in the "*Stones of Venice*," one of those chiefly fortunate in obtaining credit with my readers was the course of argument urging frankness in the confession of the special means by which any artistic result has been obtained, and of the limitations which these appointed instruments, and the laws proper to the use of them, set to its scope. Thus the threads in tapestry, the tesserae in mosaic, the joints of the stones in masonry, and the movements of the pencil in painting, are shown without hesitation by the greatest masters in those arts, and often enforced and accented by the most ingenious; while endeavors to conceal them—as to make needlework look like pencilling, or efface, in painting, the rugged freedom or joyful lightness of its handiwork into the deceptive image of a natural surface, are, without any exception, signs of declining intelligence, and benumbed or misguided feelings.

I therefore esteem Hunt's work all the more exemplary in acknowledging without disguise the restrictions imposed on the use of water-color as a medium for vigorously realistic effects: and I have placed pieces of it in my Oxford school as standards of imitative (as distinguished from decorative) color, in the rightness and usefulness of which I have every

day more confirmed trust. I am aware of no other pieces of art, in modern days, at once so sincere and so accomplished : only let it be noted that I use the term "sincere" in this case, not as imputing culpable fallacy to pictures of more imaginative power, but only as implying the unbiassed directness of aim at the realization of very simple facts, which is often impossible to the passions, or inconsistent with the plans, of greater designers.

In more cautiously guarded terms of praise, and with far less general proposal of their peculiar qualities for imitation, I have yet, both in my earlier books, and in recent lectures at Oxford, spoken of the pencil sketches of Prout with a reverence and enthusiasm which it is my chief personal object in the present exhibition to justify, or at least to explain ; so that future readers may not be offended, as I have known some former ones to be, by expressions which seemed to them incompatible with the general tenor of my teaching.

It is quite true that my feelings toward this painter are much founded on, or at least colored by, early associations ; but I have never found the memories of my childhood beguile me into any undue admiration of the architecture in Billiter Street or Brunswick Square ; and I believe the characters which first delighted me in the drawings of this—in his path unrivalled—artist, deserve the best attention and illustration of which in my advanced years I am capable.

The little drawing, No. 95, bought, I believe, by my grandfather, hung in the corner of our little dining parlor at Herne Hill as early as I can remember ; and had a most fateful and continual power over my childish mind. Men are made what they finally become, only by the external accidents which are in harmony with their inner nature. I was not made a student of Gothic merely because this little drawing of Prout's was the first I knew ; but the hereditary love of antiquity, and thirst for country life, which were as natural to me as a little jackdaw's taste for steeples, or dabchick's for reeds, were directed and tempered in a very definite way by the qualities of this single and simple drawing.

In the first place, it taught me generally to like ruggedness ;

and the conditions of joint in moulding, and fitting of stones in walls which were most weather-worn, and like the gray dykes of a Cumberland hill-side. This predilection—passion, I might more truly call it—holds me yet so strongly, that I can never quite justly conceive the satisfaction of the original builders, even of the most delicate edifice, in seeing its comely stones well set together. Giotto's tower, and the subtly Cyclopean walls of early Verona, have indeed chastised the prejudice out of me, so far as regards work in marble enriched with mosaic and pure sculpture; but I had almost rather see Furness or Fountains Abbey strewn in grass-grown heaps by their brooksides, than in the first glow and close setting of their fresh-hewn sandstone. Whatever is rationally justifiable in this feeling, so far as it is dependent on just reverence for the signs of antiquity, and may therefore be trusted to, as existing generally in the minds of persons of thoughtful temperament, was enough explained, long ago, in the passages of the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," which, the book not being now generally accessible, I reprint in Appendix L: but openness of joints and roughness of masonry are not exclusively signs of age or decay in buildings: and I did not at that time enough insist on the propriety, and even the grace, of such forms of literal "rustication"* as are compelled by coarseness of materials, and plainness of builders, when proper regard is had to economy, and just honor rendered to provincial custom and local handicraft. These are now so little considered, that the chief difficulties I have had in the minute architectural efforts possible at Brantwood have been to persuade my Coniston builder into satisfaction with Coniston slate, and retention of Coniston manners in dressing—or rather leaving undressed—its primitively fractured edges. If I ever left him alone for a day, some corner stone was sure to be sent for from Bath or Portland, and the ledges I had left

* At the time of masonry four ledges, of which the aspect in full light is given in this sketch, were selected by the workmen, and each was a specimen of a different quarry, whose four ledges were laid with the same skill as the gray granite of Fieschi, and looked like a piece of the same.

to invite stonecrop and swallows, trimmed away in the advanced style of the railway station at Carnforth.

There is more, however, to be noted in this little old-fashioned painting, than mere delight in weedy eaves and mortarless walls. Pre-eminently its repose in such placid subjects of thought as the cottage, and its neighboring wood, contain for an easily-pleased observer, without the least recommendation of them by graceful incident, or plausible story. If we can be content with sunshine on our old brown roof, and the sober green of a commonplace English wood, protected by a still more commonplace tarred paling, and allowing the fancy therefore not to expatiate even so far as the hope of a walk in it—it is well ;—and if not,—poor Prout has no more to offer us, and will not even concede the hope that one of those diagonally-dressed children may be the least pretty, or provoke us, by the gleam of a ribbon, or quaintness of a toy, into asking so much as what the itinerant pedler has in his basket.

I was waiting for a train the other day at Dover, and in an old-fashioned print-shop on the hill up to the Priory station, saw a piece of as old-fashioned picture-making, elaborately engraved, and of curious interest to me, at the moment, with reference to my present essay. It belonged to the dull British school which was founded on conscientious following of the miniature methods and crowded incidents of Dutch painting ; and always dutifully proposed to give the spectator as much entertainment as could be collected into the given space of canvas. There was an ideal village street to begin with, the first cottage gable at the corner having more painting (and very good and pretty painting) spent on the mere thatch of it, than there is in the entire Prout drawing under our notice. Beyond the laborious gable came some delicately-branched trees ; and then the village street, in and out, half-a-mile long, with shops, and signs, and what not ; and then the orthodox church-steeple, and then more trees, and then a sky with rolling white clouds after Wouvermans ;—but all this, though the collected quantity of it would have made half-a-dozen country villages, if well pulled out, was only the beginning of the subject. Gable, street, church, rookery, and sky, were all, in the paint-

er's mind, too thin and spare entertainment. So out of the gable-window looked a frightened old woman—out of the cottage-door rushed an angry old man ; over the garden palings tumbled two evil-minded boys,—after the evil-minded boys rushed an indignantly-minded dog ; and in the centre of the foreground, cynosure of the composition, were, a couple of fighting-cocks,—one fallen, the other crowing for conquest ;—highly finished, both, from wattle to spur. And the absolute pictorial value of the whole,—church and sky—village and startled inhabitants—vagabond boys—vindictive dog—and victorious bird (the title of the picture being “The Moment of Victory”)—the intrinsic value of the whole, I say, being—not the twentieth part of a Hunt's five-minute sketch of one cock's feather.

And yet it was all prettily painted,—as I said ; and possessed every conceivable quality that can be taught in a school, or bought for money : and the artist who did it had probably in private life, a fair average quantity of sense and feeling, but had left both out of his picture, in order to imitate what he had been taught was fine, and produce what he expected would pay.

Take another instance, more curious, and nearer to matters in hand. The little photograph, No. 117, was made in 1858 (by my own setting of the camera), in the court-yard of one of the prettiest yet remaining fragments of 15th century domestic buildings in Abbeville. The natural vine-leaves consent in grace and glow with the life of the old wood carving ; and though the modern white porcelain image ill replaces the revolution-deposed Madonna, and only pedestals of saints, and canopies, are left on the propping beams of the gateway ; and though the cask, and cooper's tools, and gardener's spade and ladder are little in accord with what was once stately in the gate, and graceful in the winding stair,—the declining shadows of the past mingle with the hardship of the present day in no unkindly sadness ; and the little angle of courtyard, if tenderly painted in the depression of its fate, has enough still to occupy as much of our best thought as may be modestly claimed for his picture by any master not of the highest order.

But these motives of wise and gentle feeling would not appeal to the public mind in competitive exhibition. Such efforts as are made by our own landscapists to keep record of any fast vanishing scenes of the kind, are scarcely with goodwill accepted even in our minor art galleries : and leave to share in the lustre of the Parisian "Salon de 1873" could only be hoped for by the author of the composition from which the photograph, No. 118, is taken, on condition of his giving pungency to the feeble savor of architectural study by a condiment of love, assassination, and despair.

It will not, I trust, be supposed that in anything I have said, or may presently further say, I have the smallest intention of diminishing the praise of nobly dramatic or pathetic pictures. The best years of my life have been spent in the endeavor to illustrate the neglected greatest of these, in Venice, Milan, and Rome : while my last and most deliberate writings have lost much of their influence with the public by disagreeably insisting that the duty of a great painter was rather to improve them, than amuse. But it remains always a sure elementary principle that interest in the story of pictures does not in the least signify a relative interest in the art of painting, or in the continual beauty and calm virtue of nature : and that the wholesomest manner in which the intelligence of young people can be developed (I may say, even, the intelligence of modest old people cultivated), in matters of this kind, is by inducing them accurately to understand what painting is as mere painting, and music as mere music, before they are led into further question of the uses of either, in policy, morals, or religion.

And I cannot but recollect with feelings of considerable refreshment, in these days of the deep, the lofty, and the mysterious, what a simple company of connoisseurs we were, who crowded into happy meeting, on the first Mondays in Mays of long ago, in the bright large room of the old Water-color Society ; and discussed, with holiday gayety, the unimposing merits of the favorites, from whose pencils we knew precisely what to expect, and by whom we were never either disappointed or surprised. Copley Fielding used to paint fishing-

boats for us, in a fresh breeze, "Off Dover," "Off Ramsgate," "Off the Needles,"—off everywhere on the south coast where anybody had been last autumn ; but we were always kept pleasantly in sight of land, and never saw so much as a gun fired in distress. Mr. Robson would occasionally paint a Bard, on a heathery crag in Wales ; or—it might be—a Lady of the Lake on a similar piece of Scottish foreground,—“Benvenue in the distance.” A little fighting, in the time of Charles the First, was permitted to Mr. Cattermole ; and Mr. Cristall would sometimes invite virtuous sympathy to attend the meeting of two lovers at a Wishing gate or a Holy well. But the furthest flights even of these poetical members of the Society were seldom beyond the confines of the British Islands ; the vague dominions of the air, and vasty ones of the deep, were held to be practically unvoyageable by our un-Dædal pinions, and on the safe level of our native soil, the sturdy statistics of Mr. De Wint, and blunt pastorals of Mr. Cox, restrained within the limits of probability and sobriety, alike the fancy of the idle, and the ambition of the vain.

It became, however, by common and tacit consent, Mr. Prout's privilege, and it remained his privilege exclusively, to introduce foreign elements of romance and amazement into this—perhaps slightly fenny—atmosphere, of English common sense. In contrast with our Midland locks and barges, his “On the Grand Canal, Venice,” was an Arabian enchantment ; among the mildly elegiac country churchyards of Llangollen or Stoke Pogis, his “Sepulchral Monuments at Verona” were Shakespearian tragedy ; and to us who had just come into the room out of Finsbury or Mincing Lane, his “Street in Nuremberg” was a German fairy tale. But we none of us recognized, then (and I know not how far any of us recognize yet), that these feelings of ours were dependent on the mediation of a genius as earnest as it was humble, doing work not in its essence romantic at all ; but, on the contrary, the only quite useful, faithful, and evermore serviceable work that the Society—by hand of any of its members—had ever done, or could ever, in that phase of its existence, do : containing, moreover, a statement of certain social facts only to be gathered, and image

of certain pathetic beauties only to be seen, at that particular moment in the history of (what we are pleased to call) civilization.

"As earnest," I repeat,—“as it was humble.” The drawings actually shown on the Exhibition walls gave no sufficient clue to Prout's real character, and no intimation whatever of his pauseless industry. He differed, in these unguessed methods of toil, wholly from the other members of the Society. De Wint's morning and afternoon sketches from nature, with a few solidifying touches, were at once ready for their frames. Fielding's misty downs and dancing seas were softened into their distances of azure, and swept into their hollows of foam, at his ease, in his study, with conventional ability, and lightly burdened memory. Hunt's models lay on the little table at his side all day; or stood as long as he liked by the barn-door, for a penny. But Prout's had to be far sought, and with difficulty detailed and secured: the figures gliding on the causeway or mingling in the market-place, stayed not his leisure; and his drawings prepared for the Water-color room were usually no more than mechanical abstracts, made absolutely for support of his household, from the really vivid sketches which, with the whole instinct and joy of his nature, he made all through the cities of ancient Christendom, without an instant of flagging energy, and without a thought of money payment. They became to him afterward a precious library, of which he never parted with a single volume as long as he lived. But it was the necessary consequence of the devotion of his main strength to the obtaining of these studies, that at his death they remained a principal part of the provision left for his family, and were therefore necessarily scattered. I cannot conceive any object more directly tending to the best interests of our students, both in art and history, than the reassembling a chosen series of them for the nation, as opportunity may be given.

Let me, however, before entering on any special notice of those which Mr. Huish has been able at this time (and I myself, by the good help of the painter's son, Mr. Gillespie Prout), to obtain for exhibition, state in all clearness the terms under

which they should be judged, and may be enjoyed. For just as we ought not to match a wood-block of Bewick's against a fresco by Correggio, we must not compare a pencil outline of Prout's with any such ideals of finished street effect as Flemish painting once produced. Prout is not a colorist, nor, in any extended or complete sense of the word, a painter. He is essentially a draughtsman with the lead-pencil, as Durer was essentially a draughtsman with the burin, and Bewick on the wood-block. And the chief art-virtue of the pieces here exhibited is the intellectual abstraction which represents many features of things with few lines.

Take the little view in Amiens, No. 7, showing the west front of the cathedral in the distance. That front is enriched with complex ranks of arcade and pinnacle, which it would take days to outline perfectly, and which, seen at the distance assumed in this drawing, gather into a mystery which no fineness of hand could imitatively follow. But all this has been abstracted into a few steady lines, with an intelligence of choice and precision of notation which build the cathedral as if it stood there, and in such accurate likeness that it could be recognized at a glance from every other mass of Gothic in Europe.

That drawing dependent on abstraction of this kind, in which forms are expressed rather as a mineralogist would draw a crystal than with any investing mystery of shade or effect, cannot be carried beyond the point assigned, nor convey any sense of extreme beauty or majesty, when these really exist in its subject, must be conceded at once, and in full. But there is a great deal of scenery in this Europe of ours, not lovely; and a great deal of habitation in this Europe of ours not sublime, yet both extremely worthy of being recorded in a briefly crystalline manner. And with scenes only, and dwellings only, of this ruder nature, Prout is concerned.

Take for instance the general facts respecting the valley of the Somme, collected in this little sketch of Amiens. That river, and the Oise, with other neighboring minor streams, flow through a chalk district intersected by very ancient val-

leys, filled mostly with peat up to sea-level, but carrying off a large portion of the rainfall over the whole surface of the upper plains, which, open and arable, retain scarcely any moisture in morasses, pools, or deep grass. The rivers, therefore, though with little fall, run always fast and brimful, divided into many serviceable branches and runlets; while the older villages and cities on their banks are built of timber and brick, or in the poorer cottages, timber and clay; but their churches of an adhesive and durable chalk rock, yielding itself with the utmost ease to dexterities of deep incision, and relieving, at first with lace-like whiteness, and always with a pleasant pearly gray, the shadows so obtained. No sensual arts or wealthy insolences have ever defiled or distorted the quiet temper of the northern French race, and in this busy little water-street of Amiens (you see that Prout has carefully indicated its rapid current—a navigable and baptismal brook, past step and door—water that one can float with and wash with, not a viscous vomit of black poison, like an English river) you have clearly pictured to you a state of peasant life assembled in the fellowship of a city, yet with as little pride as if still in the glades of Arden, and united chiefly for the sake of mere neighborliness; and the sense of benediction and guardianship in the everywhere visible pinnacles of the temple built by their Fathers, nor yet forsaken by their Fathers' God.

All this can be enough told in a few rightly laid pencil lines, and more, it is needless to tell of so lowly provincial life.

Needless, at least, for the general public. For the closer student of architecture, finer drawing may be needed; but even for such keener requirement Prout will not, for a time, fail us.

Five-and-twenty miles down the Somme lies the little ramparted town of Abbeville; rampart only of the Grand Monarque's time, but the walls of might long ago, in the days of Crécy; and few French provincial bourgs had then more numerous or beautiful monasteries, hospitals, chapels, and churches. Of the central St. Wulfran, never completed, there remain only the colossal nave, the ruined transept walls, and

the lordly towers and porches of the west front. The drawing No. 5, quite one of the best examples of Prout's central time in the room, most faithfully represents this western pile of tracery and fretwork, with the filial richness of the timber houses that once stood round it.

None of the beautiful ones here seen are now left ; and one day, perhaps, even France herself will be grateful to the wandering Londoner, who drew them as they once were, and copied, without quite understanding, every sign and word on them.

And as one of the few remaining true records of fifteenth-century France—such as her vestiges remained after all the wreck of revolution and recoil of war had passed over them, this pencil drawing, slight as it seems, may well take rank beside any pen-sketch by Holbein in Augsburg, or Gentil Bellini in Venice. As a piece of composition and general treatment, it might be reasoned on for days ; for the cunning choices of omission, the delicate little dexterities of adjustment—the accents without vulgarity, and reticences without affectation—the exactly enough everywhere, to secure an impression of reality, and the instant pause at the moment when another touch would have been tiresome—are, in the soberest truth, more wonderful than most of the disciplined compositions of the greater masters, for no scruple checks *them* for an instant in changing or introducing what they chose ; but Prout gives literal, and all but servile, portrait, only managing somehow to get the chequers of woodwork to carry down the richness of the towers into the houses ; then to get the broad white wall of the nearer houses to contrast with both, and then sets the transept turret to peep over the roof just enough to etherialize its practicality, and the black figure to come in front of it to give lustre to its whiteness ; and so on throughout, down to the last and minutest touches :—the incomprehensiblest classical sonata is not more artificial—the sparklingest painted window not more vivid, and the sharpest photograph not half so natural.

In sequence of this drawing, I may point out seven others of like value, equally estimable and unreplaceable,

both in matters of Art, and—I use the word, as will be seen presently, in its full force—of History, namely

- No. 9. EVREUX.
- No. 10. STRASBURG.
- No. 19. ANTWERP.
- No. 47. DOMO D'OSSOLA.
- No. 48. COMO.
- No. 65. BOLOGNA.
- No. 71. THE COLISEUM.

I choose these eight drawings (counting the Abbeville), four belonging to North France and Germany, four to Italy, of which the Northern ones do indeed utterly represent the spirit of the architecture chosen ; but the Southern subjects are much more restricted in expression, for Prout was quite unable to draw the buildings of the highest Italian school : yet he has given the vital look of Italy in his day more truly than any other landscapist, be he who he may ; and not excepting even Turner, for *his* ideal is always distinctly Turnerian, and not the mere blunt and sorrowful fact.

You might perhaps, and very easily, think at first that these Prout subjects were as much “Proutized” (Copley Fielding first used that word to me) as Turner's were Turnerized. They are not so, by any manner of means, or rather, they are so by manner and means only, not by sight or heart. Turner saw things as Shelley or Keats did ; and with perfectly comprehensive power, gave all that such eyes can summon, to gild, or veil, the fatalities of material truth. But Prout saw only what all the world sees, what is substantially and demonstrably there ; and drew that reality, in his much arrested and humble manner indeed, but with perfectly apostolic faithfulness. He reflected the scene like some rough old Etruscan mirror—jagged, broken, blurred, if you will, but *it*, the thing itself still ; while Turner gives *it*, and himself too, and ever so much of fairyland besides. His Florence or Nemi compels me to think, as a scholar, or (for so much of one as may be in me) a poet ; but Prout's harbor of

old Como is utterly and positively the very harbor I landed in when I was a boy of fourteen, after a day's rowing from Cadenabbia, and it makes me young again, and hot, and happy, to look at it. And that Bologna! Well, the tower *does* lean a little too far over, certainly; but what blessedness to be actually there, and to think we shall be in Venice to-morrow!

But note that the first condition of all these really great drawings (as indeed for all kinds of other good), is unaffectedness. If ever Prout strains a nerve, or begins to think what other people will say or feel;—nay, if he ever allows his own real faculty of chiaroscuro to pronounce itself consciously, he falls into fourth- and fifth-rate work directly; and the entire force of him can be found only where it has been called into cheerful exertion by subjects moderately, yet throughout delightful to him; which present no difficulties to be conquered, no discords to be reconciled, and have just enough of clarion in them to rouse him to his paces, without provoking him to prance or capriole.

I should thus rank the drawing of Como (48) as quite of the first class, and in the front rank of that class. Unattractive at first, its interest will increase every moment that you stay by it, and every little piece of it is a separate picture, all the better in itself for its subjection to the whole.

You may at first think the glassless windows too black. But nothing can be too black for an open window in a sunny Italian wall, at so short a distance. You may think the hills too light, but nothing can be too light for olive hills in mid-day summer. "They would have come dark against the sky?" Yes, certainly; but we don't pretend to draw Italian skies—only the ruined port of Como, which is verily here before us—(alas! at Como no more, having long since been filled up, levelled, and gravelled, and made an "esplanade" for modern Italy to spit over in its idle afternoons). But take the lens to the old group of houses;—they will become as interesting as a missal illumination if you only look carefully enough to see how Prout varied those twenty-seven black holes, so that literally not one of them shall be like another.

The grand old Comasque builder of the twelfth century arches below (the whole school of Lombardic masonry being originally Comasque) varied them to his hand enough in height and width—but he invents a new tiny picture in chiar-oscuro to put under every arch, and then knits all together with the central boats;—literally knits, for you see the mast of one of them catches up the cross-stick—stitch we might call it—that the clothes hung on between the balconies; and then the little figures on the left catch up the pillars like meshes in basket-work, and then the white awning of the boat on the left repeats the mass of wall, taking the stiffness out of it, while the reflections of arches, with the other figures, and the near black freights, carry all the best of it, broken and rippling, to the bitter shore.

But the drawing of the Coliseum at Rome, No. 71, has still higher claim to our consideration; in it were reserved, and in all points, rarer powers of expressing magnitude and solitude. It is so majestic in manner that it would quite have borne being set beside the photograph of Turner's drawing at Farnley; had it been fair to match mere outline against a finished composition. For Prout was, and he remains, the only one of our artists who entirely shared Turner's sense of magnitude, as the sign of past human effort, or of natural force; and I must be so far tedious as to explain this metaphysical point at some length. Of all forms of artistic susceptibility, reverent perception of true* magnitude is the rarest. No general conclusion has become more clear to my experience than this—strange as it may seem at first statement, that a painter's mind, *typically*, recognizes no charm in physical vastness: and will, if it must choose between two evils, by preference work on a reduced, rather than an enlarged, scale; and for subject, paint miniature rather than mass. Human form is always given by the great

* Reckless accumulation of *false* magnitude—as by John Martin, is merely a vulgar weakness of brain, allied to nightmare; so also the colossal works of decadent states in sculpture and architecture, which are always insolent; not reverent.

masters either of the natural size, or somewhat less (unless under fixed conditions of distance which require perspective enlargement),—and no sort or shadow of pleasure is ever taken by the strongest designers in bulk of matter. Veronese never paints shafts of pillars more than two feet in diameter, or thereabouts, and only from fifteen to twenty feet in height. Titian's beech-trunks in the Peter Martyr were not a foot across at the thickest, while his mountains are merely blue spaces of graceful shape, and are never accurately enough drawn to give even a suggestion of scale. And in the entire range of Venetian marine painting there is not one large wave.

Among our own recent landscape painters, while occasionally great feeling is shown for space, or mystery, there is none for essential magnitude. Stanfield was just as happy in drawing the East cliff at Hastings as the Rock of Ischia; and painted the little sandy jut of crag far better than the coned volcano. Fielding asked for no more stupendous summits than those of Saddleback or Wrynose—and never attempted the grandeur even of Yorkshire scars, finding their articulated geology troublesome. Sometimes David Roberts made a praiseworthy effort to explain the size of a pillar at Thebes, or a tower in the Alhambra; but only in cases where the character of largeness had been forced upon his attention, as the quality to be observed by himself, and recommended to the observation of others. He never felt, or would have tried to make anyone else feel—the weight of an ordinary boulder stone, or the hollow of an old chestnut stem, or the height of a gathering thunder-cloud. In the real apprehension of measurable magnitude, magnitude in things clearly seen—stones, trees, clouds, or towers—Turner and Prout stand—they two—absolutely side by side—otherwise companionless.

Measurable magnitude, observe :—and therefore wonderful. If you can't see the difference between the domes of the National Gallery and of St. Paul's :—much more if you can't see the difference between Shanklin Chine and the Via Mala (and most people can't !)—you will never care either for Turner or

Prout ;—nor can you care rightly for them unless you have an intellectual pleasure in construction, and know and feel that it is more difficult to build a tower securely four hundred feet high, than forty—and that the pillar of cloud above the crater of Etna, standing two thousand feet forth from the lips of it, means a natural force greater than the puff of a railway boiler. The quiet and calm feeling of reverence for this kind of power, and the accurate habit of rendering it (see notes on the Sketches of Strasburg, No. 10, and Drachenfels, No. 28)—are always connected, so far as I have observed, with some parallel justice in the estimate of spiritual order and power in human life and its laws ;—nor is there any faculty of my own mind—among those to which I owe whatever useful results it may have reached—of which I am so gratefully conscious.

There is one further point—and if my preface has hitherto been too garrulous, it must be grave in notice of this at the close,—in which Turner, Bewick, Hunt, and Prout, all four agree—that they can draw the poor, but not the rich. They acknowledge with affection, whether for principal or accessory subjects of their art, the British farmer, the British sailor,* the British marketwoman, and the British workman. They agree unanimously in ignoring the British gentleman. Let the British gentleman lay it to heart, and ask himself why.

The general answer is long, and manifold. But, with respect to the separate work of Prout, there is a very precious

* Including, of course, the British soldier ; but for Turner, a ship of the line was pictorially better material than a field battery ; else he would just as gladly have painted Albuera as Trafalgar. I am intensely anxious, by the way, to find out where a small picture of his greatest time may now be dwelling,—a stranded English frigate engaging the batteries on the French coast at sunset (she got off at the flood-tide in the morning) ; I want to get it, if possible, for the St. George's Museum at Sheffield. For the rest, I think the British gentleman may partly see his way to the answer of the above question if he will faithfully consider with himself how it comes to pass that, always fearless in the field, he is cowardly in the House,—and always generous in the field,—is yet meanly cunning, and—too often—malignant, in the House.

piece of instruction in it, respecting national prosperity and policy, which may be gathered with a few glances.

You see how all his best pieces depend on figures either crowded in market-places, or pausing (lounging, it may be) in quiet streets—you will not find in the entire series of subjects here assembled from his hand—a single figure in a hurry! He ignores, you see—not only the British Gentleman;—but every necessary condition, nowadays, of British Business!

Look again, and see if you can find a single figure exerting all its strength. A couple of men rolling a single cask, perhaps; here and there a woman with rather a large bundle on her head—any more athletic display than these, you seek in vain.

He ignores even the British Boat-race—and British muscular divinity, and British Muscular Art.

His figures are all as quiet as the Cathedral of Chartres! “Because he could not make them move”—think you? Nay, not so. Some of them—(that figure on the sands in the Calais, for instance), you can scarcely think are standing still—but they all move quietly. The real reason is that *he* understood—and *we* do not—the meaning of the word—“quiet.”

He understood it, personally, and for himself: practically and for others. Take this one fact—of his quiet dealings with men, and think over it. In his early days he had established a useful and steady connection with the country dealers,—that is to say, with the leading printsellers in the county towns and principal watering-places. He supplied them with pretty drawings of understood size and price, which were nearly always in tranquil demand by the better class of customers. The understood size was about 10 inches by 14 or 15, and the fixed price, six guineas. The dealer charged from seven to ten, according to the pleasantness of the drawing. I bought the “Venice,” for instance, No. 55, from Mr. Hewitt, of Leamington, for eight guineas.

The modern fashionable interest in—what we suppose to be art—had just begun to show itself a few years before Prout’s death; and he was frequently advised to raise his prices. But

he never raised them a shilling to his old customers.* They were supplied with all the drawings they wanted, at six guineas each, to the end. A very peaceful method of dealing, and under the true ancient laws ordained by Athena of the Agora, and St. James of the Rialto.

Athena, observe, of the Agora, or *Market Place*. And St. James of the Deep Stream, or *Market River*. The Angels of Honest Sale and Honest Portage; such honest portage being the true grandeur of the Grand Canal, and of all other canals, rivers, sounds, and seas that ever moved in wavering morris under the night. And the eternally electric light of the embankment of that Rialto stream was shed upon it by the Cross—know you that for certain, you dwellers by high-embanked and steamer-burdened Thames.

And learn from your poor wandering painter this lesson—for sum of the best he had to give you (it is the Alpha of the Laws of true human life)—that no city is prosperous in the sight of heaven, unless the peasant sells in its market—adding this lesson of Gentile Bellini's for the Omega, that no city is ever righteous in the Sight of Heaven, unless the noble walks in its street.

* Nor greatly to his new ones. The drawings made for the Water-color room were usually more elaborate, and, justly, a little higher in price; but my father bought the *Lisieux*, No. 13, off its walls, for eighteen guineas.

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CATALOGUE.

I.—PROUT.

THE reader will find, ending this pamphlet, a continuous index to the whole collection of drawings, with references to the pages in which special notice has been taken of them. So that in this descriptive text, I allow myself to pause in explanatory, or wander in discursive, statement, just as may seem to me most helpful to the student, or most likely to interest the general visitor.

I begin with the series of pencil drawings by Prout, which were my principal object in promoting this exhibition. Of these I have chosen seventy, all of high quality, and arranged so as to illustrate the outgoing course of an old-fashioned Continental tour, beginning at Calais, and ending at Rome. Following the order of these with attention, an intellectual observer may learn many things—not to his hurt.

Their dates, it will be noticed, are never given by the artist himself—except in the day ; never the year—nor is there anything in the progress of Prout's skill, or in his changes of manner, the account of which need detain us long. From earliest boyhood to the day of his death, he drew firmly, and never scrabbled or blurred. Not a single line or dot is ever laid without positive intention,* and the care needful to fulfil that intention. This is already a consummate virtue. But the magnificent certainty and ease, united, which it enabled him to obtain, are only seen to the full in drawings of

* See the exception proving the rule, in a single line, in No. 12, there noted.

his middle time. Not in decrepitude, but in mistaken effort, for which, to my sorrow, I was partly myself answerable, he endeavored in later journeys to make his sketches more accurate in detail of tracery and sculpture; and they lost in feeling what they gained in technical exactness and elaboration. Of these later drawings only three are included in this series, 4, 8, and 17; their peculiar character will, however, be at once discernible.

His incipient work was distinguished by two specialties—the use of a gray washed tint with the pencil, a practice entirely abandoned in his great time (though he will always make notes of *color* frankly); and the insisting on minor pieces of broken texture, in small stones, bricks, grass, or any little picturesque incidents, with loss of largeness and repose. The little study of the apse of Worms Cathedral (32), a most careful early drawing, shows these faults characteristically; the Prague (23) is as definite an example of his great central manner, and even Turner's outline is not more faultless, though more complete. For the rest, Turner himself shared in the earlier weakness of more sharply dotted and sprinkled black touches, and practised, contemporaneously, the wash of gray tint with the pencil. The chief use of the method to the young student is in its compelling him to divide his masses clearly; and I used it much myself in early sketches, such as that of the Aventine, No. 104a, for mere cleanliness and comfort in security of shadow—rather than the always rubbing and vanishing blacklead. But it is an entirely restricted method, and must be abandoned in all advanced study, and the pencil used alone both for shade and line, until the finer gradations of shadow are understood. Then color may be used with the pencil for notation, and every power at once is in the workman's hands. The two first studies in our series are perfect instances of this conclusive method.*

There were more reasons, and better ones, than the student

* For further notes on the methods of shape proper to the great masters, the reader may consult the third and fourth numbers of my *Laws of Fésolé*.

of to-day would suppose, for his not adopting it oftener. The subjects in Cornwall and Derbyshire, by which his mind was first formed, were most of them wholly discouraging in color, if not gloomy or offensive. Gray blocks of whinstone, black timbers, and broken walls of clay, needed no iridescent illustration; the heath and stonecrop were beyond his skill; and, had he painted them with the staunchest efforts, would not have been translatable into the coarse lithographs for Ackermann's drawing-books, the publication of which was at that time a principal source of income to him. His richer Continental subjects of later times were often quite as independent of color, and in nearly every case taken under circumstances rendering its imitation impossible. He might be permitted by indulgent police to stop a thoroughfare for an hour or two with a crowd of admirers, but by no means to settle himself in a comfortable tent upon the pavement for a couple of months, or set up a gypsy encampment of pots and easel in the middle of the market-place. Also, his constitution, as delicate as it was sanguine, admitted indeed of his sitting without harm for half an hour in a shady lane, or basking for part of the forenoon in a sunny piazza, but would have broken down at once under the continuous strain necessary to paint a picture in the open air. And under these conditions the wonder is only how he did so much that was attentive and true, and that even his most conventional water-colors are so refined in light and shade that even the slightest become almost majestic when engraved.

1. CALAIS.

Sketch on the spot, of the best time and highest quality—the clouds put in as they stood—the brig as she lay—the figures where they measure the space of sand, and give the look of busy desolateness, which poor Calais—crown jewel of England—had fallen to in our day—Prout's and mine. You see the size of the steam-packet of the period; you may trust Prout's measure of its magnitude, as aforesaid. So also of belfry, lighthouse, and church—very dear all to the old painter, as to me. I

gave my own drawing of the lighthouse and belfry, No. 104, to the author of *Rab and his Friends*, who may perhaps lend it me for comparison.* My drawing of the church spire is lost to me, but somewhere about in the world, I hope, and perhaps may be yet got hold of, and kept with this drawing, for memory of old Calais, and illustration of what was meant by the opening passage of the fourth volume of "Modern Painters." (Appendix II.)

Take the lens† to the gate of the tower (above the steamer) and see how, in such a little bit, the architecture is truly told. Compare Hogarth's Gate of Calais.

2. CALAIS OLD PIER.

Turner's great subject. But Turner's being earlier taken, while the English packet was still only a fast-sailing cutter—(steam unthought of!) A perfect gem of masterful study, and quiet feeling of the facts of eternal sea and shore.

The solemnly rendered mystery of the deep and far sea; the sway of the great waves entering over the bar at the harbor's mouth; the ebbing away of the sand at the angle of the pier; the heaping of it in hills against its nearer side, ‡ and the way in which all is made huge, bleak, and wild by the deeper tone of the dark sail and figure, are all efforts of the highest art faculty, which we cannot too much honor and thank.

3. STUDIES OF FRENCH AND NETHERLAND FIGURES AND DILIGENCES.

Exemplary in the manner of abstract, and perfect in figure drawing, for *his* purposes. They are poor persons,

* It was exhibited last year, but if it comes from Scotland, will be shown again for proof of Prout's fidelity in distant form.

† For proper study of any good work in painting and drawing, the student should always have in his hand a magnifying glass of moderate power, from two to three inches in diameter.

‡ Compare the sentence respecting this same place, Appendix II., "surfy sand, and hillocked shore."

you see—all of them. Not quite equal to Miss Kate Greenaway's in grace, nor to Mrs. Allingham's in face (they, therefore, you observe, have mostly their backs to us). But both Miss Kate and Mrs. Allingham might do better duty to their day, and better honor to their art, if they would paint, as verily, some of these poor country people in far-away places, rather than the high-bred prettinesses or fond imaginations, which are the best they have given us yet for antidote to the misery of London.

4. ABBEVILLE. CHURCH OF ST. WULFRAN.

Seen from the west, over old houses (since destroyed). Of the artist's best time and manner. See Preface, page 233.

5. ABBEVILLE. CHURCH OF ST. WULFRAN—THE NORTHWESTERN TOWER, WITH OLD HOUSES.

Elaborate. Of the late time, but not in the highest degree good. The chiaroscuro of the pinnacles evidently caught on the spot, but not carried through the drawing rightly, and the whole much mannered. Precious, however, for all that.

6. PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PORCHES OF ST. WULFRAN, ABBEVILLE.

7. AMIENS.

One of the best of the best time. See Preface, page 232, and compare the extract from "Modern Painters," given in Appendix III.

8. CHAPEL OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE IN ST. JAQUES, DIEPPE.

One of the best studies of the last period. See further notes on it under the number 17.

9. EVREUX.

Perfect sketch of the best time, and most notable for the exquisite grace of proportion in its wooden belfry. No architect, however accurate in his measurements—no artist, however sensitive in his admiration—ever gave the

proportion and grace of Gothic spires and towers with the loving fidelity that Prout did. This is much to say; and therefore I say it again deliberately: there are no existing true records of the real effect of Gothic towers and spires—except only Prout's. And now I must be tedious a while, and explain what I mean in saying this—being much—and show it to be true. Observe first—everything in grace of form depends on truth of scale. You don't show how graceful a thing is, till you show how large it is; for all grace means ultimately the use of strength in the right way, moral and physical, against a given force. A swan, no bigger than a butterfly, would not be graceful—its grace is in its proportion to the waves and power over them. A butterfly as large as a swan would not be graceful—its beauty is in being so small that the winds play with it, but do not vex it. A hollow traceried spire fifteen feet high would be effeminate and frivolous, for it would be stronger solid—a hollow traceried spire five hundred feet high, is beautiful; for it is safer so, and the burden of the builder's toil spared. All wisdom—economy—beauty, and holiness, are one; harmonious throughout—in all places, times, and things: understand any one of their orders, and do it—it will lead you to another—to all others, in time.

Now, therefore, think why this spire of Evreux is graceful. If it were only silver filigree over a salt-cellar, it would still be pretty (for it is beautifully varied and arranged). But not "graceful" (or full of grace). The reason is that it is built, not with silver, but with aspen logs, and because there has been brought a strange refinement and melody, as of chiming in tune, and virtue of uprightness—and precision of pointedness, into the aspen logs, which nobody could ever have believed it *was* in a log to receive. And it is graceful also, because it is evidently playful and bright in temper. There are no laboring logs visible—no propping, or thrusting, or bearing logs—no mass of enduring and afflicted timber—only imaginative timber, aspiring just high enough for praise,

not for ambition. Twice as high as it ever could have stood in a tree—by honor of men done to it ; but not so high as to strain its strength, and make it weak among the winds, or perilous to the people.

10. STRASBURG—THE CATHEDRAL SPIRE.

I have put this drawing—quite one of the noblest in all the series—out of its geographical place, and beside the Evreux, that you may compare the qualities of grace in wooden and stone buildings ; and follow out our begun reasoning further.

Examine first how the height is told. Conscientiously, to begin with. He had not room enough on his paper (perhaps), and put the top at the side rather than blunt or diminish the least bit. I say “perhaps,” because, with most people, that would have been the way of it ; but my own private opinion is, that *he* never meant to have room on his paper for it—that he felt instinctively that it was grander to have it going up nobody knew where—only that he could not draw it so for the public, and must have the top handy to put on afterward.

Conscientiously, first, the height is told ; next, artfully. He chooses his place just where you can see the principal porch at the end of the street—takes care, by every artifice of perspective and a little exaggeration of aerial tone, to make you feel how far off it is ; then carries it up into the clearer air. Of course, if you don't notice the distant porch, or are not in the habit of measuring the size of one part of a thing by another, you will not feel it here—but neither would you have felt it there, at Strasburg itself.

Next for composition. If you ever read my last year's notes on Turner, you must remember how often I had to dwell on his way of conquering any objectionable character in his main subject by putting more of the same character in something else, where it was *not* objectionable. Now it happens to be one of the chief faults of Strasburg Spire (and it has many, for all the reputation of it), to be far too much constituted of meagre upright lines (see the

angle staircases, and process of their receding at the top, and the vertical shafts across the window at its base). Prout instantly felt, as he drew the tower, that, left to itself it would be too ironlike and stiff. He does not disguise this character in the least, but conquers it utterly by insisting with all his might on the flutings of the pilasters of the near well. "How ill drawn these!" you say. Yes, but he hates these in themselves, and does not care how badly he draws them, so only that by their ugly help he can save the Cathedral. Which they completely do; taking all the stiffness out of it, and leaving it majestic. Next—he uses contrast to foil its beauty, as he has used repetition to mask its faults. In the Abbeville, No. 4, he had a beautiful bit of rustic white wall to set off his towers with. Here, in Strasburg, half modernized, alas! even in his time, he finds nothing better than the great ugly white house behind the lamp. In old times, remember, a series of gables like that of the last house would have gone all down the street. (Compare the effect in Antwerp, No. 19, all contemporary.) Prout will not do any "restoration"—he knows better; but he could easily have disguised this white house with cast shadows across the street and some blinds and carpets at the windows. But the white, vulgar mass shall not be so hidden, and the richness of all the old work shall gain fulness out of the modern emptiness, and modesty out of the modern impudence.

Pre-eminently the gain is to the dear old gabled house on the right, which is the real subject of the drawing, being a true Strasburg dwelling-house of the great times. But before speaking more of this, I must ask you to look at the next subject.

12. LISIEUX, OLD STREET IN.

This, though it contains so much work, is a hurried and fatigued drawing—fatigued itself in a sense, as having more touches put on it than were good for it; and the sign of fatigue in the master, or perhaps rather of passing

illness, for he seems never to have been tired in the ordinary way. The unusually confused and inarticulate figures, the more or less wriggled and ill-drawn draperies, and the unfinished foundation of the house on the right, where actually there is a line crossing another unintentionally! are all most singular with him; and I fancy he must have come on this subject at the end of a sickly-minded day, and yet felt that he must do all he could for it, and then broken down.

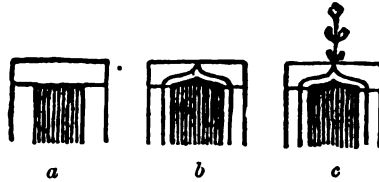
He has resolved to do it justice, at least in the drawing No. , one of the best in the room; but there are characters in the subject itself which, without his quite knowing why, cramped him, and kept several of his finer powers from coming into play.

Note first, essentially, he is a draughtsman of stone, not wood, and a tree-trunk is always wholly beyond his faculty; so that, when everything is wooden, as here, he has to translate his stony manner for it all through, and is as if speaking a foreign language. In the finished drawing, one scarcely knows whether the near doorway is stone or wood.

And there was one character, I repeat, in this subject that specially strained this weak part of him. When a wooden house is in properly wooden style—he can always do it, as at Abbeville and Strasburg. But this street at Lisieux is a wooden street in stone style. I feel even tempted to write fine scientific modern English about it, and say it is objectively lignologic and subjectively petrologic. The crossing beams of the wall-courses, and king-posts of the gables in dormer windows are indeed properly expressive of timber structure; but all the sculpture is imitative of the forms developed in the stone traceries of the same period—seen perfectly in the elaborate drawing, No. 8.

Those traceries were themselves reciprocally corrupted, as we shall see presently, by the woodwork practised all round them; but both the Burgundian and Norman later Gothic was corrupted by its own luxurious

laziness, before it took any infection from the forest. Instead of building a real pointed arch—they merely put a cross lintel with a nick in it * (a), then softened the nick-edges and ran a line of moulding round it (b), and



then ran up a flourish above to show what a clever thing they had done (c)—and there you are. But there is much more curious interest in this form of wooden imitative architecture than any mere matter of structural propriety.

Please compare the Lisieux houses in No. 11, with the house on the right at Strasburg in No. 10. You see there are no pinnacles nor crockets imitated there. All is sternly square—upright timber and cross timber—cut into what ornamental current mouldings the workman knew.

And yet you see the Cathedral at the side is eminently gabled and pinnacular! Run your eye from the square window of the second story of the house (third from ground), along to the cathedral gabled tracery. Could any two styles be more adverse? While on the contrary, the Lisieux street is merely a “changing the willow wreaths to stone”—in imitation of the chapel of St. Jaques? It is true, the Lisieux street is contemporary with St. Jaques, and the Strasburg house a century or so later than the Cathedral; but that is not the reason of the opposition. Had they been either pure French

* *Without* the nick, mind you, it would have been a grand building—pure Greek or pure Tuscan, and capable of boundless good. It is the Nicolaitane nick that's the devil.

or pure German, the two would have declined together and have died together. But in France of the fifteenth century, church, noblesse, and people, were one body, and the people in Lisieux loved and delighted in their clergy and nobles, as the Venetians did—

"Pontifices, clerus, populus, dux mente serenus."

But Strasbourg is on the edge—nay, on the Pole—of all divisions. Virtually, from west to east, between Dijon and Berne; virtually, from north to south, between Cologne and Basle; virtually, if you have eyes the Diet of Worms is in it; the Council of Constance is in it; the Battle of Sempach is there, and the rout of Granson.

That is a Swiss cottage, with all ecclesiastical and feudal powers flaming up into the sky at the side of it, and the iron lances and lines of them are as lace round the "*Commerce de Jean Dichl*." "*Commerce*," a grand word, which we suppose ourselves here to understand, an entirely vile one, if misunderstood. Human commerce, a business for men and angels; but inhuman, for apes and spectres. We must look at a few more street-scenes in order to find out which sort Jean Dichl's belongs to.

14. BAYEUX.

A small sketch, but first-rate, and with half a mile of street in it. Pure and plain woodwork this, with prop and buttress of stumpy stone—healthy all, and sound; note especially the strong look of foundation, as opposed to the modern style of house-front in most commercial quarters—five stories of brick wall standing on the edge of a pane of plate-glass.

15. TOURS.

The saints presiding over an old-clothes shop, apparently—but it may be the fashionable drapers of the quarter. I merely give it as an example of the developed form of bracket, the end of the cross timber becoming

a niche, and the prop, a saint—not without meaning. Much more strength than is really wanted allowed in the backing, so that these corrugated saints do not by their recessed niches really weaken the structure. Compare photograph, No. 117.

16. ROUEN. THE BUTTER-TOWER.

Built with the octroi on butter—not a right way—be it spoken, in passing. All taxes on food of any sort, or drink of any sort, are wrong, whether to build a pious tower, or support an impious government.

A tired sketch—the house on the left, one of the most beautiful in France, hurried and ill done.

17. ROUEN. STAIRCASE IN St. MACLOU.

Almost unique in the elaboration of the texture in marble pillar, and effect of distant light, showing what he was capable of in this kind ; compare St. Jaques, No. 8, where he gets flickering sunlight through painted glass. There, the effect is pathetic and expressive ; but both texture and effect of light were mistakes, in St. Maclou ; it does not in the least matter to the staircase whether the pillar is smooth, or the window bright. In earlier times he would have merely indicated the forms of both, and given his time to gather groups of figures following the circular sweep of the staircase.

18. GHENT.

Having run south now as far as I care, we will turn back, please, to go through the Netherlands into Germany. Pretty nearly *all* the Netherlands are in this and the following drawing. Boats, beside houses ; the boats heavily practical : the houses heavily fanciful ; but both accurate and perfect in their way ; work of a great, though fencible, people. The Ghent scene is the very cream of Prout—all that he could best do in his happiest times—his Cornish and Hastings boat-study standing him in thorough stead *here*, though it will fail him at Venice, as we shall sadly see.

19. ANTWERP.

Altogether magnificent : the noble street-scene, requiring no effort to exalt, no artifice to conceal a single feature in it. Pure fact—the stately houses and the simple market, and the divine tower. You would like advertisements all along the house-fronts, instead, wouldn't you? and notices of sale—at a ruinous sacrifice—in the shop-windows, wouldn't you? and a tramway up the street, and a railway under it, and a gasometer at the end of it, instead of a cathedral—now, wouldn't you?

21. BRUNSWICK.

Dainty still ; a most lovely drawing. I didn't find anything so good in the town myself, but was not there until 1859, when, I suppose, all the best of it had been knocked down. The Stadthaus (see lithograph, No. 93) is unique in the support of its traceries on light transverse arches, but this innovation, like nearly all German specialities in Gothic, is grotesque, and affected without being ingenious.

22. DRESDEN.

An exquisite drawing ; and most curious in the entire conquest and calming down of Prout's usual broken touch into Renaissance smoothness. It is the best existing representation of the old town, and readers of Friedrich may care to know what it was like.

23. PRAGUE.—ENTRANCE OVER THE BRIDGE.

A drawing already noticed, of the highest quality. The lithograph, No. 91, of the other side of the tower on the right, enables us to walk back the other way ; it is quite one of the best drawings in the book.

24. PRAGUE.—THE STADTHAUS.

Both lovely, and essentially Proutesque, as a drawing. Architecturally, one of the prettiest possible examples of fourteenth century Gothic. The town was all, more or less, like that, once—the houses beyond have, I suppose, been built even since the siege.

25. BAMBERG.

I include this drawing in our series, first for its lovely crowd of figures ; and secondly, to show that Prout never attempts to make anything picturesque that naturally isn't. Domo d'Ossola and Bologna (47 and 64) are picturesque—in the drawings, because they are so in reality—and heavy Bamberg remains as dull as it pleases to be. This strict honesty of Prout's has never been rightly understood, because he didn't often draw dull things, and gleaned the picturesque ones out of every hole and corner ; so that everybody used to think it was he who had made them picturesque. But, as aforesaid, he is really as true as a mirror.

26. NUREMBERG, CHURCH OF ST. , AT.

Of the best time, and certainly the fullest expression ever given of the character of the church. But the composition puzzled him, the house corner on left coming in too abruptly, and the sketch falls short of his best qualities ; he gets fatigued with the richness in excess over so large a mass, and feels that nothing of foreground will carry it out in harmony.

28. THE DRACHENFELS.

When I said that Turner and Prout stood by themselves in power of rendering magnitude, I don't mean on the same level, of course, but in perfect sympathy ; and Turner himself would have looked with more than admiration—with real respect—at this quiet little study. I have never seen any other picture or drawing which gave so intensely the main truths of the breadth and prolonged distances of the great river, and the scale and standing of the rock, as compared with the buildings and woods at its feet.

The "standing" of the rock, I say especially ; for it is in great part by the perfect sculpture and build of its buttresses—the "articulation" which, I have just said, Fielding shunned as too troublesome) that the effect, or rather information, of magnitude is given.

And next to this rock drawing, the clear houses and trees, and exquisite little boat—examined well—complete the story of mountain power by their intense reality. Take the lens to them—there is no true enjoyment to be had without attention, either from pictures, or the truth itself.

29. ISLANDS ON THE RHINE.

First, the power of the Dragon rock—then of the noble river. It seems to have been an especially interesting scene this, to good painters. One of the most elaborate pieces of drawing ever executed by Turner was from this spot.

30. THE PFALZ.

Hurried a little, and too black in distance—but I include it in the series for a most interesting bit of composition in it. The building, from this point of view, had a disagreeable look of a church-tower surrounded by pepper-boxes. He brings it into a mass, and makes a fortress of it, by the shadow on the mountain to the right of the tower, almost as dark as a bit of roof.

32. WORMS.

An early drawing—the only one included in this series—is to be compared with the careful water-color, No. 31.

35. ULM.

A beautiful drawing of one of the most interesting street fountains in Germany. It is given in this sketch, as usual, with entire care and feeling of its proportion. The water-color drawing, No. 36, shows the little interest he took in copying for the Exhibition, knowing that the British mind was not to be impressed by proportion, and only cared for getting things into their frames. The lithograph, No. 90, is, on the contrary, one of his most careful works, and quite true to the place, when I saw it in 1835. I suppose it is all pulled down, and

made an "esplanade" of by this time. (See "Seven Lamps," p. 182, in Appendix I.)

37 and 33. SWISS AND GERMAN COSTUMES.

I never can understand how these groups are ever designed or caught, and how they are built up, one by one. No painter who can do it ever tells us how.

39. CHILLON.

The only drawing I ever saw which gave the real relation of the castle to the size of the mountain behind it.

40. THE DUNGEON OF CHILLON.

I must leave the reader now to make what he may of this and the following drawings as far as 47: all of them, to people who know the old look of the places, will be interesting; but I have no time to enlarge on them.

41. MONTREUX.

42. WATERFALL UNDER THE DENT DU MIDI, IN THE RHONE VALLEY.

43. VILLAGE OF MARTIGNY.

46. BRIEG.

47. DOMO D'OSSOLA.

One of the most exemplary in the room, for intense fidelity to the place, and lovely composition of living groups. Note the value of the upright figure in the balcony on the left, in breaking up and enriching the mass, and joining it with the rest.

48. COMO.

Enough dwelt on in the preface.

49. THE MONUMENT OF CAN SIGNORIO DELLA SCALA, AT VERONA.

Note that the low sarcophagus on the left, of much finer time than the richer tomb, has on its side a bas-

relief representing the Madonna enthroned between two angels, a third angel presents to her the dead knight's soul, kneeling.

50. The large drawing of the subject, No. 50, has lost all these particulars. Was it all Prout's fault, shall we say? Was there anyone, in his time, of English travellers, who would have thanked him for a madonna and a dead old Scaliger, done ever so clearly?

56. VENICE. DUCAL PALACE FROM THE WEST.

57. VENICE. DUCAL PALACE FROM THE EAST.

58. ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, NORMANDY.

I have put No. 58 in this eccentric manner, after the Ducal Palace, that the reader may feel, for good and all, Prout's intense appreciation of local character—his gayety with the gay, and his strength with the strong. Cornish-bred, his own heart is indeed in the rocks, and towers, and sands of the fraternal Norman shore—and it fails him in Venice, where the conditions alike of her masquing and her majesty were utterly strange to him. Still, the sense of light, and motion, and splendor above the Riva dei Schiavoni; and of gloom, and iron-fastness, and poverty, midst the silent sands of Avranches, are rendered by the mirror of him, as if you had but turned its face from sun to shade.

The St. Michael's is an entirely grand drawing. The St. Raphael's—for that is indeed the other name of the Ducal Palace*—on this side, has many faults; but is yet, out and out, the best Ducal Palace that has as yet been done. It is not an architectural drawing—does not

* The angel Michael is the angle statue on the southwest (seen in No. 56), with the inscription, "With my sword I guard the good, and cleanse the evil." The angel Raphael holds in his hands the nations' prayer to him, "Raphael, the dreadful ("reverende"), make thou the deep quiet, we beseech thee."

in the least pretend to be. No one had ever drawn the traceries of the Ducal Palace till I did myself. Canaletto, in his way, is just as false as Prout—Turner no better. Not one of them painted anything but their general impressions; and not a soul in England knew that there was a system in Venetian architecture at all, until I made the measured (to half and quarter inches) elevation of it (No. 105), and gave the analysis of its tracery mouldings and their development, from those of the Franciscans at the Frari ("Stones of Venice," vol. ii.). This study of Prout's, then, I repeat, does not pretend to architectural accuracy; and it has even one very considerable fault. Prout's mind had been so formed among buildings solid at the base, and ærial at the top, that he not only could not enjoy, he could not even see, the national audacity of the great builder of the Ducal Palace, in supporting its wall on, virtually, two rows of marble piles; and, at the further end, just where the shafts at the angle let the winds blow through them as frankly as the timbers of Calais pier,* he blackens them all up inside, as if the backing wall were solid and the arches were only niches.

* The real and marvellous structure of the angle is admirably shown in the photograph, No. 106a, though the quantity of light penetrating the shafts is a little exaggerated in effect by uniting with the light sides of the shafts. Taking the lens to the photograph, you will see this line is destroyed by the modern gas-lamp stuck across the Italian sculpture, and you may admire at leisure the other improvements made by the art of the nineteenth century on the effect of the piazzetta. The combination of the fore and mizzen masts of the huge steamer whose hull, with its boat, blocks out the whole lagoon; and of the upright *nearg* gas-lamp, with the pillar of St. Mark—the introduction of the steamer's painted funnel to form a foundation for the tower of San Giorgio—the bathing establishment anchored beyond the pillars, just where the Bucentaur used to lie close to the quay to receive the Doge; and, finally, the bills pasted on the sheds at the base of St. Mark's column, advising us of improving works of a liberal tone, such as the "Storia della Natura," and the "Misteri della Inquisizione di Spagna." In this same Loggia of Sansovino's, against

For all that, there never was anything so true to the general splendor and life of the palace done before, nor ever will be again.*

There are two points—technical both and spiritual both—which the reader must note in this drawing.

The first, how thankful Prout is for the clusters of doves along the upper line of the cornice. "They might as well be jackdaws," you think? Well, as aforesaid, Prout is not a colorist, else he would have made his boats black and his doves gray; but then he would have been Carpaccio, and not Prout. This is really all you can expect him to do for a dove, with his poor Cumberland plumbago; and, after all, the glory of the creatures is not in being pigeons, but in being Venetians. Swallow or sparrow, daw or dove, sea-gull by Achilles' isle or chough by Cornish cliff—that they are living with us by shore and altar, under cottage eaves and around palace council chambers, that is their glory—and, if we knew it, our peace.

The other point is more definitely technical, yet has its lesson in other directions also. I have already again and again insisted on Prout's way of taking up his stitches, and carrying one part of his work into another. Look back to what is said of the *Como* in preface. He is no more content with his Ducal Palace till he has got it well into fugue with its crowd than he was with these old houses by the harbor. He won't break the corner of its

which these sheds are built, the "Misteri" of the Government Lottery are also revealed weekly to the popular mind.

* And in the great drawing (No. 60) lent by Lord Coleridge the upper story is singularly and gracefully accurate in the pinnacled Gothic of its central window, and in the various elevations and magnitudes of the rest. The two upper windows in the shade at the nearest angle are the oldest portion of the Palace visible, and Prout has carefully noted their different curve. The bright and busy figures are true to old times only, for the building is now being restored, and no man with a heart will ever draw the patched skeleton of it more.

arcade, but just flutes, as it were, a single pillar with the mast of a boat, and then carries the mast down—stopping the arch-mouldings for it, observe, as he draws them, so deliberate is he, and, getting well down so to his figures, rivets the rent of the canal across with the standing one, just under Michael Steno's central window, and then carries all away to the right, with the sitting figures and levelled sails in harmony with the courses of the palace, and to the left, with the boats. Hide one of these foundational forms with your hand, and see how the palace goes to pieces! There are many compositions in the room more felicitous; but there is no other in which the opposite influence to the "little rift within the lute"—the stitch in time that saves nine—is so delicately and so intensely illustrated as by the service of this single boat-spar to every shaft of the whole Ducal Palace.

With respect to these Venice drawings there are two metaphysical problems—in my own mind, of extreme insolubility—and on which I therefore do not enlarge, namely, why Prout, practical among all manner of Cornish and Kentish boats, could not for the life of him draw a gondola; and the second, why, not being able to draw a gondola, he yet never gave the grand Adriatic fishing-boat, with its colored sail, instead. These, and other relative questions still more abstruse—as, for instance, why he could draw the domes of Dresden rightly, and yet made the Madonna della Salute look like the National Gallery or Bethlehem Hospital—I must for the present leave for the reader's own debate, and only at speed give some account of the points to be illustrated by the supplementary drawings.

People often ask me—and people who have been long at Venice too—of the subject No. 55, *where* those square pillars are, and what they are. The corner of the Piazzetta from which this view is taken was once the sweetest of all sacred niches in that great marble withdrawing-room of the Piazzetta of St. Mark's. My old sketch, No. 107, shows approximately the color of the marble walls

and pavement of it, and the way the white flowers of the Greek pillars—purest Byzantine—shone through the dark spots of lichen. The Daguerreotype, No. 114, taken under my own direction, gives the light and shade of them, chosen just where the western sunlight catches the edge of the cross at the base of the nearer one; and my study, No. 108, shows more fully the character of the Byzantine chiselling—entirely freehand, flinging the marble acanthus-leaves here and there as they would actually grow. It is *through* work of this kind that the divine Greek power of the days of Hesiod came down to animate the mosaic workers in St. Mark's, in the eleventh century.

They worked under a Greek princess, of whom the reader will find some legend (though yet I have not been able to do more than begin her story) in the second number of "St. Mark's Rest."* In the third I have given some account of the entire series of mosaics which were completed by her husband under the influence of his Greek queen (true *queen*, mind you, at that time, the Duke of Venice then wearing the king's diadem, not the republican cap); and I besought my readers at Venice and elsewhere to help me to get some faithful record of these mosaics before they perished by modern restoration. I have never made a more earnest appeal for anything—and indeed I believe, had it been for a personal gift—another Splügen drawing, or the like—I should have got it by this time easily enough. But there are always twenty people who will do what they feel to be kind, for one who will take my advice about an important public object. And—if they only knew it—the one real kind-

* My readers continually complain that they can't get my presently issuing books. There is not a bookseller in London, however, who is not perfectly well aware that the said books are always to be had by a post-card sent to my publisher, Mr. G. Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent, to whom subscriptions for the object stated in the text are to be sent (or the books may be had of the Fine Art Society).

ness they can show to me is in listening to me—understanding, in the first place, that I know my business better at sixty than I did at five-and-twenty; and in the second, that my happiness, such as yet remains to me, does not at all consist in the things about me in my own parlor, but in the thought that the principles I have taught are being acted upon, and the great buildings and great scenes I have tried to describe saved, so far as may yet be possible, from destruction and desecration. At this very hour, the committees of Venetian builders are meeting to plot the total destruction, and re-erection according to their own notions, and for their own emolument, of the entire west front of St. Mark's—that which Barbarossa knelt under, and before which Dandolo took his vow for Palestine! And in the meantime the Christian populace of all Europe is quarrelling about their little parish reredoses and wax-candles! *

And so it comes to pass, that the floor of St. Mark's is already destroyed, together with the north and south sides; only the west front and roof mosaics are yet left, and these are instantly threatened. I have got an absolutely faithful and able artist, trained by Mr. Burne Jones, to undertake the copying of the whole series of mosaics yet uninjured. He is doing this for love and mere journeyman's wages—how carefully and thoroughly the three examples in this room (114, 115, 116) will enough show; but he has been six months at work alone, unable to employ assistants, and all that I have yet got for him by the eagerest appeals I could make at Venice and here is—some hundred and seventy pounds, and half of that from a single personal friend! †

* It may perhaps not be quite too late to contradict a report that appeared in some Irish paper, that I had been lately in Dublin, giving some opinion or other about reredoses. I have not been in Ireland these ten years—never shall be in Ireland more—and care no more about any modern churches or church furniture than about the drop-scene at Drury Lane—not so much indeed, if the truth were all told.

† £ s. d., by report from Mr. Allen, of 12th November.

I will have a little circular drawn up, stating these and other relative facts clearly, before the close of the present exhibition. Before its opening, I can allow myself now little more than the mere explanation of what it contains.

And now I really haven't time to talk any more, and yet I've ever so much to say, if I could, of the following drawings at Arqua and Nuremberg, 77 and 70. I must at least say at once why these, like Venice and St. Michael's Mount, go side by side.

In the first place, I believe that the so-called Petrarch's house at Arqua (67) can only be built on the site of the real one—it can't be of Petrarch's time ; but the tomb is true, and just looking from that, to the building of Dürer's house (70)—which is assuredly authentic—and of Rubens's, No. 81, what a quantity of the lives of the men we are told by these three slight sketches ! One of the things I hope to do at Sheffield is to get a connected and systematic series of drawings of the houses and the tombs of great men. The tombs, of course, generally tell more of their successors than of themselves ; but the two together will be historical more than many volumes. Their houses, I say ; yes, and the things they saw from their houses—quite the chief point with many of the best men and women. Casa Guidi windows, often of much more import than Casa Guidi ; and in this house of Albert's, its own cross-timbers are little matter, but those Nuremberg walls around it are everything.

73. KELSO.

I now gather together, as I best may, the supplementary drawings which have come in since I arranged my series, and one or two others which did not properly belong to it. This one of Kelso is chiefly valuable as showing his mode of elementary study with washes of two tints—one warm, the other a little cooler. The system was afterward expanded into his color practice.

74. ENTRANCE TO NORTH TRANSEPT OF ROUEN.

Unfinished, and extremely interesting, as showing his *method* of rubbing in the tint with the stump or his finger, before adding the pencil lines.

75. STUDY OF DUTCH BOATS.

These boat sketches might be multiplied countlessly—and I would fain have given many and talked much of them, but have neither room nor time. Note in this the careful warping of the mast by the strain of the heavy sail.

76. NEUDERSDORF. }

77. GUTENFELS. }

Two lovely Rhine realities ; when the river was something better than a steam-tramway.

78. AN OLD RHINE BRIDGE, AT RHEINFELDEN.

A favorite Turner subject, and drawn and engraved with great care in "Modern Painters." As a Prout, it is inferior—small in manner and forced, but, as usual, wholly true to the place.

79. MUNICH.

Notable chiefly for the effort made to draw the attention away from the ugly arcade under the houses by the crowd of near figures. Compare the insistance on beautiful arcades in the Como and Domo d'Ossola.

80. YPRÈS.

Wholly lovely, and to be classed with the Abbeville and Evreux as one of the most precious records of former domestic architecture.

81. RUBENS'S HOUSE, ANTWERP.

The kind of domestic architecture that destroyed all reverence for what preceded it, and brought us down to—what we are.

Note the beginning of modern anatomies and sciences and pseudo-classicalisms in the monstrous skulls of beasts.

82. CAEN. }
83. FALAISE. }

Two of the most careful and finished pieces of his later work, but rather architectural studies than pictures, and alas! the architecture of the worst school. So little can the taste be really formed without study of sculpture as the queen of edifying law. See notes on Supplementary Sketches.

86. PORTICO DI OTTAVIA, ROME.

All the life and death of Rome is in this quite invaluable drawing; but I have no time to talk of the life and death of Rome, and perhaps the enlightened modern student would only care for a view of the new tobacco manufactory under the Palatine.

87. WELL AT STRASBURG.

We don't want wells neither, in these days of wisdom, having Thirlmere turned on for us, or Loch Katrine, at our pleasure. But—from the days of Jacob's well till—thirty years ago, such things were pleasant in human eyes.

88. WELL AT STRASBURG.

I close our Prout pencilling with seven examples of his superb work on stone; all by his own hand, and as literally and thoroughly his, touch for touch, as the pencil sketches themselves, and even more wonderful in their easy mastery of the more difficult material.

What a disgrace it is to modern landscape painters that this book of Prout's, "Sketches in Flanders and Germany," should remain, to this day, the *only work* of true artistic value produced, that is to say, by the artist's own hand, purchasable by the public of Europe, in illustration of their national architecture!

89. *WELL AT NUREMBERG.*

This study is one of the most beautiful, but also one of the most imaginative, that ever Prout made—highly exceptional and curious.

The speciality of Nuremberg is, that its walls are of stone, but its windows, especially those in the roof, for craning up merchandise—are of wood. All the projecting windows and all the dormers in this square are of wood. But Prout could not stand the inconsistency, and deliberately petrifies all the wood. Very naughty of him ! I have nothing to say in extenuation of this offence ; and, alas ! secondly, the houses have, in reality, only three stories, and he has put a fourth on, out of his inner consciousness !

I never knew him do such a thing before or since ; but the end of it is, that this drawing of Nuremberg is immensely more Nuremberg than the town itself, and a quite glorious piece of mediæval character.

90. *ULM.*91. *PRAGUE.—TOWER OF THE GATE.*92. *PRAGUE.—STADTHAUS.—The realization of sketch No.*93. *BRUNSWICK.—RATHHAUS.*94. *COBLENTZ.*

I have always held this lithograph to show all Prout's qualities in supreme perfection, and proudly finish our series of pencil and chalk work with it.

We now come to a large series of early color studies, promising better things than ever came of them ; and then the examples of Prout, for which we are simply to blame the public taste he had to meet, and not him. There were no pre-Raphaelites in those days. On the walls at the Scala Palace, in that sketch of Verona, No. 49, Prout has written, conscientiously, "brick ;" but do you think if he

had painted it of brick, anybody would have bought the drawing? Since those days, all the work of Walker, of Boyce, of Alfred Hunt, of Albert Goodwin, of John Brett (the whole school of them, mind you, founded first on the strong pre-Raphaelite veracities which were all but shrieked down at the first seeing of them, and which I had to stand up alone for, against a whole national clamor of critical vituperation), all that affectionate and laborious painting from nature has familiarized you, now, with birds, and ivy, and blossoms, and berries, and mosses, and rushes, and ripples, and trickles, and wrinkles, and twinkles; and, of course, poor old Prout's conventional blue wash won't look its best afterward. Be thankful to *them* (and somewhat also—I say it not in pride, but as a part of the facts—to “Modern Painters” and me), and indulgent to the old workman, who did the best he could for his customers, and the most he could for his money.

95. THE ENGLISH COTTAGE.—See preface.

96. LAUNCESTON.

Had this drawing been brought to me as an early Turner, I should have looked twice, and thrice, at it before saying no. If Prout had only had just ever so little more pride, and some interest in British history, he would have been a painter, indeed! and no mean pencil draughtsman. But he just missed it—and a miss is as bad as a mile, or a million of miles; and I say nothing more of the series of water-colors here, except only that many a good lesson may be learned from them in *chiaroscuro*, and in flat tinting, by modest students.

SUPPLEMENTARY DRAWINGS.

There are—or ought to be, if I get them together in time—eleven of my own, namely :

- 104. CALAIS.
- 104a. THE AVENTINE.
- 105. DUCAL PALACE AND BRIDGE OF SIGHS.
- 106. DUCAL PALACE, FOLIAGE OF SOUTHWEST ANGLE.
- 107. PILLAR OF THE PIAZZETTA.
- 108. CHIAROSCURO STUDY OF THE SAME PILLAR.
- 109. THE CASA D'ORO.
- 110. WINDOW ON THE GRAND CANAL.
- 111. ABBEVILLE CROCKET.
- 112. OAK-LEAF.
- 113. MOSS AND OXALIS.

I meant, when first this exhibition was planned, to have made it completely illustrative of the French flamboyant architecture, which Prout had chiefly studied ; but I have been too much interrupted by other duties ; and I can only now point out, once more—after thirty years of reiterating this vital fact to architects in vain—that until they are themselves absolute masters of sculptural surface, founded on natural forms, they do not know the meaning of any good work, in any school.

Sculptural *surface*, observe: They fancy they have chosen an ornament when they have got its outline; but in sculpture the *surface* is everything; the outline follows, and is compelled by it. Thus, in the piece of Ducal Palace sculpture, No. 106, the entire value of it depends on the chiaroscuro of its surfaces; and it would be as absurd to think of sketching it without shade, as a piece of rippled lagoon. And in every minutest finial and crocket of that French flamboyant, the surfaces are studied to a perfection not less subtle, though relieved by more violent shade. The fast study, No. 111, shows the action of the curved stems and flow of surfaces in one of the crockets of Abbeville. See photograph No. 6, and the study of oak-leaves, No. 112, will show how the natural forms of vegetation lend themselves to every need of such attentive design. I have painted this bit of leafage in two stages, showing—if anyone cares to know it—the way Hunt used his body color; laying it first with extreme care in form and gradation, but in pure white; and then glazing over it—never disturbing it, or mixing it in the slightest degree with his clear color. And it is only by this management of opaque color that architectural detail can be drawn at speed, with any useful result. See the bit of honeysuckle ornament, for instance, at the top of the pillar in No. 108, and fancy the time it would have taken to express the bossy roundness of it in any other way. All disputes about the use of body color, begin and end in the “to be or not to be” of accurate form.

Then there are three drawings of St. Mark's mosaics by Mr. Rooke:

114. FLORAL DECORATION.

115. MADONNA AND DAVID.

116. THE PROPHETS.

Then some variously illustrated photographs, etc.

17. *Assurance*.18. *Portrait of Assurance*.19a. *Venice, the Palazzo*.21. *Lithographs of Modern Scenery*.22. (3) *Improvements in Modern London*.

Then, in the glass case, there is a little bit of real Venetian sixteenth century silk-work—put there to show precisely what Shakespeare meant by “Valence of Venice gold in needlework” (“Taming of the Shrew”); and secondly, to show the use of minute points of color—no less than of form in decoration carried on; and finally, there is the *Meissonier*, above referred to, Napoleon, in 1814, on the *Chaussée of Vitry*, just after the battle of Arcis-sur-Aube.

“The French horsemen, though inferior to none in the world for audacity and prowess, were overmatched by their opponents and driven back to the bridge of Arcis. Napoleon, who was on the other side, instantly rode forward to the entrance of the bridge, already all but choked up with fugitives, and drawing his sword, exclaimed, ‘Let me see which of you will pass before me!’ These words arrested the flight, and the division Friant traversing the streets of Arcis, in double-quick time passed the bridge, formed on either side of its other extremity, and by their heavy fire drove back the allied horse.

* * * * *

“Napoleon was repeatedly in imminent danger, nearly all his staff were killed or wounded. ‘Fear nothing,’ said he, to the generals who urged him to retire: ‘the bullet is not yet cast which is to kill me.’ He seemed to court rather than fear death, his air was resolute but sombre, and as long as the battle raged, by the light of the

burning houses behind and the flash of the enemies' guns in front, he continued to face the hostile batteries.

* * * * *

"On leaving Arcis, instead of taking the road to Chalons or to Paris, he moved on the Chaussée of Vitry, direct toward the Rhine. His letter to the Empress Marie Louise was in these terms :

" 'My love, I have been for some days constantly on horseback ; on the 20th I took Arcis-sur-Aube. The enemy attacked me there at eight in the evening. I beat him the same evening. I took two guns and retook two. The next day the enemy's army put itself in array to protect the march of its columns on Bar-sur-Aube, and I resolved to approach the Marne and its environs. This evening I shall be at St. Dizier. Farewell, my love. Embrace my son.' " (See "Alison," vol. x., pp. 396 to 406.)

It would be difficult to find a more perfect example of the French realistic school than this picture. It is, of course, conventional, and founded on photographic effect—the white horse in reality would have looked like a ghost in the twilight, and not one of the details of the housings been in the least visible—had these been so, much more should the details of the landscape have been. But in its kind it is without rivalry, and I purpose that it shall remain in St. George's schools—for a monument of War-sorrow, where War has been unjust.

II.—HUNT.

142. THE BUTTERFLY.

Before saying anything more of the Hunt series, I want my readers once more clearly to understand what I have brought it here for ; namely, to show them what real painting is, as such, wholly without inquiry concerning its sentiment or story. The Prouts are here for an exactly opposite reason—not at all to show you what mere pencilling is, as such—but what it can pencil for us of European scenery and history. Whereas this butterfly is here, not at all to teach you anything you didn't know about butterflies ; nor the peach and grapes to teach you anything you didn't know about those familiar fruits ; nor even that boy in his father's boots to teach you anything you didn't know before about boys and boots. They are here merely to show you what is meant by Painting, as distinguished from daubing, from plastering, from rough casting, from chromo-tinting, from tray-varnishing, from paper-staining, and in general from the sort of things that people in general do when you put a brush into their hands, and a pot within reach of them.

Now, that little brown-red butterfly (which Mr. Gurney is so fortunate in possessing) is a piece of real painting ; and it is as good as Titian or anybody else ever did. And if you can enjoy it you can enjoy Titian and all other good painters ; and if you can't see anything in *it*, you can't see anything in *them*, and it is all affectation and pretence to say that you care about them.

And with this butterfly, in the drawing I put first, please look at the mug and loaf in the one I have put last, of the Hunt Series, No. 171. The whole art of painting

is in that mug—as the fisherman's genius was in the bottle. If you can feel how beautiful it is, how ethereal, how heathery and heavenly, as well as to the uttermost, muggy: you have an eye for color, and can enjoy heather, heaven, and everything else below and above. If not, you must enjoy what you can, contentedly, but it won't be painting; and in mugs it will be more the beer than the crockery; and on the moors, rather grouse than heather.

Going back to No. 142, you will perhaps ask me why the poppy is so poor and the butterfly so rich? Mainly because the poppy withered and the butterfly was pinned and permanent. But there are other reasons, of which more presently.

144. HERRING AND PILCHARD.

Supreme painting again, and done with his best pains; for these two subjects, and

146. DEAD CHICKEN

Were done by the old man, in all kindness and care, at my own request, for me to give as types of work to country schools of Art. Yet no kindness or care could altogether enable him to work rightly under the direction of another mind; and the project was ultimately given up by me, the chicken finished as it is, having been one of my chief disappointments. And here anent, let me enter into some general account of the tenor of his drawings. They may be broadly divided into the following classes, into one or other of which every work of importance from his hand will distinctly fall.

CLASS 1.

Drawings illustrative of rural life in its vivacity and purity, without the slightest endeavor at idealization, and still less with any wish either to caricature, or deplore its imperfections. All the drawings belonging to this class are, virtually, faultless, and most of them very beautiful. It is, I am glad to say, thoroughly represented in

this room, which contains several examples of the highest quality, namely, 121, 168, 171, 172, 173, 175.

Besides two pieces of still life (169 and the interior, No. 174), properly belonging to the group

CLASS 2.

Country life, with endeavor to add interest to it by passing sentiment.

The drawings belonging to this class are almost always over-finished, and liable to many faults. There are three in this collection—120, 165, 166.

CLASS 3.

Country life, with some expression of its degradation, either by gluttony, cowardice, or rudeness.

The drawings of this class are usually very clever and apt to be very popular; but they are on the whole dishonorable to the artist. There are five examples here, namely, 157, 158, 161, 163, 164.

CLASS 4.

Flower-pieces. Fruit is often included in these; but they form a quite separate class, being necessarily less finished drawings—the flowers sooner changing their form. Including the fungi among these, there are eight fine ones in the room, 148, 150, 149, 154, 152, 147, 151, 156.

CLASS 5.

Fruit-pieces, on which a great part of the artist's reputation very securely rests. Five first-rate ones are here, and several of interesting, though inferior, quality.

CLASS 6.

Dead animals. Alas! if he could but have painted living ones, instead of those perpetual bunches of grapes. But it could not be. To a weakly, sensitive, nervous temperament, the perpetual changes of position, and perpetual suggestions of new beauty in an animal, are entirely

ruinous ; in ten minutes they put one in a fever. Only the very greatest portrait-painters—Sir Joshua and Velasquez—can draw animals rightly.

I begin with this last class and reascend to the highest.

138. DEAD HARE AND GAME.

A most notable drawing of early practice, quite wonderful in textures of fur and in work of shadows, but tentative, and in many points failing.

141. DEAD DOVE. (A.)

A pure water-color drawing, before his style was perfectly formed. Full of interest, but too conventional and slight in background.

139. DEAD DOVE. (B.)

Finished work of central time.

145. DEAD DOVE. (C.)

Replica, I suppose, of B, with completer background, and of highest quality. I must be pardoned for saying so of my own drawing ; but of course, after long and affectionate relations with the painter, it would be strange if I had not some of his best works.

143. PINE, MELON, AND GRAPES.

We were obliged to put this drawing low down, for, in spite of its dark background, it killed everything we put near it. To my mind, it is the most majestic piece of work in the room. The grapes are of the Rubens Vintage, and the shadows have the darkness of Tintoret. It is wholly free from any pettiness of manner, and evidences spring and succulence of foliage ; it is as if the strength of nature were in it, rather than of human hand. I never saw it until now, and have learned from it more than after my fifty years of labor I thought anything but a Venetian picture could have taught me.

132. "LOVE WHAT YOU STUDY, STUDY WHAT YOU LOVE."
All modern painters in a nutshell of a sentence, and the painted nutshell perfect.—See Preface.
130. GRAPES.
Consummate. Can't be better anywhere.
131. MR. SIBETH'S QUINCES.
All that's best in this kind.
125. BULLACES.
Very fine, but conventional in background.
129. GRAPES.
Perfect work, but wasted. Why he did so many grapes, and scarcely ever sloes, or finely russet apples, or *growing* strawberries, always mystified me.
126. PLUMS.
Finest work, but a little dull. My own favorites of his plums were such variegated ones as 133 and 135 ; but I somehow never got any. This drawing, however, was the one of which Hunt said to me innocently—seeing it again after some ten years—"It's very nice ; isn't it ?"
128. PLUMS.
The bit of oak-leaf here is very wonderful, and interesting as an example, and what Hunt meant by saying to me once, "I like to see things 'Fudged' out." It is to be remembered, however, that this was his own special liking ; and it must not be followed by the general student. The finest forms of anything cannot be "fudged" out, but must be drawn, if possible, with the first line, at least with the last one, for ever.
149. DR. DRAGE'S FUNGI.
A perfect gem ; "Venetian red" in its best earthly splendor ; it could only be more bright in clouds.

147. MR. FRY'S HAWTHORN.

A little overworked, but very glorious. Soft and scented, I think, if you only wait a little, and make-believe very much.

155. (Mine.) HAWTHORN AND BIRDS' NESTS.

The hawthorn this time a little *underworked*, but very good ; and nests as good as can be.

148. LILAC. (MR. SIBETH'S.)

Fine, but curiously redundant. The upper branch by itself, or the lower with only the laburnum, or both together without the third, would have been beautiful ; but two's company, and three's none.

150. VASE WITH ROSE AND BASKET WITH FRUIT. }

151. FLOWERS AND FRUIT. }

Two resplendent ones ; everything that he could do best in this kind—absolutely right in color, absolutely in light and shade, and without any rivalry in past or present art.

162. THE GAMEKEEPER.

Early study. Please observe that Hunt learned his business, not in spots but in lines. Compare the entirely magnificent sketch of the river-side, No. 124, which is as powerful in lines as Rembrandt, and the St. Martin's Church, No. 123, which is like a bit of Hogarth.

157. THE INVALID.

Full of humor ; but there is no place for humor in true painting. So also the Wasp, No. 163. If I could have the currant-pie without the boy, I should be content.

161. GYPSIES.

Very powerful ; historic in its kind.

166. PRAYING BOY. (MR. QUILTER'S.)

Over-finished, as its companion, No. 165, an endeavor at doing what he did not understand. So also the large study of himself, No. 176, with the Mulatto, No. 122, and Wanderer, No. 120. His mode of work was entirely unfitted for full life-size.

121. MR. QUILTER'S STABLE-BOY.

MR. ORROCK'S SHY SITTER, AND THE BLESSING.

On the contrary, he is here again in his utmost strength—and in qualities of essential painting—unconquerable. In the pure faculty of painter's art—in what Correggio, and Tintoret, and Velasquez, and Rubens, and Rembrandt, meant by *painting*—that single bunch of old horse-collars is worth all Meissonier's horse-bridles—boots, breeches, epaulettes, and stars together.

The other drawings of the highest class need no commentary. There is not much in the two little candle-lights, Nos. 168, 175, but all that is, of the finest, and the three drawings with which I close our series, "The Shy Sitter," No. 172, "The Fisherman's Boy," No. 173, and "The Blessing," No. 171, things that the old painter was himself unspeakably blessed in having power to do. The strength of all lovely human life is in them; and England herself lives only, at this hour, in so much as, from all that is sunk in the luxury—sick in the penury—and polluted in the sin of her great cities, Heaven has yet hidden for her, old men and children such as these, by their fifties in her fields and on her shores, and fed them with Bread and Water.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX I.

EVERY human action gains in honor, in grace, in all true magnificence, by its regard to things that are to come. It is the far sight, the quiet and confident patience, that, above all other attributes, separate man from man, and near him to his Maker; and there is no action nor art whose majesty we may not measure by this test. Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build for ever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say, as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, "See! this our fathers did for us." For, indeed, the greatest glory of a building is not in its stones, nor in its gold. Its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. It is in their lasting witness against men, in their quiet contrast with the transitional character of all things, in the strength which, through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing of the face of the earth, and of the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, and half constitutes the identity, as it concentrates the sympathy, of nations; it is in that golden stain of time, that we are to look for the real light, and color, and preciousness of architecture; and it is not until a building has assumed this character, till it has been intrusted with the fame, and hallowed by the deeds of men, till its walls have been witnesses of suffering, and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of the natural objects of the world around it, can be gifted with even so much as these possess, of language and of life.—"The Seven Lamps of Architecture," pp. 172, 173.

But so far as it can be rendered consistent with the inherent charac-

ter, the picturesque or extraneous sublimity of architecture has just this of nobler function in it than that of any other object whatsoever, that it is an exponent of age, of that in which, as has been said, the greatest glory of the building consists; and therefore, the external signs of this glory, having power and purpose greater than any belonging to their mere sensible beauty, may be considered as taking rank among pure and essential characters; so essential to my mind, that I think a building cannot be considered as in its prime until four or five centuries have passed over it; and that the entire choice and arrangement of its details should have reference to their appearance after that period, so that none should be admitted which would suffer material injury either by the weather-staining, or the mechanical degradation which the lapse of such a period would necessitate.

It is not my purpose to enter into any of the questions which the application of this principle involves. They are of too great interest and complexity to be even touched upon within my present limits, but this is broadly to be noticed, that those styles of architecture which are picturesque in the sense above explained with respect to sculpture, that is to say, whose decoration depends on the arrangement of points of shade rather than on purity of outline, do not suffer, but commonly gain in richness of effect when their details are partly worn away; hence such styles, pre-eminently that of French Gothic, should always be adopted when the materials to be employed are liable to degradation, as brick, sandstone, or soft limestone; and styles in any degree dependent on purity of line, as the Italian Gothic, must be practised altogether in hard and undecomposing materials—granite, serpentine, or crystalline marbles. There can be no doubt that the nature of the accessible materials influenced the formation of both styles; and it should still more authoritatively determine our choice of either.—*Ibid.*, pp. 179, 180.

APPENDIX II.

THE essence of picturesque character has been already defined to be a sublimity not inherent in the nature of the thing, but caused by something external to it; as the ruggedness of a cottage-roof possesses something of a mountain aspect, not belonging to the cottage as such. And this sublimity may be either in mere external ruggedness, and other visible character, or it may lie deeper, in an expression of sorrow and old age, attributes which are both sublime; not a dominant expression, but one mingled with such familiar and common characters as prevent the object from becoming perfectly pathetic in its sorrow, or perfectly venerable in its age.

For instance, I cannot find words to express the intense pleasure I

have always in first finding myself, after some prolonged stay in England, at the foot of the old tower of Calais church. The large neglect, the noble unsightliness of it; the record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay; its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the Channel winds, and overgrown with the bitter sea grasses; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, and yet not falling; its desert of brickwork, full of bolts, and holes, and ugly fissures, and yet strong, like a bare brown rock; its carelessness of what any one thinks or feels about it, putting forth no claim, having no beauty nor desirableness, pride nor grace; yet neither asking for pity; not as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days; but useful still, going through its own daily work,—as some old fisherman beaten gray by storm, yet drawing his daily nets: so it stands, with no complaint about its past youth, in blanched and meagre massiveness and serviceableness, gathering human souls together underneath it; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through its rents; and the gray peak of it seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surfy sand and hillocked shore,—the lighthouse for life, and the belfry for labor, and this for patience and praise.

I cannot tell the half of the strange pleasures and thoughts that come about me at the sight of that old tower; for, in some sort, it is the epitome of all that makes the Continent of Europe interesting, as opposed to new countries; and, above all, it completely expresses that agedness in the midst of active life which binds the old and the new into harmony. We, in England, have our new street, our new inn, our green shaven lawn, and our piece of ruin emergent from it—a mere *specimen* of the middle ages put on a bit of velvet carpet to be shown, which, but for its size, might as well be on a museum shelf at once, under cover. But, on the Continent, the links are unbroken between the past and present, and in such use as they can serve for, the gray-headed wrecks are suffered to stay with men; while in unbroken line, the generations of spared buildings are seen succeeding each in its place. And thus in its largeness, in its permitted evidence of slow decline, in its poverty, in its absence of all pretence, of all show and care for outside aspect, that Calais tower has an infinite of symbolism in it, all the more striking because usually seen in contrast with English scenes expressive of feelings the exact reverse of these.—“Modern Painters,” vol. iv., pp. 2, 3.

APPENDIX III.

AND, in some sort, the hunter of the picturesque is better than many other pleasure-seekers; inasmuch as he is simple-minded, and capable of unostentatious and economical delights, which, if not very helpful

to other people, are at all events utterly uninjurious, even to the victims or subjects of his picturesque fancies; while to many others his work is entertaining and useful. And, more than all this, even that delight which he *seems* to take in misery is not altogether unvirtuous. Through all his enjoyment there runs a certain undercurrent of tragical passion—a real vein of human sympathy;—it lies at the root of all those strange morbid hauntings of his; a sad excitement, such as other people feel at a tragedy, only less in degree, just enough, indeed, to give a deeper tone to his pleasure, and to make him choose for his subject the broken stones of a cottage wall rather than of a roadside bank, the picturesque beauty of form in each being supposed precisely the same; and, together with this slight tragical feeling, there is also a humble and romantic sympathy, a vague desire, in his own mind, to live in cottages rather than in palaces; a joy in humble things, a contentment and delight in makeshifts, a secret persuasion (in many respects a true one) that there is in these ruined cottages a happiness often quite as great as in kings' palaces, and a virtue and nearness to God infinitely greater and holier than can commonly be found in any other kind of place; so that the misery in which he exults is not, as he sees it, misery, but nobleness—"poor and sick in body, and beloved by the Gods." And thus, being nowise sure that these things can be mended at all, and very sure that he knows not how to mend them, and also that the strange pleasure he feels in them *must* have some good reason in the nature of things, he yields to his destiny, enjoys his dark canal without scruple, and mourns over every improvement in the town, and every movement made by its sanitary commissioners, as a miser would over a planned robbery of his chest; in all this being not only innocent, but even respectable and admirable, compared with the kind of person who has *no* pleasure in sights of this kind, but only in fair façades, trim gardens, and park palings, and who would thrust all poverty and misery out of his way, collecting it into back alleys, or sweeping it finally out of the world, so that the street might give wider play for his chariot wheels, and the breeze less offence to his nobility.—"Modern Painters," vol. iv., pp. 11, 12.

APPENDIX IV.

I do not doubt that you are greatly startled at my saying that greater pleasure is to be received from inferior Art than from the finest. But what do you suppose makes all men look back to the time of childhood with so much regret (if their childhood has been, in any moderate degree, healthy or peaceful)? That rich charm, which the least possession had for us, was in consequence of the poorness of our treasures.

That miraculous aspect of the nature around us was because we had seen little and knew less. Every increased possession loads us with new weariness; every piece of new knowledge diminishes the faculty of admiration; and Death is at last appointed to take us from a scene in which, if we were to stay longer, no gift could satisfy us, and no miracle surprise. . . .

In your educational series is a lithograph drawing, by Prout, of an old house in Strasbourg. The carvings of its woodwork are in a style altogether provincial, yet of which the origin is very distant. The delicate Renaissance architecture of Italy was affected, even in its finest periods, by a tendency to throw out convex masses at the bases of its pillars; the wood-carvers of the sixteenth century adopted this bulged form as their first element of ornamentation, and these windows of Strasbourg are only imitations by the German peasantry of what, in its finest type, you must seek as far away as the Duomo of Bergamo.

But the burgher, or peasant, of Alsace enjoyed his rude imitation, adapted, as it was, boldly and frankly to the size of his house and the grain of the larch logs of which he built, infinitely more than the refined Italian enjoyed the floral luxuriance of his marble; and all the treasures of a great exhibition could not have given him the tenth part of the exultation with which he saw the gable of his roof completed over its jutting fret-work; and wrote among the rude intricacies of its sculpture, in flourished black letter, that "He and his wife had built their house with God's help, and prayed Him to let them live long in it—they and their children."

But it is not only the rustic method of architecture which I wish you to note in this plate; it is the rustic method of drawing also. The manner in which these blunt timber-carvings are drawn by Prout is just as provincial as the carvings themselves. Born in a far-away district in England, and learning to draw, unhelped, with fishing-boats for his models; making his way instinctively until he had command of his pencil enough to secure a small income by lithographic drawing; and finding picturesque character in buildings from which all the finest lines of their carving had been effaced by time; possessing also an instinct in the expression of such subjects so peculiar as to win for him a satisfying popularity, and far better, to enable him to derive perpetual pleasure in the seclusion of country hamlets, and the quiet streets of deserted cities. Prout had never any motive to acquaint himself with the refinements, or contend with the difficulties of a more accomplished art. So far from this, his manner of work was, by its very imperfection, in the most perfect sympathy with the subjects he enjoyed. The broad chalk touches in which he has represented to us this house at Strasbourg are entirely sufficient to give true idea of its effect. To have drawn its ornaments with the subtlety of Leonardesque delineation would only have exposed their faults and mocked their rusticity. The

drawing would have become painful to you from the sense of the time which it had taken to represent what was not worth the labor, and to direct your attention to what could only, if closely examined, be a matter of offence. But here you have a simple and provincial draughtsman happily and adequately expressing a simple and provincial architecture; nor could builder or painter have become wiser, but to their loss.—“Works of John Ruskin,” vol. iv., “Eagle’s Nest,” pp. 76, 77, 78, 79, 80.

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| 128 | Magnum Bonum Plums, | " |
| 129 | Black and White Grapes, . . | " |
| 130 | Grapes, | Mr. W. J. Galloway |
| 131 | Quinces, | Mr. Edmund Sibeth |
| 132 | "Love what you study, study
what you love," | Mr. Geo. Gurney |
| 133 | Plums and Blackberries, . . | Mr. Jas. Orrock |
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 144 Herrings and Red Mullet, . Mr. Geo. Gurney
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 146 Dead Chicken, " "
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 148 Lilac and Bird's Nest, . . Mr. Edmund Sibeth
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 172 The Shy Sitter, "
 173 My Father's Boots, . . . Mr. John Rhodes
 174 An Interior, Mr. Ruskin
 175 Boy with Lantern, . . . Mr. J. J. Elliott
 176 Portrait of Hunt (painted by
 himself), Mr. Sutton Palmer
 176*Grapes—Muscatel, Peach, and
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BY
J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

AT PRESENT EXHIBITED IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY
REVISED AND CAST INTO PROGRESSIVE GROUPS WITH EXPLANATORY
NOTES BY

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any photographic establishment, opening a new branch, would provide itself with in the slack of the season. Such a room would be all that could be practically desired for the Turner drawings ; and modern English indolence, if assisted in the gratification of its languid curiosity by a lift, would not, I trust, feel itself aggrieved by the otherwise salutary change.

PREFACE.

THAT in the largest, and, I suppose, richest city of the world, the most delicate and precious water-color drawings which its citizens possess should be kept in a cellar, under its National Gallery, in which two-thirds of them are practically invisible, even in the few bright days which London smoke leaves to summer; and in which all are exposed to irreparable injury by damp in winter, is a fact which I must leave the British citizen to explain: stating here only that neither Mr. Burton nor Mr. Eastlake are to be held responsible for such arrangement; but, essentially, the public's scorn of all art which does not amuse it; and, practically, the members of the Royal Academy, whose primary duty it is to see that works by men who have belonged to their body, which may be educationally useful to the nation, should be rightly and sufficiently exhibited.

I have had no heart myself, during recent illness, to finish the catalogue which, for my own poor exoneration from the shame of the matter, I began last year. But in its present form it may be of some use in the coming Christmas holidays, and relieve the kindness of Mr. Oldham from unnecessary burden.

The Trustees of the National Gallery will I trust forgive my assumption that, some day or other, they may enable their keeper to remedy the evils in the existing arrangement; if not by displacing some of the pictures of inferior interest in the great galleries, at least by adding above their marble pillars and vaulted ceilings, such a dry and skylighted garret as

each of these drawings should be separately framed, and placed where it can be perfectly seen and easily copied.

The drawings originally exhibited at Kensington, out of which this narrower group is now selected, were for several years the only pencil and water-color drawings by Turner accessible to the public in the National collection. I therefore included among them many samples of series which were at that time invisible, but to which, since the entire mass of drawings is now collected, it is proper that the drawings which, by their abstraction, would break the unity of subjects, should be restored. I have therefore, in this catalogue, placed in complete order all the important local groups of sketches (in Rome, Naples, Savoy, etc.), and retained in the miscellaneous framed collection only those which could be spared without breaking the sequence of the cabinet drawings. And further, I have excluded from this framed collection some of minor importance, which it seems to me might, not only without loss, but with advantage to the concentrated power of the London examples, be spared, on loan for use in provincial Art schools.

The Kensington series of framed groups, originally numbering 153, has by these two processes of elimination been reduced in the following catalogue to one hundred, of which thirty form the above-described "Scholar's group," absolutely faultless and exemplary. The remainder, of various character and excellence (which, though often of far higher reach than that of the Scholar's group, is in those very highest examples not unaffected by the master's peculiar failings), I have in the following catalogue called the "Student's group"; meaning that it is presented to the thoughtful study of the general public, and of advanced artists; but that it is only with discrimination to be copied, and only with qualification to be praised. Whereas, in the Scholar's group, there is not one example which may not in every touch be copied with benefit, and in every quality, without reserve, admired.

After these two series follow in this catalogue, the four hundred framed drawings in the cabinets, re-arranged and completed by the restorations out of the Kensington series,

with brief prefatory explanations of the nature of each group. One or two gaps still require filling ; but there being some difficulty in choosing examples fit for the exact places, I publish the list as it stands. The present numbers are given in order in the terminal index.

For many reasons I think it best to make this hand-catalogue direct and clear, with little comment on separate drawings. I may possibly afterward issue a reprint of former criticism of the collection, with some further practical advice to scholars.

PRIMARY SYNOPSIS.

THE following general plan of the new arrangement will facilitate reference in the separate heads of it. The marginal figures indicate the number of frames in each series.

FIRST HUNDRED.

GROUP.

I. The Scholar's Group,	30
II. The Student's Group,	70
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	100

SECOND HUNDRED.

III. Scotland. Pencil. (Early),	15
IV. Still Life. Color. (Mid. Time),	5
V. Switzerland. Color. (Early),	10
VI. Mountains. Color. (Late),	50
VII. Venice. Color. (Late),	20
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	100

THIRD HUNDRED.

VIII. Savoy. Pencil (Early),	25
IX. Vignettes to Rogers' Italy. (Mid. Time),	25
X. Rome. (Mid. Time),	30
XI. Tivoli. (Mid. Time),	5
XII. Naples. (Mid. Time),	15
	<hr/>
	100

FOURTH HUNDRED.

GROUP.

XIII. Vignettes to Rogers' Poems. (Late), . . .	35
XIV. Rivers of England. (Late), . . .	15
XV. Ports of England. (Late), . . .	5
XVI. Venice. (Latest), . . .	25
XVII. Various. (Latest), . . .	20
	<hr/> 100

FIFTH HUNDRED.

XVIII. Finest Color on Gray. (Late), . . .	25
XIX. Finest Color on Gray. (Latest), . . .	25
XX. Studies on Gray for Rivers of France. (Late),	15
XXI. The Seine, . . .	35
	<hr/> 100

GROUP I.

(First Hundred.)

THE SCHOLAR'S GROUP.

It consists of sixty-five drawings in thirty frames, originally chosen and arranged for exhibition at Kensington, together with upward of a hundred more (as explained in the preface), out of which this narrower series, doubly and trebly sifted, is now recommended to the learner, for constant examination, and progressive practice ; the most elementary examples being first given. Their proper arrangement would be on a screen in perfect light, on a level with the eye—the three largest only above the line of the rest. When several drawings are in the same frame, they are lettered *a, b, c*, etc., either from left to right, or from above downward. The numbers on the right hand of the page are those by which they are indicated in the

existing arrangement ; the letter K standing for Kensington, to prevent confusion with the numbers of those in cabinets, which were always at the National Gallery.

1. a. Tower of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, . . . K 3
 b. Transept and Tower, York Cathedral.
 c. Tower of Boston, Lincolnshire.
2. a. Carnarvon Castle, K 145
 b. Wells Cathedral.
3. Malmesbury Abbey. Sketch from nature for
 the drawing in the English series, . . . K 4
4. a. Study of sailing boat, K 18
 b. Head of rowing boat.
 c. Stern of rowing boat.
5. a. b. Sketches of boats in light and shade, . . . K 17
 c. Diagram of a Dutch boat.
6. Study of spars of merchant-brig, K 10
7. Study of cottage roof in color, K 13
8. Gate of Carisbrook Castle. Water-colored
 drawing, half way completed, K 14
9. a. Sketch from nature at Ivy Bridge, afterward
 realized in the oil picture, K 21
 b. Sketch of the bed of a stream, on the spot,
 half finished.
10. a. Sketch from nature of the tree on the left in
 "Crossing the Brook," K 16
 b. c. Studies of animals.
 d. Sketch from nature at Ivy Bridge, realized
 in the finished drawing in this collec-
 tion.
 e. Sketch from nature in Val d'Aosta, amplified
 afterward into the "Battle of Fort Rock,"
 now placed in the upper rooms of the
 Gallery, K 41
11. Doric columns and entablature, K 33
12. Part of the portico of St. Peter's, K 11
13. Glass balls, partly filled with water. (Study of
 reflection and refraction), K 121

14. Four sketches on the Seine, for drawings in the
Rivers of France. On gray paper, £ 70
15. Two studies of marine. On gray, £ 143
16. Four sketches at Calais. On gray, £ 71
17. Four sketches on the Seine, £ 73
 - a. Marly.
 - b. Near St. Germain.
 - c. Chateau of La Belle Gabrielle.
 - d. Near St. Germain.
18. Two studies of the Arch of Titus, Rome, on white,
stained gray, with lights taken out, £ 120
19. Two outline sketches of Cockermouth Castle, £ 62
20. Two outline sketches of park scenery, £ 60
21. Rome from Monte Mario. Finest pure pencil, £ 101
22. Rome from Monte Mario. Pencil outline with
color, £ 103
23. Rome. The Coliseum. Color, unfinished, £ 107
24. Study of cutter. (Charcoal), £ 45
25. Study of pilot boat. (Sepia), £ 46
26. Two pencil studies, Leeds, and Bolton Abbey, £ 6
27. Four pencil sketches at and near York, £ 148
28. Two pencil sketches, at Cologne and on the
Rhine, £ 147
29. Four sketches in color at Petworth, £ 76
30. Four sketches in color on the Loire and Meuse, £ 138

GROUP II

(*First Hundred.*)

THE STUDENT'S GROUP.

The Student's group is arranged so as to exhibit Turner's methods of work, from his earliest to his latest time of power. All his essential characters as an artist are shown in it; his highest attainments, with his peculiar faults—faults of inherent nature, that is to say; as distinguished from those which,

after the year 1845, were signs merely of disease. No work of his declining time is admitted into this series.

It begins (No. 31) with three examples of the earliest efforts by him existing in the National collection of his drawings. Then follow examples of his methods of study with pencil and pen, from first to last: then, examples of his work similarly progressive, in transparent color on white paper; and, finally, examples of his use of body color on gray paper—a method only adopted late in life, as one proper for none but a consummate master.

The entire series is contained in seventy frames, selected, as those of the Scholar's group are, from the collection first arranged for Kensington; and close the first hundred of the frames here permanently catalogued.

31. Three early sketches at Clifton, when he was twelve or thirteen years old. He went on for several years working thus in pencil and color; then saw the necessity of working in pencil outline only, and never ceased that method of work to the close of life, κ 1
32. *a.* Carew Castle. Early pencil outline, after he had determined its method, κ 144
b. Lancaster, of later date. Both drawings realized in the England series.
33. *a.* Kirkstall Abbey, κ 5
b. Holy Island Cathedral. Subjects realized in the Liber Studiorum.
34. Sketch from nature of the Liber subject, "Source of the Arveron," κ 39
35. Sketch from nature for the drawing at Farnley, "Mont Blanc from the Valley of Chamouni," κ 40
36. Foreground studies, laurel, etc., κ 51
37. Studies of market ware at Rotterdam, κ 54
38. Study of sheep, κ 52
39. Memoranda of coast incidents, κ 20
40. Sketches at York, κ 149
41. Two Egremont subjects, κ 61

42. Two Bridge subjects, κ 146
43. Studies from Claude, etc., κ 118
44. Twelve leaves from a notebook at Venice (all
drawn as richly on the other sides), . . . κ 115
45. Four leaves of a notebook on journey to Scotland
by sea, κ 112
46. a. Sketches at Andernach, κ 116
b. Sketches on the Rhine.
c. Sketches on Lago Maggiore.
The leaves *a b* are out of a notebook containing
270 such.
47. Sketches at Naples, κ 117
48. At Dresden, κ 119
49. Cologne Cathedral, and Rhine subject, . . . κ 147
50. Sketches in Rouen, with engraving of finished
drawing made from one of them, κ 55

These twenty drawings (31-50) are enough to show the method of the artist's usual work from nature. He *never sketched in tinted shade but at home*, in making studies for pictures, or for engravers, as in the series of the *Liber Studiorum*. When he wanted light and shade in painting from nature, he always gave color also, for it was as easy to him to give the depth of shade he wanted in different tints, as in one; and the result was infinitely more complete and true. The series of water-color sketches and drawings which next follow, represent, therefore, his progress in color and chiaroscuro simultaneously; and I have placed under the next following numbers, examples of his water-color work from the beginning of its effective power, to the end. But these are not, as in the Scholar's group, all equally exemplary. The absolutely safe and right models are already given in the Scholar's group: here, there are instances given of methods questionable—or distinctly dangerous, as well as of the best. Thus Turner drew for several years almost exclusively in neutral tint, as in No. 51: but it is not at all certain that this practice should be enforced as academical; and again, the drawing of Folkestone is an instance of delicacy of work like

that of a miniature, applied to a large surface; this is certainly a practice liable to lead to the loss of simplicity and power:—it is one on the whole to be deprecated; and it gravely limited Turner's power of making large and manly drawings, at the time when it was most desirable for public instruction that he should have done so.

The drawings of Edinburgh, and Ivy Bridge, are types of his finest manner, unaffected by this weakness of minute execution. The drawings of Rochester and Dover show his minutest execution rightly applied, and his consummate skill in composition.

51. View of Tivoli. Neutral tint (one of multitudes, which had to be done before the great Tivolis could be), k 9
52. Ruins of the Savoy Chapel. Neutral tint, k 8
53. Early study of a cottage, k 12
54. The Castle of Aosta; in color, with the pencil study for it below: one of the series out of which Group VIII. (third hundred) was chosen, k 27
55. Angry Swans, k 122
56. Study of pigs and donkeys, k 53
57. Study of ducks, k 58
58. Study of storm-clouds; with the plate afterward engraved from it by Turner himself beneath, k 64
59. Three studies at sea, k 65
60. Study of evening and night skies, k 63
61. Shields. Engraved for Ports of England, k 68
62. Rochester. Engraved for Rivers of England, k 69
63. Dover. Engraved for Ports of England, k 67
64. Folkestone. Large drawing unfinished, k 44
65. Edinburgh from the Calton Hill. Finished drawing, k 35
66. Ivy Bridge. Finished drawing, k 42
67. Battle of Fort Rock. Finished drawing, k 41
68. The Source of the Arveron. Unfinished, large, k 125
69. Grenoble. Unfinished, large, k 126
70. Grenoble. “ “ k 127

The two last drawings are among the most exquisite fragments existing of his central manner. They are beginnings of a favorite subject, which he seems to have found beyond his power on this scale, and afterward finished on a reduced one. They may properly close the examples of his work in pure water-color. Two specimens of his sketching in oil—a rare practice with him—follow; and then, a magnificent selection from the body-color drawings of his best time, which contain the most wonderful things he ever did in his own special manner.

71. Rocks in Bolton glen,	κ 128
72. Torrent bed. One of the studies made at the date of Ivy Bridge,	κ 34
73. Sunset and Twilight: the last at Petworth,	κ 132
74. Pen outline sketches for the Rivers of France,	κ 77
75. Tancarville, and three other French subjects,	κ 81
76. Four French subjects,	κ 80
77. Rocks on the Meuse, and three other subjects,	κ 82
78. Luxembourg, and three other subjects,	κ 83
79. Two of Honfleur, two unknown,	κ 84
80. Honfleur, and three other subjects,	κ 85
81. Dijon, and three other subjects,	κ 86
82. Interiors,	κ 75
83. Saumur, Huy, and Dinant,	κ 133
84. <i>a</i> , Town on Loire; <i>b</i> , Carrara mountains,	κ 139
85. Nantes, and Dressing for Tea,	κ 135
86. Harfleur, Caudebec, and two others,	κ 136
87. Saumur, and two others,	κ 137
88. Orleans and Nantes,	κ 134
89. Dinant, etc.,	κ 78
90. Havre, etc.,	κ 79

Henceforward to the close of the Student's group are placed examples of his quite latest manner: in outline, more or less fatigued and hasty, though full of detail—in color, sometimes extravagant—and sometimes gloomy; but every now and then manifesting more than his old power in the treatment of subjects under aerial and translucent effect.

91.	Fribourg, Swiss. Pen outline over pencil, .	κ 152
92.	Fribourg, Swiss. Pen outline over pencil, .	κ 153
93.	Swiss Fortress and Grenoble, . . .	κ 142
94.	Lausanne, and another subject, . . .	κ 93
95.	Fluelen and Kussnacht, . . .	κ 95
96.	Lake of Annecy, and Landeck, . . .	κ 96
97.	Venice,	κ 97
98.	Venice,	κ 98
99.	Lucerne and Zurich,	κ 99
100.	Lake Lucerne. Morning,	κ 100 c.

SECOND HUNDRED.

(Cabinet Drawings.)

THE second century of the drawings, as rearranged, forms a mixed group, containing both early and late work, which I have thrown together in a cluster, in order to make the arrangement of the following three hundred drawings more consistent.

The first thirty drawings of this hundred are all early ; and of consummate value and interest. The remaining seventy were made at the time of the artist's most accomplished power ; but are for the most part slight, and intended rather to remind *himself* of what he had seen, than to convey any idea of it to others. Although, as I have stated, they are placed in this group because otherwise they would have interfered with the order of more important drawings, it cannot but be interesting to the student to see, in close sequence, the best examples of the artist's earliest and latest methods of sketching.

GROUP III.

(Second Hundred.)

Fifteen pencil drawings of Scottish scenery made on his first tour in Scotland, and completed afterward in light and shade, on tinted paper touched with white. Several of his best early colored drawings were made from these studies, and are now in the great collection at Farnley.

They are all remarkable for what artists call "breadth" of effect (carried even to dulness in its serene rejection of all minor elements of the picturesque—craggy chasms, broken waterfalls, or rustic cottages); and for the labor given in careful pencil shading, to round the larger masses of mountain, and show the relation of the clouds to them. The mountain forms are always perfect, the clouds carefully modelled; when they cross the mountains they do so solidly, and there is no permission of the interferences of haze or rain. The composition is always scientific in the extreme.

I do not know the localities, nor are they of much consequence. Their order is therefore founded, at present, only on the character of subject; but I have examined this series less carefully than any of the others, and may modify its sequence in later editions of this catalogue. The grand introductory upright one is, I think, of Tummel bridge, and with the one following, 102, shows the interest which the artist felt from earliest to latest days in all rustic architecture of pontifical character.

The four following subjects, 103–106, contain materials used in the Liber composition called "Ben Arthur"; 114 is called at Farnley "Loch Fyne."

The reference numbers in the right hand column are henceforward to the cabinet frames as at present arranged, unless the prefixed K indicate an insertion of one out of the Kensington series.

101.	Scotland. (Bridges on the Tummel?),	. . .	311
102.	Scotland. Bridges and village,	. . .	313
103.	Scotland. Argyllshire?	. . .	309
104.	Scotland. Argyllshire?	. . .	310
105.	Scotland. Argyllshire?	. . .	307
106.	Scotland. Study of trees,	. . .	κ 22a
107.	Scotland. Study of trees,	. . .	κ 22b
108.	Scotland. Study of trees,	. . .	306
109.	Scotland,	. . .	346
110.	Scotland,	. . .	347
111.	Scotland,	. . .	348
112.	Scotland,	. . .	349
113.	Scotland. Loch Fyne?	. . .	312
114.	Scotland. Loch Fyne?,	. . .	314
115.	Scotland,	. . .	308

GROUP IV.

(*Second Hundred.*)

STUDIES OF BIRDS AND FISH.

Placed immediately after the Scottish series in order to show the singularly various methods of the Master's study. These sketches are, however, at least ten years later in date. They are all executed with a view mainly to color, and, in color, to its ultimate refinements, as in the gray down of the birds, and the subdued iridescences of the fish.

There is no execution in water-color comparable to them for combined rapidity, delicacy, and precision—the artists of the world may be challenged to approach them; and I know of only one piece of Turner's own to match them—the Dove at Farnley.

116.	Teal,	. . .	κ 59
117.	Teal,	. . .	375

118.	(Not yet placed.) *	
119.	Perch,	373
120.	Trout and other fish	374

GROUP V.

(*Second Hundred.*)

COLORED SKETCHES IN SWITZERLAND.

These quite stupendous memoranda were made on his first Swiss journey, 1803, and are at the maximum of his early power. Several of very high quality were made from those on the St. Gothard; a beautiful one at Farnley from 126; and the greatest of the Liber mountain subjects, from 123, 125, and 127.

121.	On the pass of St. Gothard, above Amsteg,	324
122.	The old road, pass of St. Gothard,	320
123.	The old Devil's Bridge, pass of St. Gothard,	321
124.	Bonneville, Savoy,	323
125.	The Source of the Arveron, as it was in 1803,	319
126.	The Mer-de-glace of Chamouni, looking upstream,	325
127.	The Mer-de-glace of Chamouni, looking down- stream,	322
128.	Contamines, Savoy,	x 38

(Two subjects still wanting to this series, may, I believe, be furnished out of the reserves in tin cases.)

* I may possibly afterward, with the permission of the Trustees, be able to supply this gap with a drawing of a Jay, given me by Mr. W. Kingsley, or with some purchased example—there being no more than these four in the National collection.

GROUP VI.

(Second Hundred.)

Fifty sketches on his later Continental journeys, made in pencil outline only on the spot, and colored from memory. Of the finest quality of pure Turnerian art, which is in sum, as explained in my various university lectures over and over again, *the true abstraction of the color of Nature as a distinct subject of study*, with only so much of light and shade as may explain the condition and place of the color, without tainting its purity. In the modern French school, all the color is taken out of Nature, and only the mud left. By Turner, all the mud is taken out of Nature, and only the color left. Tones of chiaroscuro, which depend *upon* color, are however often given in full depth, as in the Nos. 138, 139, 179, and 180.

131.	The Red Gorge,	72
132.	The Allée Blanche,	47
133.	The Via Mala,	73
134.	Miner's Bridge,	80
135.	Altorf,	100
136.	Martigny,	81
137.	Mont Righi at dawn,	96
138.	Mont Righi at sunset,	45
139.	Fort l'Ecluse,	42
140.	Dent d'Oches, from Lausanne,	41
141.	Lausanne,	44
142.	Lausanne,	50
143.	Lausanne,	91
144.	Lausanne,	92
145.	Lausanne,	95
146.	Vevay,	46
147.	Baden (Swiss),	49

148.	Baden (Swiss),	83
149.	Baden (Swiss),	85
150.	Heidelberg,	284
151.	Heidelberg,	282
152.	Heidelberg,	283
153.	Coblentz, Bridge of boats,	279
154.	Coblentz, Bridge of boats,	κ 94 b
155.	Coblentz, Bridge on the Moselle,	280
156.	Coblentz, Bridge on the Moselle,	κ 94 a
157.	Fortress,	48
158.	Fortress,	82
159.	River scene,	78
160.	River scene,	79
161.	Rheinfelden, just above Basle, Swiss,	86
162.	Rheinfelden,	87
163.	Rheinfelden,	88
164.	Rheinfelden,	89
165.	Rheinfelden,	90
166.	Fortress,	77
167.	Lake Lucerne, from Kussnacht,	43
168.	Mont Pilate, from Kussnacht,	290
169.	Lake Lucerne, from Brunnen,	κ 100 a
170.	Lake Lucerne, from Brunnen,	κ 100 b
171.	Zurich,	289
172.	Zurich,	287
173.	Lucerne,	288
174.	Schaffhausen,	285
175.	Constance	286
176.	Splugen,	75
177.	Bellinzona,	94
178.	Fluelen,	99
179.	Aart,	97
180.	Goldau,	98

GROUP VII

(Second Hundred.)

TWENTY SKETCHES IN VENICE,

Characteristic of Turner's entirely final manner, when the languor of age made him careless, or sometimes reluctant in outline, while yet his hand had lost none of its subtlety, nor his eye of its sense for color. From the last but one (199) he painted the best of his late Academy pictures, now in the upper gallery, and 188 has itself been carried forward nearly to completion.

181.	The Approach to Venice,	51
182.	The Ducal Palace and Riva,	52
183.	The Riva (dei Schiavoni),	53
184.	The Riva, from the Canal of Chioggia,	54
185.	Church of Salute, from the Riva,	55
186.	The Riva, looking west,	56
187.	The Riva, from the outlet of the Canal of the Arsenal,	57
188.	The Canal of the Arsenal,	58
189.	Bridge over the Canal of the Arsenal,	59
190.	San Giorgio,	60
191.	The Steps of the Salute,	61
192.	The Grand Canal, with the Salute,	62
193.	The Casa Grimani,	63
194.	San Simeon Piccolo,	64
195.	Fishing Boat,	65
196.	Moonrise,	66
197.	The Giudecca, with Church of Redentore,	67
198.	Looking down the Giudecca,	68
199.	Looking up the Giudecca,	69
200.	Farewell to Venice,	70

THIRD HUNDRED.

THE third century of drawings consists entirely of sketches or compositions made in Italy, or illustrative of Italian scenery and history. It opens with a group of pencil sketches made in Savoy and Piedmont in 1803, showing the artist's first impressions of the Italian Alps. Then follow the vignettes made to illustrate Rogers' poem of "Italy," many of which were composed from the preceding pencil sketches; and then follow fifty sketches made on his first visit to southern Italy, divided into three groups, illustrative of Rome, Tivoli, and Naples.

GROUP VIII.

(*Third Hundred.*)

TWENTY-FIVE SKETCHES IN SAVOY AND PIEDMONT,

With very black, soft pencil, on dark tinted paper, touched with white. Of the highest value and interest. Made, I believe, in 1803; at all events on his first Continental journey: all in complete chiaroscuro, and in his grandest manner. They are absolutely true to the places; no exaggeration is admitted anywhere or in any respect, and the compositions, though in the highest degree learned, and exemplary of constructive principles in design, are obtained simply by selection, not alteration, of forms—and by the introduction either of clouds, figures, or entirely probable light and shade.

All are rapid and bold; some, slight and impetuous; but they cannot be too constantly studied, or carefully copied, by landscape students, since, whatever their haste, the conception is always entirely realized; and the subject disciplined into a complete picture, balanced and supported from corner to corner, and concluded in all its pictorial elements.

Observe also that although these sketches give some of the painter's first, strongest, and most enduring impressions of mountain scenery, and architecture of classical dignity—their especial value to the general student is that they are in no respect distinctively *Turnerian*, but could only be known by their greater strength and precision from studies such as Gainsborough or Wilson might have made at the same spots: and they are just as useful to persons incapable of coloring, in giving them the joy of rightly treated shade, as to the advanced colorist in compelling him to reconsider the foundations of effect, which he is too often beguiled into forgetting.

201.	Town of Grenoble,	κ 32 a
202.	Grenoble, with Mont Blanc,	κ 31 b
203.	Grenoble, with Mont Blanc,	5
204.	Road from Grenoble to Voreppe,	κ 30 a
205.	Entrance to the Chartreuse,	9
206.	Entrance to the Chartreuse,	10
207.	Entrance to the Chartreuse,	12
208.	Bridges at the Chartreuse,	11
209.	Cascade of the Chartreuse,	14
210.	Gate of the Chartreuse (looking forward),	17
211.	Gate of the Chartreuse (looking back),	18
212.	Gate of the Chartreuse (looking back, farther off),	19
213.	Chain of Alps of the Chartreuse,	3
214.	Alps of the Chartreuse (the Liber subject),	κ 31 a
215.	Val d'Isère,	κ 29 b
216.	Val d'Isère, with Mont Blanc,	κ 30 b
217.	Martigny,	24
218.	Hospice of St. Bernard,	κ 25 a
219.	Descent to Aosta,	22
220.	Town of Aosta,	κ 25 b
221.	East gate of Aosta (Italy vignette),	κ 26 a
222.	Triumphal arch of Aosta,	κ 26 b
223.	Near Aosta,	23
224.	Ascent to Courmayeur,	κ 29 a
225.	Descent to Ivrea,	25

GROUP IX.

(*Third Hundred.*)

The vignettes to Rogers' "Italy" are of Turner's best time, and contain some of his very best work ; the more interesting because, with few exceptions, they are quickly, and even slightly, executed. Whether slight, or carried on to completion, they are in the highest degree exemplary to the student of water-color ; one only excepted, the "Venice," which, whether painted during some fit of slight illness, or perhaps hurriedly by candlelight under some unexpected call from the engraver, is utterly different from the rest, and wholly unworthy of the painter. This is therefore excluded from the series, and placed among the supplementary studies. The total number of vignettes executed by Turner for Rogers' "Italy" was twenty-five ; but one, the "Dead-house of St. Bernard," is irrevocably in America, and the exclusion of the "Venice" leaves the total number in these cases, twenty-three. To complete them to a symmetrical twenty-five I have placed with them, to terminate their series, the two of the later series executed for Rogers' "Poems," which have most in common with the earlier designs of the "Italy."

The twenty-three Italian ones are arranged with little variation from the order in which they are placed as the illustrations of the poems ; the reasons for admitted variations will be comprehended without difficulty. The two that are added are bold compositions from materials in Italy ; the last was the illustration of Rogers' line, "The shepherd on Tornaro's misty brow," beginning a description of sunrise as the type of increasing knowledge and imagination in childhood. But there is no such place known as Tornaro, and the composition, both in the color of sea and boldness of precipice, resembles only the scenery of the Sicilian Islands.

226.	The Lake of Geneva,	210
227.	The Lake of Lucerne (from Tell's Chapel),	213
228.	St. Maurice,	205
229.	Martigny,	212
230.	Hospice of St. Bernard,	211
231.	Aosta,	203
232.	Hannibal passing the Alps,	204
233.	The Battle of Marengo,	207
234.	The Lake of Como,	215
235.	Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore,	208
236.	Verona. Moonlight,	217
237.	Padua. Moonlight. The Canal for Venice,	223
238.	Florence,	214
239.	Galileo's Villa, Arcetri,	221
240.	Composition,	202
241.	Rome,	216
242.	St. Peter's,	218
243.	The Campagna,	219
244.	Tivoli, The Temple of the Sybil,	224
245.	Banditti,	222
246.	Naples,	201
247.	Amalfi,	225
248.	Paestum,	206
249.	The Garden,	220
250.	The Cliffs of Sicily. Sunrise,	230

GROUP X.

(Third Hundred.)

THIRTY SKETCHES IN PENCIL, SOMETIMES TOUCHED WITH
COLOR, AT ROME.

This group, with the two following, exemplify the best drawings made by Turner from Nature. All his powers were at this period in perfection; none of his faults had developed themselves; and his energies were taxed to the utmost to

seize, both in immediate admiration, and for future service, the loveliest features of some of the most historically interesting scenery in the world.

There is no exaggeration in any of these drawings, nor any conventionalism but that of outline. They are, in all respects, the most true and the most beautiful ever made by the painter; but they differ from the group first given (VII.) in being essentially Turnerian, representing those qualities of form and color in which the painter himself most delighted, and which persons of greatly inferior or essentially different faculties need not hope for benefit by attempting to copy. The quantity of detail given in their distances can only be seen, in a natural landscape, by persons possessing the strongest and finest faculties of sight: and the tones of color adopted in them can only be felt by persons of the subtlest color-temperament, and happily-trained color-disposition. To the average skill, the variously imperfect ocular power, and blunted color-feeling of most of our town-bred students, the qualities of these drawings are—not merely useless, but, in the best parts of them, literally invisible.

On the other hand, to students of fine faculty and well-trained energy, no drawings in the world are to be named with these fifty (251–300), as lessons in landscape drawing:

251.	Rome from Monte Mario (finest pencil), . . .	κ 101
252.	Rome from Monte Mario (partly colored), . . .	κ 103
253.	Villas on Monte Mario,	326
254.	Stone pines on Monte Mario,	263
255.	The Castle of St. Angelo,	262
256.	The Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo, . . .	κ 102
257.	The Tiber and Castle of St. Angelo, . . .	255
258.	The Tiber and the Capitol,	264
259.	The Tiber and the Apennines,	268
260.	Study in Rome,	266
261.	Foreground in Rome,	332
262.	Foreground in Rome, with living acanthus, . .	κ 111 b
263.	Foreground in Rome,	257
264.	St. Peter's, from the West,	267

265.	St. Peter's, from the South (pencil), . . .	259
266.	Colored sketch of the same subject, . . .	273
267.	St. Peter's and the Vatican, . . .	269
268.	The Colonnade of Bernini (beneath), . . .	256
269.	The Portico of St. Peter's, . . .	258
270.	The Arch of Septimius Severus (pencil on gray), . . .	253
271.	The Basilica of Constantine (color), . . .	x 108
272.	The Coliseum and Basilica of Constantine, . . .	272
273.	The Coliseum and Arch of Constantine, . . .	331
274.	The Coliseum and Arch of Titus, . . .	328
275.	The Coliseum—seen near, with flock of goats, . . .	275
276.	The Coliseum (study of daylight color), . . .	271
277.	The Coliseum in pale sunset, with new moon, . . .	265
278.	The Palatine, . . .	274
279.	The Alban Mount, . . .	260
280.	Rome and the Apennines, . . .	327

GROUP XI.

(*Third Hundred.*)

Five sketches from nature at Tivoli ; three in pencil, two in color. Unsurpassable.

281.	The Temple of Vesta (in distance), . . .	302
282.	The Temple of Vesta (near), . . .	252
283.	General view from the valley, . . .	303
284.	The same subject in color, . . .	340
285.	The Town with its Cascades, and the Campagna, . . .	339

GROUP XII

(*Third Hundred.*)

Fifteen sketches, at or near Rome and Naples. The three Campagna ones, with the last four of the Neapolitan group, are exemplary of all Turner's methods of water-color painting at the acme of his sincere power.

286.	Campagna. Warm sunset. Inestimable, .	329
287.	Campagna. Slighter, but as fine. Morning, .	330
288.	Campagna. Snowy Apennines in distance, .	338
289.		
290.	Nymphæum of Alexander Severus,	κ 105
291.	Study for the great picture of the Loggie of Vatican,	κ 111 a
292.	Naples, from the South (pencil),	333
293.	Queen Joanna's Palace and St. Elmo (pencil), .	305
294.	Villas at Posilipo (pencil),	301
295.	Naples and Vesuvius, from the North (color).	
296.	The Castle of the Egg. Light against dark, .	304
297.	The Castle of the Egg. Dark against light, .	334
298.	Vesuvius. Beginning of finished drawing, .	335
299.	Monte St. Angelo and Capri. Morning, .	336
300.	Monte St. Angelo and Capri. Evening, . .	337

FOURTH HUNDRED.

THE fourth century of drawings are all of the later middle period of Turner's career, where the constant reference to the engraver or the Academy-visitor, as more or less the critic or patron of his work, had betrayed him into mannerisms and fallacies which gradually undermined the constitution of his intellect: while yet his manual skill, and often his power of imagination, increased in certain directions. Some of the loveliest, and executively the most wonderful, of his drawings belong to this period; but few of the greatest, and none of the absolutely best, while many are inexcusably faulty or false. With few exceptions, they ought not to be copied by students, for the best of them are inimitable in the modes of execution peculiar to Turner, and are little exemplary otherwise.

The initial group of this class, the thirteenth in consecutive order, contains the best of the vignettes executed in illustration of Rogers' "Pleasures of Memory," "Voyage of Colum-

bus," and other minor poems. In most cases they are far more highly finished than those of the "Italy;" but few show equal power, and none the frank sincerity. The two best of all had much in common with the Italian series, and have been placed with it; but "The Twilight" (301), "Greenwich" (306), "Bolton Abbey" (311), "Vallombré" (316), and "Departure of Columbus" (321), are among the subtlest examples of the artist's peculiar manner at this period; and all, as now arranged up to the number 325, have a pretty connection and sequence, illustrative of the painter's thought, no less than of the poet's.

They have a farther interest, as being the origin of the loveliest engravings ever produced by the pure line; and I hope in good time that proofs of the plates may be exhibited side by side with the drawings. In arranging the twenty-five excellent ones just described, I have thrown out several unworthy of Turner—which, however, since they cannot be separated from their proper group, follow it, numbering from 326 to 335; the gaps being filled up by various studies for vignettes of the "Italy" as well as the "Poems," which I extricated from the heaps of loose sketches in the tin cases.

GROUP XIII.

(*Fourth Hundred.*)

301.	Twilight,	226
302.	Gypsies,	231
303.	The Native Village,	227
304.	Greenwich,	234
305.	The Water-gate of the Tower,	235
306.	St. Anne's Hill,	228
307.	St. Anne's Hill,	229
308.	The Old Oak in Life,	232
309.	The Old Oak in Death,	233
310.	The Boy of Egremont,	236

311.	Bolton Abbey,	237
312.	St. Herbert's Isle, Derwentwater. (Ideal), . . .	238
313.	Lodore,	239
314.	Loch Lomond,	240
315.	Jacqueline's Cottage. (Ideal),	241
316.	The Falls at Vallombré. (Ideal),	243
317.	The Alps at Daybreak. (Ideal),*	242
318.	The Captive. (Ideal),	245
319.	St. Julian's Well. (Ideal),	244
320.	Columbus at La Rabida,	246
321.	Departure of Columbus,	247
322.	Dawn on the last day of the Voyage,	248
323.	Morning in America,	249
324.	Cortez and Pizarro,	250
325.	Datur Hora Quiet!,	397

Next follow the inferior ones; among which the pretty "Rialto" is degraded because there is no way over the bridge, and the "Ducal Palace" for its coarse black and red color. So also the "Manor-house," though Mr. Goodall made a quite lovely vignette from it; as also from the "Warrior Ghosts."

326.	The English Manor-house,	399
327.	The English School,	396
328.	The English Fair,	398
329.	Venice. The Ducal Palace,	391
330.	Venice. The Rialto,	394
331.	The Simoom,	393
332.	The War-spirits,	400
333.	The Warrior Ghosts,	395
334.	Study for the Warrior Ghosts,	x 87a
335.	Second study for the same vignette,	x 87b

* And the figures absurd; but by Rogers' fault, not Turner's. See the very foolish poem.

GROUP XIV.

(Fourth Hundred.)

RIVERS OF ENGLAND.

This most valuable group consists of fifteen finished drawings, which always remained in Turner's possession, he refusing to sell separately, and the public of his time not caring to buy in mass.

They were made for publication by engraving ; and were skilfully engraved ; but only in mezzotint. They are of the highest quality, in so far as work done for engraving can be, and all finished with the artist's best skill. Two of the series of fifteen are placed in the Student's group, and room thus made for two of the " Ports," which are consecutive with the following group :

336.	Stangate Creek,	(on River)	Medway,	.	.	161
337.	Totness,	"	Dart,	.	.	162
338.	Dartmouth,	"	Dart,	.	.	163
339.	Dartmouth Castle,	"	Dart,	.	.	164
340.	Okehampton Castle,	"	Okement,	.	.	165
341.	Arundel Castle,	"	Arun,	.	.	166
342.	Arundel Park,	"	Arun,	.	.	167
343.	More Park,	"	Colne,	.	.	168
344.	Newcastle,	"	Tyne,	.	.	171
345.	Kirkstall Abbey,	"	Aire,	.	.	173
346.	Kirkstall Lock,	"	Aire,	.	.	172
347.	Brougham Castle,	"	Lowther,	.	.	174
348.	Norham Castle,	"	Tweed,	.	.	175
349.	Whitby,	170
350.	Scarborough,	169

GROUP XV.

(*Fourth Hundred.*)

PORTS OF ENGLAND.

Five finished drawings, nearly related in style to the Rivers ; but nobler, and two of them ("The Humber" and "Sheerness") among the greatest of Turner's existing works.

The "Whitby" and "Scarborough" belong nominally to this group, but in style they are like the Rivers, with which I have placed them ; of course consulting in these fillings up of series, the necessary divisions into five adopted for the sake of portability. The seven drawings were illustrated in their entirety to the best of my power in the text of the work in which they were published—the "Harbors of England."

Five finished drawings of very high quality, made for mezzotint engraving, and admirably rendered by Mr. Lupton under Turner's careful superintendence.

351.	The Humber,	378
352.	The Medway,	376
353.	Portsmouth,	379
354.	Sheerness,	380
355.	Ramsgate,	377

GROUP XVI

(*Fourth Hundred.*)

Twenty-five sketches, chiefly in Venice. Late time, extravagant, and showing some of the painter's worst and final faults ; but also, some of his peculiar gifts in a supreme degree.

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356.	The Ducal Palace,	351
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359.	Casa Grimani and Rialto,	354
360.	The Rialto,	353
361.	Grand Canal above Rialto,	356
362.	On the Cross-canal between Bridge of Sighs and Rialto,	358
363.	The same, nearer,	359
364.	Cross-canal near Arsenal,	357
365.	San Stefano,	360
366.	South side of St. Mark's,	291
367.	Ducal Palace,	292
368.	Boats on the Giudecca,	293
369.	Steamers,	361
370.	?	362
371.	Tours,	363
372.	?	364
373.	?	365
374.	?	366
375.	?	367
376.	?	368
377.	?	369
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379.	Arsenal, Venice,	371
380.	Fish Market,	372

GROUP XVII

(Fourth Hundred.)

VARIOUS. (LATEST.)

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383.	Saumur,	383
384.	Namur,	384

329

385.	? 385
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395.	Rome, 270
396.	Studies of Sky, 296
397.	Scotland ? 297
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399.	The Capitol from Temple of? 299
400.	Bridges in the Campagna, 300

(Fifth Hundred.)

FINEST COLOR ON GRAY. (LATE.)

Twenty-five rapid studies in color on gray paper. Of his best late time, and in his finest manner, giving more conditions of solid form than have ever been expressed by means at once so subtle and rapid.

401.	Full sails on Seine,	101
402.	The breeze beneath the Coteau,	102
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404.	French lugger under the Héve,	104
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407.	Havre,	107
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409.	Honfleur in distance,	113
410.	Honfleur? Compare Seine series,	110
411.	Cherbourg,	111
412.	Cherbourg,	112
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416.	Nantes,	116
417.	Nantes?	117
418.	Angers?	118
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420.	Beaugency,	120
421.	Chateau de Blois,	121
422.	Chateau Hamelin,	122
423.	?	123
424.	?	124
425.	Tours? The Scarlet Sunset,	125

This last magnificent drawing belongs properly to the next group, which is almost exclusively formed by drawings in which the main element is color, at once deep and glowing. But the consistency of the group is in color and treatment; and in the uniform determination of the artist that every subject shall at least have a castle and a crag in it—if possible a river; or by Fortune's higher favor—blue sea, and that all trees shall be ignored, as shady and troublesome excrescences. In default of locality, I have put here and there a word of note or praise.

GROUP XIX.

(*Fifth Hundred.*)

. FINEST COLOR ON GRAY. (LATEST.)

426.	Rhine. (Yellow raft essential),	176
427.	Too red and yellow. Full of power in form,	177
428.	Delicate, and very lovely,	178

429.	Rhine? or Danube? Very grand,	. . .	179
430.	Bacharach. Wonderful, but too wild,	. . .	180
431.	Best quality—all but the white chalk,	. . .	181
432.	Heidelberg. Rosy tower, and a tree or two!		
	Lovely,	182
433.	Such things <i>are</i> , though you mayn't believe it,	. . .	183
434.	Dinant, Meuse. A mighty one,	. . .	184
435.	Dinant. Bronzed sunset. Firm and good,	. . .	185
436.	Luxembourg. Splendid,	186
437.	Luxembourg. Forced, and poor,	187
438.	Luxembourg. Highest quality,	188
439.	Luxembourg. Supreme of the set, except,	. . .	189
440.	Luxembourg. Probably the grandest drawing of this date,	190
441.	Luxembourg. Too blue and red, but noble,	. . .	191
442.	Meuse. Admirable, but incomplete,	. . .	192
443.	Coast of Genoa? Good, but dull,	. . .	193
444.	Coast of Genoa? Highest quality,	. . .	194
445.	Italian lakes? Supreme of all, for color,	. . .	195
446.	Marseilles? Splendid, but harsh,	. . .	196
447.	Riviera? Fine, but a little hard and mannered,	. . .	197
448.	Sorrento coast? Sunset. Lovely,	. . .	198
449.	Vico? coast of Sorrento. The same type: poorer,	. . .	199
450.	The Vermilion Palace,	200

I know scarcely any of their subjects except the Luxembourgs; and have therefore left them in their first rough arrangement; although subjects probably Genovese and South Italian are mixed with others from Germany and the Rhine.

GROUP XX.

(*Fifth Hundred.*)

STUDIES ON GRAY FOR RIVERS OF FRANCE. (LATE.)

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GROUP XXL

(*Fifth Hundred.*)

THE SEINE.

In this series the best drawings are as far as possible put together—geographical order being ignored, rather than mix the second-rate ones with those of entirely satisfactory quality. But the course of subject for the most part is in ascent of the river; and the two vignettes begin and end the whole.

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78	.	.	89	.	.	309	118	.	.	43	.	.	307
79	.	.	90	.	.	309	119	.	.	48	.	.	307
80	.	.	76	.	.	309	120	.	.	18	.	.	305
81	.	.	75	.	.	309	121	.	.	13	.	.	304
82	.	.	77	.	.	309	122	.	.	55	.	.	308
83	.	.	78	.	.	309	*123						
84	.	.	79	.	.	309	*124						
85	.	.	80	.	.	309	125	.	.	68	.	.	308
86	.	.	81	.	.	309	126	.	.	69	.	.	308
87 <i>a</i>	.	.	334	.	.	325	127	.	.	70	.	.	308
87 <i>b</i>	.	.	335	.	.	325	128	.	.	71	.	.	309
*88							*129						

*130				142	.	.	93	.	.	310
*131				143	.	.	15	.	.	305
132	.	.	78	.	.	309	144	.	.	306
133	.	.	83	.	.	309	145	.	.	304
134	.	.	88	.	.	309	146	.	.	307
135	.	.	85	.	.	309	147	.	.	305
136	.	.	86	.	.	309	148	.	.	305
137	.	.	87	.	.	309	149	.	.	306
138	.	.	80	.	.	305	*150			
139	.	.	84	.	.	309	*151			
*140							152	.	.	310
*141							153	.	.	310

SECOND SECTION.

DRAWINGS NOW FRAMED AND PLACED IN CABINETS.

Nos. 1 TO 400.

The stars, as in the first section, indicate drawings recommended for provincial exhibition.

*1				23	.	.	223	.	.	318
*2				24	.	.	217	.	.	318
3	.	.	213	.	.	318	25	.	.	318
*4				*26	.	.	451	.	.	331
5	.	.	203	.	.	318	*27	.	.	331
*6				*28	.	.	453	.	.	332
*7				*29	.	.	454	.	.	332
*8				*30	.	.	455	.	.	332
9	.	.	205	.	.	318	*31	.	.	332
10	.	.	206	.	.	318	*32	.	.	332
11	.	.	208	.	.	318	*33	.	.	332
12	.	.	207	.	.	318	*34	.	.	332
*13				*35	.	.	460	.	.	332
14	.	.	209	.	.	318	*36	.	.	332
*15				*37	.	.	465	.	.	332
*16				*38	.	.	462	.	.	332
17	.	.	210	.	.	318	*39	.	.	332
18	.	.	211	.	.	318	*40	.	.	332
19	.	.	212	.	.	318	41	.	.	314
*20				42	.	.	139	.	.	314
*21				*43						
22	.	.	219	.	.	318	44	.	.	314

SKETCHES BY TURNER.

337

45	.	.	138	.	.	314	90	.	.	165	.	.	315
46	.	.	140	.	.	314	91	.	.	143	.	.	314
47	.	.	132	.	.	314	92	.	.	144	.	.	314
48	.	.	157	.	.	315	*98	
49	.	.	147	.	.	314	94	.	.	177	.	.	315
50	.	.	142	.	.	314	95	.	.	145	.	.	314
51	.	.	181	.	.	316	96	.	.	137	.	.	314
52	.	.	182	.	.	316	97	.	.	179	.	.	315
53	.	.	183	.	.	316	98	.	.	180	.	.	315
54	.	.	184	.	.	316	99	.	.	178	.	.	315
55	.	.	185	.	.	316	100	.	.	135	.	.	314
56	.	.	186	.	.	316	101	.	.	401	.	.	329
57	.	.	187	.	.	316	102	.	.	402	.	.	329
58	.	.	188	.	.	316	103	.	.	403	.	.	329
59	.	.	189	.	.	316	104	.	.	404	.	.	329
60	.	.	190	.	.	316	105	.	.	405	.	.	329
61	.	.	191	.	.	316	106	.	.	406	.	.	329
62	.	.	192	.	.	316	107	.	.	407	.	.	329
63	.	.	193	.	.	316	108	.	.	408	.	.	329
64	.	.	194	.	.	316	109	.	.	413	.	.	330
65	.	.	195	.	.	316	110	.	.	410	.	.	330
66	.	.	196	.	.	316	111	.	.	411	.	.	330
67	.	.	197	.	.	316	112	.	.	412	.	.	330
68	.	.	198	.	.	316	113	.	.	409	.	.	330
69	.	.	199	.	.	316	114	.	.	414	.	.	330
70	.	.	200	.	.	316	115	.	.	415	.	.	330
*71		116	.	.	416	.	.	330
72	.	.	131	.	.	314	117	.	.	417	.	.	330
73	.	.	133	.	.	314	118	.	.	418	.	.	330
*74		119	.	.	419	.	.	330
75	.	.	176	.	.	315	120	.	.	420	.	.	330
*76		121	.	.	421	.	.	330
77	.	.	166	.	.	315	122	.	.	422	.	.	330
78	.	.	159	.	.	315	123	.	.	423	.	.	330
79	.	.	100	.	.	315	124	.	.	424	.	.	330
80	.	.	134	.	.	314	125	.	.	425	.	.	330
81	.	.	136	.	.	314	126	.	.	474	.	.	333
82	.	.	158	.	.	315	127	.	.	471	.	.	332
83	.	.	148	.	.	315	128	.	.	472	.	.	332
84		129	.	.	475	.	.	333
85	.	.	149	.	.	315	130	.	.	478	.	.	333
86	.	.	161	.	.	315	131	.	.	481	.	.	333
87	.	.	162	.	.	315	132	.	.	482	.	.	333
88	.	.	163	.	.	315	133	.	.	483	.	.	333
89	.	.	164	.	.	315	134	.	.	476	.	.	333

135	.	.	477	.	.	333	180	.	.	430	.	.	331
136	.	.	484	.	.	333	181	.	.	431	.	.	331
137	.	.	483	.	.	333	182	.	.	432	.	.	331
138	.	.	487	.	.	333	183	.	.	433	.	.	331
139	.	.	486	.	.	333	184	.	.	434	.	.	331
140	.	.	497	.	.	333	185	.	.	435	.	.	331
141	.	.	492	.	.	333	186	.	.	436	.	.	331
142	.	.	495	.	.	333	187	.	.	437	.	.	331
143	.	.	494	.	.	333	188	.	.	438	.	.	331
144	.	.	493	.	.	333	189	.	.	439	.	.	331
145	.	.	496	.	.	333	190	.	.	440	.	.	331
146	.	.	488	.	.	333	191	.	.	441	.	.	331
147	.	.	489	.	.	333	192	.	.	442	.	.	331
148	.	.	490	.	.	333	193	.	.	443	.	.	331
149	.	.	498	.	.	333	194	.	.	444	.	.	331
150	.	.	499	.	.	333	195	.	.	445	.	.	331
151	.	.	466	.	.	332	196	.	.	446	.	.	331
152	.	.	480	.	.	333	197	.	.	447	.	.	331
153	.	.	469	.	.	332	198	.	.	448	.	.	331
154	.	.	470	.	.	332	199	.	.	449	.	.	331
155	.	.	479	.	.	333	200	.	.	450	.	.	331
156	.	.	491	.	.	333	201	.	.	246	.	.	320
157	.	.	467	.	.	332	202	.	.	240	.	.	320
158	.	.	468	.	.	332	203	.	.	231	.	.	320
159	.	.	473	.	.	332	204	.	.	232	.	.	320
160	.	.	500	.	.	333	205	.	.	228	.	.	320
161	.	.	336	.	.	326	206	.	.	248	.	.	320
162	.	.	337	.	.	326	207	.	.	233	.	.	320
163	.	.	338	.	.	326	208	.	.	235	.	.	320
164	.	.	339	.	.	326	209	.	.	Reserved	.	.	
165	.	.	340	.	.	326	210	.	.	226	.	.	320
166	.	.	341	.	.	326	211	.	.	230	.	.	320
167	.	.	342	.	.	326	212	.	.	229	.	.	320
168	.	.	343	.	.	326	213	.	.	227	.	.	320
169	.	.	350	.	.	326	214	.	.	238	.	.	320
170	.	.	349	.	.	326	215	.	.	234	.	.	320
171	.	.	344	.	.	326	216	.	.	241	.	.	320
172	.	.	346	.	.	326	217	.	.	236	.	.	320
173	.	.	345	.	.	326	218	.	.	242	.	.	320
174	.	.	347	.	.	326	219	.	.	243	.	.	320
175	.	.	348	.	.	326	220	.	.	249	.	.	320
176	.	.	426	.	.	330	221	.	.	239	.	.	320
177	.	.	427	.	.	330	222	.	.	245	.	.	320
178	.	.	428	.	.	330	223	.	.	237	.	.	320
179	.	.	429	.	.	331	224	.	.	244	.	.	320

SKETCHES BY TURNER.

339

225	.	.	247	.	.	320	270	.	.	395	.	.	329
226	.	.	301	.	.	324	271	.	.	276	.	.	322
227	.	.	308	.	.	324	272	.	.	272	.	.	322
228	.	.	308	.	.	324	273	.	.	266	.	.	322
229	.	.	309	.	.	324	274	.	.	278	.	.	322
230	.	.	250	.	.	320	275	.	.	275	.	.	322
231	.	.	302	.	.	324	*276						
232	.	.	304	.	.	324	*277						
233	.	.	305	.	.	324	278						
234	.	.	306	.	.	324	*279	.	.	153	.	.	315
235	.	.	307	.	.	324	280	.	.	155	.	.	315
236	.	.	310	.	.	324	*281						
237	.	.	311	.	.	325	*282	.	.	151	.	.	315
238	.	.	312	.	.	325	*283	.	.	152	.	.	315
239	.	.	313	.	.	325	*284	.	.	150	.	.	315
240	.	.	314	.	.	325	285	.	.	174	.	.	315
241	.	.	315	.	.	325	286	.	.	175	.	.	315
242	.	.	317	.	.	325	287	.	.	172	.	.	315
243	.	.	316	.	.	325	288	.	.	173	.	.	315
244	.	.	319	.	.	325	289	.	.	171	.	.	315
245	.	.	318	.	.	325	290	.	.	168	.	.	315
246	.	.	320	.	.	325	*291	.	.	366	.	.	328
247	.	.	321	.	.	325	*292	.	.	367	.	.	328
248	.	.	322	.	.	325	*293	.	.	368	.	.	328
249	.	.	323	.	.	325	*294						
250	.	.	324	.	.	325	*295						
251	.	.	391	.	.	329	*296	.	.	396	.	.	329
252	.	.	282	.	.	322	*297	.	.	397	.	.	329
253	.	.	270	.	.	322	*298	.	.	398	.	.	329
254							*299	.	.	399	.	.	329
255	.	.	257	.	.	321	*300	.	.	400	.	.	329
256	.	.	268	.	.	322	301	.	.	294	.	.	323
257	.	.	263	.	.	321	302	.	.	281	.	.	323
258	.	.	269	.	.	322	303	.	.	283	.	.	322
259	.	.	265	.	.	322	304	.	.	296	.	.	323
260	.	.	279	.	.	322	305	.	.	293	.	.	323
261	.	.	394	.	.	329	306	.	.	108	.	.	312
262	.	.	255	.	.	321	307	.	.	105	.	.	312
263	.	.	254	.	.	321	308	.	.	115	.	.	312
264	.	.	258	.	.	321	309	.	.	103	.	.	312
265	.	.	277	.	.	322	310	.	.	104	.	.	312
266	.	.	260	.	.	321	311	.	.	101	.	.	312
267	.	.	264	.	.	321	312	.	.	113	.	.	312
268	.	.	259	.	.	321	313	.	.	102	.	.	312
269	.	.	267	.	.	322	314	.	.	114	.	.	312

340 *DRAWINGS AND SKETCHES BY TURNER.*

*315					*358	.	.	362	.	.	328
*316					*359	.	.	363	.	.	328
*317					*360	.	.	365	.	.	328
*318					*361	.	.	369	.	.	328
319	.	.	125	.	313	*362	.	.	370	.	328
320	.	.	122	.	313	*363	.	.	371	.	328
321	.	.	123	.	313	*364	.	.	373	.	328
322	.	.	127	.	313	*365	.	.	373	.	328
323	.	.	124	.	313	*366	.	.	374	.	328
324	.	.	121	.	313	*367	.	.	375	.	328
325	.	.	126	.	313	*368	.	.	376	.	328
326	.	.	253	.	321	*369	.	.	377	.	328
327	.	.	280	.	322	*370	.	.	378	.	328
328	.	.	274	.	322	*371	.	.	379	.	328
329	.	.	286	.	323	*372	.	.	380	.	328
330	.	.	287	.	323	373	.	.	119	.	313
331	.	.	273	.	322	374	.	.	120	.	313
332	.	.	261	.	321	375	.	.	117	.	312
333	.	.	292	.	323	*376	.	.	352	.	327
334	.	.	297	.	323	*377	.	.	355	.	327
335	.	.	298	.	323	*378	.	.	351	.	327
336	.	.	290	.	323	*379	.	.	353	.	327
337	.	.	300	.	323	*380	.	.	354	.	327
338	.	.	288	.	323	*381	.	.	361	.	328
339	.	.	285	.	322	*382	.	.	362	.	328
340	.	.	284	.	322	*383	.	.	363	.	328
*341						*384	.	.	364	.	328
*342						*385	.	.	365	.	329
*343						*386	.	.	366	.	329
*344						*387	.	.	367	.	329
*345						*388	.	.	368	.	329
346	.	.	109	.	312	*389	.	.	369	.	329
347	.	.	110	.	312	*390	.	.	390	.	329
348	.	.	111	.	312	391	.	.	329	.	325
349	.	.	112	.	312	*392					
*350						393	.	.	331	.	325
*351	.	.	356	.	328	394	.	.	330	.	325
*352	.	.	358	.	328	395	.	.	333	.	325
*353	.	.	360	.	328	396	.	.	327	.	325
*354	.	.	359	.	328	397	.	.	325	.	325
*355	.	.	357	.	328	398	.	.	328	.	325
*356	.	.	361	.	328	399	.	.	326	.	325
*357	.	.	364	.	328	400	.	.	332	.	325

GUIDE
TO
THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES
IN THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS AT VENICE
ARRANGED FOR ENGLISH TRAVELLERS BY
JOHN RUSKIN
SLADE PROFESSOR OF FINE ART, OXFORD, AND HONORARY ASSOCIATE
OF THE ACADEMY OF VENICE

GUIDE, ETC.

PART I

OVER the entrance gate of the Academy are three of the most precious pieces of sculpture in Venice ; her native work, dated ; and belonging to the school of severe Gothic which indicates the beginning of her Christian life in understanding of its real claims upon her.

St. Leonard on the left, St. Christopher on the right, under Gothic cusped niches. The Madonna in the centre, under a simple gable ; the bracket-cornice beneath bearing date 1345 ; the piece of sculpture itself engaged in a rectangular panel, which is the persistent sign of the Greek schools ; descending from the Metopes of the Parthenon.

You see the infant sprawls on her knee in an ungainly manner ; she herself sits with quiet maiden dignity, but in no manner of sentimental adoration.

That is Venetian naturalism ; showing their henceforward steady desire to represent things as they really (according to the workman's notions) might have existed. It begins first in this century, separating itself from the Byzantine formalism—the movement being the same which was led by Giotto in Florence fifty years earlier. These sculptures are the result of his influence, from Padua, and other such Gothic power, rousing Venice to do and think for herself, instead of letting her Greek subjects do all for her. This is one of her first performances, independently of them. She has not yet the least notion of making anybody stand rightly on their feet ; you see how St. Leonard and St. Christopher point their

toes. Clearly, until we know how to do better than this, in perspective and such matters, our painting cannot come to much. Accordingly, all the Venetian painting of any importance you are now to see in the Academy is subsequent to these sculptures. But these are, fortunately, dated—1378 and 1384. Twenty years more will bring us out of the fourteenth century. And therefore, broadly, all the painter's art of Venice begins in the fifteenth; and we may as well at once take note that it ends with the sixteenth. There are only these two hundred years of painting in Venice. Now, without much pause in the corridor, though the old well in the cortile has its notabilities if one had time—up the spiral stairs, and when you have entered the gallery and got your admission tickets—(quite a proper arrangement that you should pay for them; if I were a Venetian prefect, you should pay a good deal more for leave to come to Venice at all, that I might be sure you cared to come)—walk straight forward till you descend the steps into the first room in the arrangement of the Academy catalogue. On your right, at the bottom of the steps, you see a large picture (16) in a series of compartments, of which the central one, the *Crowning of the Virgin*, was painted by a Venetian vicar (vicar of St. Agnes), in 1380. A happy, faithful, cheerful vicar he must have been; and any vicar, rector, or bishop who could do such a thing now would be a blessing to his parish, and delight to his diocese. Symmetrical, orderly, gay, and in the heart of it nobly grave, this work of the old Plebanus has much in it of the future methods of Venetian composition. The two angels peeping over the arms of the throne may remind you to look at its cusped arches, for we are here in central Gothic time, thirty years after the sea-façade of the Ducal Palace had been built.

Now, on the opposite side of the room, over the door leading into the next room, you see (1) in the Academy catalogue "*The work of Bartholomew Vivarini of Murano, 1464*," showing you what advance had been made in eighty years. The figures still hard in outline—thin (except the Madonna's throat, which always, in Venice, is strong as a pillar), and

much marked in sinew and bone (studied from life, mind you, not by dissection); exquisitely delicate and careful in pure color; in character, portraits of holy men and women, such as then were. There is no idealism here whatever. Monks and nuns had indeed faces and mien like these saints, when they desired to have the saints painted for them.

A noble picture; not of any supreme genius, but completely containing the essence of Venetian art.

Next, going under it, through the door, you find yourself in the principal room of the Academy, which please cross quietly to the window opposite, on the left of which hangs a large picture which you will have great difficulty in seeing at all, hung as it is against the light; and which, in any of its finer qualities, you absolutely cannot see; but may yet perceive what they are, latent in that darkness, which is all the honor that the kings, nobles, and artists of Europe care to bestow on one of the greatest pictures ever painted by Christendom in her central art-power. Alone worth an entire modern exhibition-building, hired fiddlers and all; here you have it jammed on a back wall, utterly unserviceable to human kind, the little angels of it fiddling unseen, unheard by anybody's heart. It is the best John Bellini in the Academy of Venice; the third best in Venice, and probably in the world. Repainted, the right-hand angel, and somewhat elsewhere; but on the whole perfect; unspeakably good, and right in all ways. Not inspired with any high religious passion; a good man's work, not an enthusiast's. It is, in principle, merely the perfecting of Vivarini's; the saints, mere portraits of existing men and women; the Madonna, idealized only in that squareness of face and throat, not in anywise the prettier for it, otherwise a quite commonplace Venetian woman. Such, and far lovelier, you may see living to-day, if you can see—and may make manifest, if you can paint.

And now, you may look to the far end of the room, where Titian's "Assumption" has the chairs put before it; everybody being expected to sit down, and for once, without asking what o'clock it is at the railroad station, reposefully admire.

Of which, hear first what I wrote, very rightly, a quarter of a century ago.

"The traveller is generally too much struck by Titian's great picture of 'The Assumption' to be able to pay proper attention to the other works in this gallery. Let him, however, ask himself candidly how much of his admiration is dependent merely on the picture's being larger than any other in the room, and having bright masses of red and blue in it; let him be assured that the picture is in reality not one whit the better either for being large or gaudy in color, and he will then be better disposed to give the pains necessary to discover the merit of the more profound works of Bellini and Tintoret."

I wrote this, I have said, *very* rightly, not *quite* rightly. For if a picture is good, it *is* better for being large, because it is more difficult to paint large than small; and if color is good, it *may be* better for being bright.

Nay, the fault of this picture, as I read it now, is in not being bright enough. A large piece of scarlet, two large pieces of crimson, and some very beautiful blue, occupy about a fifth part of it; but the rest is mostly fox color or dark brown: majority of the apostles under total eclipse of brown. St. John, there being nobody else handsome to look at, is therefore seen to advantage; also St. Peter and his beard; but the rest of the lower canvas is filled with little more than flourishings of arms and flingings of cloaks, in shadow and light.

However, as a piece of oil painting, and what artists call "composition," with entire grasp and knowledge of the action of the human body, the perspectives of the human face, and the relations of shade to color in expressing form, the picture is deservedly held unsurpassable. Enjoy of it what you can; but of its place in the history of Venetian art observe these three following points:

I. The throned Madonnas of Vivarini and Bellini were to Venice what the statue of Athena in the Brazen House was to Athens. Not at all supposed to *be* Athena, or to *be* Madonnas; but symbols, by help of which they conceived the pres-

ence with them of a real Goddess. But this picture of Titian's does not profess to symbolize any Virgin here with us, but only to show how the Virgin was taken away from us a long time ago. And professing to represent this, he does not in the least believe his own representation, nor expect anybody else to believe it. He does not, in his heart, believe the Assumption ever took place at all. He is merely putting together a stage decoration of clouds, little boys, with wings stuck into them, and pantomime actors in studied positions, to amuse his Venice and himself.

II. Though desirous of nothing but amusement, he is not, at heart, half so much amused by his work as John Bellini, or one-quarter so much amused as the innocent old vicar. On the contrary, a strange gloom has been cast over him, he knows not why; but he likes all his colors dark, and puts great spaces of brown, and crimson passing into black, where the older painters would have made all lively. Painters call this "*chiaroscuro*." So also they may call a thunder-cloud in the sky of spring; but it means more than light and shade.

III. You see that in all the three earlier pictures everybody is quiet. Here, everybody is in a bustle. If you like to look at my pamphlet on the relation of Tintoret to Michael Angelo, you will see how this comes to pass, and what it means. And that is all I care for your noticing in the Assumption, just now.

Next, look on right and left of it, at the two dark pictures over the doors (63, 25).

Darkness visible, with flashes of lightning through it. The thunder-cloud upon us, rent with fire.

Those are Tintorets; finest possible Tintorets; best possible examples of what, in absolute power of painting, is supremest work, so far as I know, in all the world.

Nothing comes near Tintoret for colossal painter's power as such. But you need not think to get any good of these pictures; it would take you twenty years' work to understand the fineness of them as painting; and for the rest, there is little good in them to be got. Adam and Eve no more sat in that warm-weather picnic manner, helping each other politely to apples, on the occasion of their fall, than the Madonna went

up all bending about in her red and blue cloak on the occasion of her Assumption. But of the wrong and the truth, the error and the glory, of these pictures, I have no time to speak now ; nor you to hear. All that you have to notice is that painting has now become a dark instead of bright art, and in many ways a frightful and unpleasant art, or else I will add once for all, referring you for proof of it to the general examples of Venetian work at this late epoch, supplied as a luxury to foreign courts, a lascivious art.*

Nevertheless, up to the time when Tintoret painted the Crucifixion in the Scuola di San Rocco, Venice had not in heart abjured her religion. The time when the last chord of its faith gives way cannot be discerned, to-day and hour ; but in that day and hour of which, for external sign, we may best take the death of Tintoret in 1594, the Arts of Venice are at an end.

I have therefore now shown you the complete course of their power, from 1380 at the Academy gates, to 1594—say, broadly, two centuries (her previous art being only architectural, mosaic, or decorative sculpture). We will now go through the rooms, noticing what is best worth notice in each of the epochs defined ; essentially, you observe, three. The first we may call the Vivarini epoch, bright, innocent, more or less elementary, entirely religious art—reaching from 1400 to 1480 ; the second (which for reasons presently to be shown, we will call the Carpaccian epoch), sometimes classic and mythic, as well as religious, 1480–1520 ; the third, supremely powerful art corrupted by taint of death, 1520–1600, which we will call the Tintoret epoch.

Of course the lives of the painters run in and out across

* One copy of Titian's work bearing such commercial value, and showing what was briefly the Gospel preached by Missionary Venice to foreign nations in the sixteenth century, you will find presently in the narrow corridor, No. 347 : on which you will usually also find some modern copyist employed, for missionary purposes ; but never on a Vivarini. And in thus becoming dark, terrific, and sensual, Venetian art led the way to the mere naturalism and various baseness of following European art with the rubbish of which that corridor (Sala ix., Numbers 276 to 353) is mostly filled.

these limits ; yet if you fasten these firmly in your mind—80, 40, 80—you will find you have an immense advantage and easy grip of the whole history of Venetian art.

In the first epoch, however, I do not mean to detain you ; but the room you first entered, into which I will now ask you to return, is full of pictures which you will find interesting if you have time to decipher them, and care for Christianity and its expressions. One only I will ask you to look at, after Titian's Assumption ; the little Ascension by Nicolo Semitecolo, low down, on the right of the vicar's picture in Number 16. For that Ascension is painted in real belief that the Ascension *did* take place ; and its sincerity ought to be pleasant to you, after Titian's pretence.

Now, returning up the steps, and taking the corridor to your right, opposite the porter's table, enter the little room through the first door on your right ; and therein, just on your right as you go in, is Mantegna's St. George, No. 273 ; to which give ten minutes quietly, and examine it with a magnifying glass of considerable power. For in that you have a perfect type of the Italian methods of execution corresponding to the finish of the Dutch painters in the north ; but far more intellectual and skilful. You cannot see more wonderful work in minute drawing with the point of the brush ; the virtue of it being that, not only every touch is microscopically minute, but that, in this minuteness, every touch is considered, and every touch right. It is to be regarded, however, only as a piece of workmanship. It is wholly without sentiment, though the distant landscape becomes affecting through its detailed truth—the winding road under the rocks, and the towered city, being as full of little pretty things to be searched out as a natural scene would be.

And I have brought you first, in our now more complete review, to this picture, because it shows more clearly than any other through what tremendous work the Italian masters obtained their power.

Without the inherited strength won by this precision of drawing in the earlier masters, neither Titian nor Tintoret could have existed.

Return into the corridor, and walk along it to the end without wasting time ;—there is a Bonifazio, No. 326, worth a painter's while to stop at, but in general mere Dutch rubbish. Walk straight on, and go in at the last door on the left, within which you will find

456, Cima da Conegliano. An entirely sincere and noble picture of the central epoch. Not supreme in any artistic quality, but good and praiseworthy in all ; and, as a conception of its subject, the most beautiful you will find in Venice. Grudge no time upon it ; but look at nothing else here ; return into the corridor, and proceed by it into the great room.

Opposite you is Titian's great "Presentation of the Virgin," interesting to artists, and an unusually large specimen of Titian's rough work. To me, simply the most stupid and uninteresting picture ever painted by him : if you can find anything to enjoy in it, you are very welcome. I have nothing more to say of it, except that the color of the landscape is as false as a piece of common blue tapestry, and that the "celebrated" old woman with her basket of eggs is as dismally ugly and vulgar a filling of spare corner as was ever daubed on a side-scene in a hurry at Drury Lane.

On the other side of the room, 543, is another wide waste of canvas ; miserable example of the work subsequent to Paul Veronese ; doubly and trebly mischievous in caricaturing and defiling all that in the master himself is noble : to look long at such a thing is enough to make the truest lovers of Venetian art ashamed of Venice, and of themselves. It ought to be taken down and burned.

Turn your back to it, in the centre of the room ; and make up your mind for a long stand ; for opposite you, so standing, is a Veronese indeed, of the most instructive and noble kind (489) ; and beneath it, the best picture in the Academy of Venice, Carpaccio's "Presentation" (488).

Of the Veronese, I will say nothing but that the main instructiveness of it is in the exhibition of his acquired and inevitable faults (the infection of his æra), with his own quietest and best virtues. It is an artist's picture, and even only

to be rightly felt by very good artists ; the aerial perspectives in it being extremely subtle, and rare, to equal degree, in the painter's work. To the general spectator, I will only observe that he has free leave to consider the figure of the Virgin execrable ; but that I hope, if he has a good opera-glass, he will find something to please him in the little rose-bush in the glass vase on the balustrade. I would myself give all the bushes—not to say all the trees—and all the seas, of Claude and Poussin, in one bunch and one deluge—for this little rose-bush and its bottle.

488. "The Presentation in the Temple." Signed "Victor Carpaccio, 1510." From the Church of St. Job.

You have no similar leave, however, good general spectator, to find fault with anything *here* ! You may measure yourself, outside and in—your religion, your taste, your knowledge of art, your knowledge of men and things—by the quantity of admiration which honestly, after due time given, you can feel for this picture.

You are not required to think the Madonna pretty, or to receive the same religious delight from the conception of the scene, which you would rightly receive from Angelico, Filippo Lippi, or Perugino. This is essentially Venetian—prosaic, matter of fact—retaining its supreme common-sense through all enthusiasm.

Nor are you required to think this a first-rate work in Venetian color. This is the best picture in the Academy precisely because it is *not* the best piece of color there ; because the great master has subdued his own main passion, and restrained his color-faculty, though the best in Venice, that you might *not* say the moment you came before the picture, as you do of the Paris Bourdone (492), "*What a piece of color !*"

To Paris, the Duke, the Senate, and the Miracle are all merely vehicles for flashes of scarlet and gold on marble and silk ; but Carpaccio, in this picture of the Presentation, does not want you to think of *his* color, but of *your* Christ.

To whom the Madonna also is subjected—to whom all is subjected ; you will not find such another Infant Christ in

Venice. (But always look carefully at Paul Veronese's, for it is one of the most singular points in the character of this usually decorative and inexpressive painter, that his Infant Christs are always beautiful.)

For the rest, I am not going to praise Carpaccio's work. Give time to it; and if you don't delight in it, the essential faculty of enjoying good art is wanting in you, and I can't give it to you by ten minutes' talk; but if you begin really to feel the picture, observe that its supreme merit is in the exactly just balance of all virtue—detail perfect, yet inconspicuous; composition intricate and severe, but concealed under apparent simplicity; and painter's faculty of the supremest, used nevertheless with entire subjection of it to intellectual purpose. Titian, compared to Carpaccio, paints as a circus-rider rides—there is nothing to be thought of in him but his riding. But Carpaccio paints as a good knight rides; his riding is the least of him; and to himself—unconscious in its case.

When you have seen all you can of the picture as a whole, go near, and make out the little pictures on the edge of St. Simeon's robe; four quite lovely ones; the lowest admitting, to make the whole perfect, delightful grotesque of fairy angels within a heavenly castle wall, thrusting down a troop of supine devils to the deep. The other three, more beautiful in their mystery of shade; but I have not made them out yet. There is one solemn piece of charge to a spirit folding its arms in obedience; and I think the others must be myths of creation, but can't tell yet, and must now go on quickly to note merely the pictures you should look at, reserving talk of them for a second number of this Guide.

483, 500, 524, containing all you need study in Bonifazio. In 500, he is natural and does his best; in 483, he pretends to religion, which he has not; in 524, to art, which he has not. The last is a monstrous example of the apathy with which the later Italian artists, led by Raphael, used this horrible subject to exhibit their ingenuity in anatomical posture, and excite the feeble interest of vulgar spectators.

503. Quiet Tintoret ; very noble in senators, poor in Madonna.

519. Quiet Paul Veronese ; very noble in St. Jerome's robe and Lion, and in little St. John's back. Not particularly so in anybody's front, but a first-rate picture in the picture way.

507. Dashing Tintoret ; fearfully repainted, but grand yet in the lighter figures of background.

496-502. Dashing Paul Veronese—splendid in art ; in conception of Evangelists—all that Venice wanted of them, at that day. You must always, however, judge her as you would a sailor—what would be ridiculous or bombastic in others has often some honesty in it with *her*. Think of these Evangelists as a kind of figure-heads of ships.

Enter now the great room with the Veronese at the end of it, for which the painter (quite rightly) was summoned before the Inquisition of State : you will find his examination, translated by a friend to whom I owe much in my old Venetian days, in the Appendix to my second Guide ; but you must not stop now at this picture, if you are in a hurry, for you can see the like of it, and better, in Paris ; but you can see nothing in all the world, out of Venice, like certain other pictures in this room.

Glancing round it, you see it may be generally described as full of pictures of street architecture, with various more or less interesting transactions going on in the streets. Large Canalettos, in fact ; only with the figures a little more interesting than Canaletto's figures ; and the buildings, on the whole, red and white or brown and white, instead of, as with Canaletto, black and white. And on consideration, and observation, you will perceive, if you *have* any perception of color, that Venetian buildings, and most others, being really red and white or brown and white, not black and white, this is really the right manner of painting them, and these are true and sufficient representations of streets, of landscapes, and of interiors of houses, with the people, as I said, either in St. Mark's Place, 555, or

at Grand Cairo, 540, or before the Castle of St. Angelo at Rome, 546, or by the old Rialto here, 564, being themselves also more or less interesting, if you will observe them, first in their dresses, which are very curious and pretty, and afterward in many other particulars, of which for the present I must leave you to make out what you can ; for of the pictures by Carpaccio in this room I must write an entirely separate account (begun already for one of them only, the Dream of St. Ursula, 533),* and of the Gentile Bellini you can only know the value after good study of St. Mark's itself. Observe, however, at least in this, and in 548 and 564, the perfectly true representation of what the Architecture of Venice was in her glorious time ; trim, dainty—red and white like the blossom of a carnation—touched with gold like a peacock's plumes, and frescoed, even to its chimney-pots, with fairest arabesque—its inhabitants, and it together, one harmony of work and life—all of a piece, you see them, in the wonderful palace-perspective on the left in 548, with everybody looking out of their windows. And in this picture of St. Mark's, painted by John Bellini's good brother, true as he could, hue for hue, and ray for ray, you see that all the tossing of its *now* white marble foliage against the sky, which in my old book on Venice I compared to the tossed spray of sea waves (believing then, as I do still, that the Venetians in their living and breathing days of art were always influenced in their choice of guiding lines of sculpture by their sense of the action of wind or sea), were not, at all events, meant to be like sea foam white in anger, but like light spray in morning sunshine. They were all overlaid with gold.

Not yet in vicious luxury. Those porches of St. Mark's, so please you, English friends, were not thus gilt for the wedding of Miss Kilmansegg, nor are those pictures on the vaults advertisements, like yours in your railway stations ; all the arts

* Of which, with her legend, if you care to hear more, you will find more in the three numbers of "*Fors Clavigera*" now purchasable of my agent in Venice (Mr. Bunney, Fondamenta San Biagio, 2143), from whom all my recent publications on Venice may be also procured.

of England bent on recommending you cheap bathing machines and painless pills. Here are purer baths and medicines told of ; here have been more ingenious engineers. From the Sinai desert, from the Sion rock, from the defiles of Lebanon, met here the ghosts of ancient builders to oversee the work, of dead nations, to inspire it—Bezaleel and the maids of Israel who gave him their jewels ; Hiram and his forgers in the vale of Siddim, his woodmen of the Syrian forests ; David the lord of war, and his Son the Lord of Peace, and the multitudes that kept holyday when the cloud filled the house they had built for the Lord of All—these in their myriads stood by, to watch, to guide ; it might have been, had Venice willed, to bless.

Literally so, mind you. The wreathen work of the lily capitals and their archivolts, the glass that keeps unfaded their color—the design of that color itself, and the stories that are told in the glow of it—all these were brought by the Jew or the Tyrian, bringing also the treasures of Persia and Egypt ; and with these, laboring beside them as one brought up with them, stood the Athena of Corinth, and the Sophia of Byzantium.

Not in vicious luxury these, yet—though in Tyrian splendor glows St. Mark's : nor those quiet and trim little houses on the right, joining the Campanile. You are standing (the work is so completely done that you may soon fancy yourself so) in old St. Mark's Place, at the far end of it, before it was enlarged ; you may find the stone marking the whole length of it in the pavement, just opposite the easternmost door of the Café Florian. And there were none of those pompous loggie then, where you walk up and down before the café, but these trim, dainty, happily inhabited houses, mostly in white marble and gold, with disks of porphyry ; and look at the procession coming toward you underneath them—what a bed of moving flowers it is ! Not Birnam Wood coming, gloomy and terrible, but a very bloom and garland of good and knightly manhood—its Doge walking in the midst of it—simple, valiant, actual, beneficent, magnificent king. Do you see better sights than this in St. Mark's Place now, in your days of progress ?

Now, just to get some little notion how the figures are "put in" by these scrupulous old formalists, take the pains to look closely at the first you come upon of the procession on the extreme left—the three musicians, namely, with the harp, violin, and lute. Look at them as portraits only; you will not find more interesting ones in all the rooms. And then you will do well to consider the picture as a reality for a little while, and so leave the Academy with a vision of living Venice in your heart. We will look at no more painting to-day.

PART II

If you have looked with care at the three musicians, or any other of the principal figures, in the great town or landscape views in this principal room, you will be ready now with better patience to trace the order of their subjects, and such character or story as their treatment may develop. I can only help you, however, with Carpaccio's, for I have not been able to examine, or much think of, Mansueti's, recognizing, nevertheless, much that is delightful in them.

By Carpaccio, then, in this room,* there are in all eleven important pictures, eight from the legend of St. Ursula, and three of distinct subjects. Glance first at the series of St. Ursula subjects, in this order:

I.—539. Maurus the King of Brittany receives the English ambassadors: and has talk with his daughter touching their embassy.

II.—533. St. Ursula's Dream.

III.—537. King Maurus dismisses the English ambassadors with favorable answer from his daughter. (This is the most beautiful piece of *painting* in the rooms:)

* Or at least in the Academy: the arrangement may perhaps be altered before this Guide can be published; at all events we must not count on it.

IV.—549. The King of England receives the Princess's favorable answer.

V.—542. The Prince of England sets sail for Brittany—there receives his bride, and embarks with her on pilgrimage.

VI.—546. The Prince of England and his bride, voyaging on pilgrimage with the eleven thousand maidens, arrive at Rome, and are received by the Pope, who, "with certain Cardinals," joins their pilgrimage. (The most beautiful of all the series, next to the Dream.)

VII.—544. The Prince, with his bride, and the Pope with his Cardinals, and the eleven thousand maids, arrive in the land of the Huns, and receive martyrdom there. In the second part of the picture is the funeral procession of St. Ursula.

VIII.—St. Ursula, with her maidens, and the pilgrim Pope, and certain Cardinals, in glory of Paradise. I have always forgotten to look for the poor bridegroom in this picture, and on looking, am by no means sure of him. But I suppose it is he who holds St. Ursula's standard. The architecture and landscape are unsurpassably fine; the rest much imperfect; but containing nobleness only to be learned by long dwelling on it.

In this series, I have omitted one picture, 544, which is of scarcely any interest—except in its curious faults and unworthiness. At all events, do not at present look at it, or think of it; but let us examine all the rest without hurry.

In the first place, then, we find this curious fact, intensely characteristic of the fifteenth as opposed to the nineteenth century—that the figures are true and natural, but the landscape false and unnatural, being by such fallacy made entirely subordinate to the figures. I have never approved of, and only a little understand, this state of things. The painter is never interested in the ground, but only in the creatures that tread on it. A castle tower is left a mere brown bit of canvas, and all his coloring kept for the trumpeters on the top of it. The fields are obscurely green; the sky imperfectly blue; and the mountains could not possibly stand on the very small foundations they are furnished with.

Here is a Religion of Humanity, and nothing else—to purpose! Nothing in the universe thought worth a look, unless it is in service or foil to some two-legged creature showing itself off to the best advantage. If a flower is in a girl's hair, it shall be painted properly; but in the fields, shall be only a spot; if a striped pattern is on a boy's jacket, we paint all the ins and outs of it, and drop not a stitch; but the striped patterns of vineyard or furrow in field, the enamelled mossy mantles of the rocks, the barred heraldry of the shield of the sky—perhaps insects and birds may take pleasure in them, not we.

To his own native lagunes and sea, the painter is yet less sensitive. His absurd rocks, and dotted black hedges round bitumen-colored fields (542), are yet painted with some grotesque humor, some modest and unworldly beauty; and sustain or engird their castellated quaintnesses in a manner pleasing to the pre-Raphaelite mind. But the sea—waveless as a deal board—and in that tranquillity, for the most part reflecting nothing at its edge—literally, such a sea justifies that uncourteous saying of earlier Venice of her Doge's bride—*"Mare sub pede pono."**

Of all these deficiencies, characteristic not of this master only, but of his age, you will find various analysis in the third volume of *"Modern Painters,"* in the chapter on mediæval landscape; with begun examination of the causes which led gradually to more accurate observance of natural phenomena, until, by Turner, the method of Carpaccio's mind is precisely reversed, and the Nature in the background becomes principal; the figures in the foreground, its foil. I have a good deal more, however, to say on this subject now—so much more, indeed, that in this little Guide there is no proper room for any of it, except the simple conclusion that both the

* On the scroll in the hand of the throned Venice on the Piazzetta side of the Ducal Palace, the entire inscription is,

"Fortis, justa, trono furias, mare sub pede, pono."

"Strong, and just, I put the furies beneath my throne, and the sea beneath my foot."

painters are wrong in whatever they either definitely misrepresent, or enfeeble by inharmonious deficiency.

In the next place, I want you to notice Carpaccio's fancy in what he does represent very beautifully—the architecture, real and ideal, of his day.

His fancy, I say ; or phantasy ; the notion he has of what architecture should be ; of which, without doubt, you see his clearest expression in the Paradise, and in the palace of the most Christian King, St. Ursula's father.

And here I must ask you to remember, or learn if you do not know, the general course of transition in the architecture of Venice—namely, that there are three epochs of good building in Venice ; the first lasting to 1300, Byzantine, in the style of St. Mark's ; the second, 1300 to 1480, Gothic, in the style of the Ducal Palace ; and the third, 1480 to 1520, in a manner which architects have yet given no entirely accepted name to, but which, from the name of its greatest designer, Brother Giocondo, of Verona,* I mean, myself, henceforward to call "Giocondine."

Now, the dates on these pictures of Carpaccio's run from 1480 to 1485, so that you see he was painting in the youthful gush, as it were, and fullest impetus of Giocondine architecture, which all Venice, and chiefly Carpaccio, in the joy of art, thought was really at last the architecture divinely designed, and arrived at by steady progress of taste, from the Creation to 1480, and then the ne plus ultra, and real Babel-style without bewilderment—its top truly reaching to heaven—style which was never thenceforth to be bettered by human thought or skill. Of which Giocondine manner, I really think you had better at once see a substantially existent piece. It will not take long—say an hour, with lunch ; and the good door-keeper will let you come in again without paying.†

So (always supposing the day fine), go down to your boat,

* Called "the second Founder of Venice," for his engineering work on the Brenta. His architecture is chiefly at Verona ; the style being adopted and enriched at Venice by the Lombardi.

† If you have already seen the school of St. John, or do not like the interruption, continue at page 365.

and order yourself to be taken to the church of the Frari. Landing just beyond it, your gondoliers will show you the way, up the calle beside it, to the desolate little courtyard of the School of St. John the Evangelist. It might be one of the most beautiful scenes among the cities of Italy, if only the good Catholics of Venice would employ so much of their yearly alms in the honor of St. John the Evangelist as to maintain any old gondolier, past rowing, in this courtyard by way of a Patmos, on condition that he should suffer no wildly neglected children to throw stones at the sculptures, nor grown-up creatures to defile them ; but with occasional ablution by sprinkling from garden water-engine, suffer the weeds of Venice to inhabit among the marbles where they listed.

How beautiful the place might be, I need not tell you. Beautiful it is, even in its squalid misery ; but too probably, some modern designer of railroad stations will do it up with new gilding and scrapings of its gray stone. The gods forbid ; understand, at all events, that if this happens to it, you are no more to think of it as an example of Giocondine art. But, as long as it is let alone there, in the shafts and capitals you will see, on the whole, the most characteristic example in Venice of the architecture that Carpaccio, Cima, and John Bellini loved.

As a rule, observe, square-piered, not round-pillared ; the square piers either sculptured all up with floral tracery, or, if plain, decorated half-way up, by a round panel of dark-colored marble or else a bas-relief, usually a classic profile ; the capitals, of light leafage, playing or springing into joyful spirals at the angles ; the mouldings and cornices on the whole very flat or square cut—no solid round mouldings anywhere, but all precise, rectangular, and shallow. The windows and doors either square-headed or round—never pointed ; but, if square-headed, having often a Greek gable or pediment above, as here on the outer wall ; and, if round-headed, often composed of two semicircles side by side, with a circle between ;*

* In returning to your boat, just walk round to the back of the church of the Frari, and look at the windows of the Scuola di San Rocco, which

the wall decoration being either of round inlaid marbles, among floral sculpture, or of fresco. Little to be conceived from words ; but if you will look well inside and outside of the cortile of the Evangelist, you will come away with a very definite primary notion of Giocondine work.

Then back, with straight speed to the Academy ; and before landing there, since you can see the little square in front of it, from your boat, read on.

The little square has its name written up at the corner, you see—"Field of Charity," or rather of *the* Charity, meaning the Madonna of Charity, and church dedicated to her. Of which you see the mere walls, variously defaced, remaining yet in their original form, traces of the great circular window in the front yet left, also of the pointed windows at the sides—filled up, many a year ago, and the square holes below cut for modern convenience ; there being no space in the length and breadth of Italy to build new square-holed houses on, the Church of Charity must be used for makeshift.

Have you charity of imagination enough to cover this little field with fresh grass—to tear down the iron bridge which some accursed Englishman, I suppose, greedy for filthy job, persuaded the poor Venetians to spoil their Grand Canal with, at its noblest bend—and to fill the pointed lateral windows with light tracery of quatrefoiled stone ? So stood, so bloomed, the church and its field, in early fourteenth century—dismal time ! the church in its fresh beauty then, built toward the close of the thirteenth century, on the site of a much more ancient one, first built of wood ; and, in 1119, of stone ; but still very small, its attached monastery receiving Alexander III. in 1177 ; here on the little flowery field landed the Pontiff Exile, whose foot was to tread so soon on the Lion and the Adder.

And some hundred years later, putting away, one finds not

will fix the form in your mind. It is an entirely bad one ; but took the fancy of men, for a time, and of strong ones, too. But don't stop long just now to look at this later building ; keep the St. John's cortile for your type of Giocondine work, pure.

why, her little Byzantine church, more gravely meditative Venice, visited much by Dominican and Franciscan friars, and more or less in cowed temper herself, built this graver and simpler pile ; which, if any of my readers care for either Turner or me, they should look at with some moments' pause ; for I have given Turner's lovely sketch of it to Oxford, painted as he saw it fifty years ago, with bright golden sails grouped in front of it where now is the ghastly iron bridge.*

Most probably (I cannot yet find any direct document of it), the real occasion of the building of the church whose walls yet stand, was the founding of the *Confraternita di S. Maria della Carità*, on St. Leonard's day, 6th November, 1260,† which brotherhood, in 1310, fought side by side with the school of the Painters in St. Luke's field, against one body of the conspirators for Bajamonte, and drove them back, achieving the right thenceforward of planting their purple standard there, in St. Luke's field, with their stemma (all this bears on Carpaccio's pictures presently, so have patience yet a minute or two) ; and so increasing in number and influence, bought in 1344, from the Monks of the Church of Charity, the ground on which you are presently going to see pictures ; and built on it their cloister, dedicated also to St. Mary of Charity ; and over the gate of it, by which you are going to enter, put St. Mary of Charity, as they best could get her carved, next year, 1345 ; and so you have her there, with cowed members of the confraternity kneeling to her ; happy angels fluttering about her ; the dark blue of her eyes not yet utterly faded from them. Blue-eyed as Athena she—the Greek tradition yet prevailing to that extent—a perfect type, the whole piece, of

* "Very convenient for the people," say you, modern man of business. Yes ; very convenient to them also to pay two centesimi every time they cross—six for three persons, into the pockets of that English engineer ; instead of five for three persons, to one of their own boatmen, who now take to begging, drinking, and bellowing for the wretched hordes at the tables d'hôte, whose ears have been rent by railroad whistles till they don't know a howl from a song—instead of ferrying.

† *Archivio Veneto*. (Venezia, 1876.) Tom. XII., Parte i., p. 112.

purest central fourteenth-century Gothic thought and work untouched, and indubitable of date, being inscribed below its bracket cornice,

MCCCXLV. I LO TEMPO DE MIS.

MARCHO ZULIAN FO FATO STO LAVORIER.

To wit—"1345, in the time" (of the Guardianship) "of Messer Mark Julian, was made this labored thing."

And all seemed to bid fair for Venice and her sacred schools ; Heaven surely pleased with these her endeavors, and labored things.

Yes, with these, and such other, I doubt not. But other things, it seems, had been done in Venice, with which Heaven was *not* pleased ; assuming always that there is a Heaven, for otherwise—what followed was of course only process of Darwinian development. But this *was* what followed. That Madonna, with her happy angels and humble worshippers, was carved as you see her over the Scuola cloister door—in 1345. And "on the 25th of January, 1347,* on the day, to wit, of the conversion of St. Paul, about the hour of vespers, there came a great earthquake in Venice, and as it were in all the world ; and fell many tops of bell-towers, and houses, and chimneys, and the church of St. Basil : and there was so great fear that all the people thought to die. And the earth ceased not to tremble for about forty days ; and when it remained quiet, there came a great mortality, and the people died of various evil. And the people were in so great fear, that father would not go to visit son, nor son father. And this death lasted about six months ; and it was said commonly that there died two parts out of three, of all the people of Venice."

These words you may read (in Venetian dialect), after you have entered the gate beneath the Madonna ; they are engraved under the Gothic arch on your right hand ; with other like words, telling the various horror of that Plague ; and how the guardian of the Scuola died by it, and about ten of his officers with him, and three hundred of the brethren.

* 1348, in our present calendar.

Above the inscription, two angels hold the symbol of the Scuola ; carved as you see, conspicuously also on the outer sculptures in various places ; and again on the well in the midst of the cloister. The first sign this, therefore, of all chosen by the greater schools of Venice, of which, as aforesaid, "The first was that of St. Mary of Charity, which school has its wax candles red, in sign that Charity should be glowing ; and has for its bearing a yellow" (meaning golden *) "cross, traversing two little circles also yellow ; with red and green quartering the parts which the cross describes—those who instituted such sign desiring to show thereby the union that Charity should have with Faith and Hope."†

The golden "anchored" cross stands for Faith, the golden outer circle for Charity, the golden inner for Hope—all on field quartered gules and vert, the colors of Charity and Hope.

Such the first symbol of Venetian Brotherhoods ‡—in reading which, I delay you, that you may be better prepared to understand the symbolism running through every sign and color in Venetian art at this time, down even to its tinting of wax candles ; art which was indeed all the more symbolic for being rude, and complicated much with the use of signals and heraldries at sea, too distant for any art in them to be visible, but serviceably intelligible in meaning.

How far the great Scuola and cloisters of the Carita, for monks and confraternity together, reached from the gate under which you are pausing, you may see in Durer's wood-cut of the year 1500 (Correr Museum), which gives the apse with attached chapels ; and the grand double cloister reaching back nearly to the Giudecca ; a water-wheel—as I suppose—out-

* Ex Cruce constat aurea, seu flava ; ejus speciei, quam artis hujusmodi Auctores " ancoratam " vocant.

† In tabulam Græcam insigni sodalitis S. M. Caritatis, Venetiarum, ab amplissimo Cardinali Bessarione dono datam, Disserattio. —(St. Mark's library, 33331, page 146.)

‡ At least according to the authority above quoted ; as far as I have consulted the original documents myself, I find the school of St. Theodore primal.

side, on the (now filled up and paved) canal, moved by the tide, for molinary work in the kitchens. Of all which nothing now remains but these pillars and beams, between you and the gallery staircase ; and the well with two brothers on each side holding their Stemma, a fine free-hand piece of rough living work. You will not, I think, find that you have ill spent your hour of rest when you now return into the Carpaccio room, where we will look first, please, at No. IV. (549), in which many general points are better shown than in the rest.

Here is the great King of ideal England, under an octagonal temple of audience ; all the scene being meant to show the conditions of a state in perfect power and prosperity.

A state, therefore, that is at once old and young ; that has had a history for centuries past, and will have one for centuries to come.

Ideal, founded mainly on the Venice of his own day ; mingled a little with thoughts of great Rome, and of great antagonist Genoa : but, in all spirit and hope, the Venice of 1480-1500 is here living before you. And now, therefore, you can see at once what she meant by a "Campo," allowing for the conventional manner of representing grass, which of course at first you will laugh at ; but which is by no means deserving of your contempt. Any hack draughtsman of Dalziel's can sketch for you, or any member of the Water-color or Dudley Societies dab for you, in ten minutes, a field of hay that you would fancy you could mow, and make cocks of. But this green ground of Carpaccio's, with implanted flowers and tufts of grass, is traditional from the first Greek-Christian mosaics, and is an entirely systematic ornamental ground, and to be understood as such, primarily, and as grass only symbolically. Careless indeed, more than is usual with him—much spoiled and repainted also ; but quite clear enough in expression for us of the orderliness and freshness of a Venetian campo in the great times ; garden and city you see mingled inseparably, the wild strawberry growing at the steps of the king's court of justice, and their marble sharp and bright out of the turf. Clean everything, and pure—no cigars in anybody's poisoned mouth—no voiding of perpetual excrement

of saliva on the precious marble or living flowers. Perfect peace and befittingness of behavior in all men and creatures. Your very monkey in repose, perfect in his mediæval dress; the Darwinian theory in all its sacredness, breadth, divinity, and sagacity—but reposeful, not venturing to thrust itself into political council. Crowds on the bridges and quays, but untumultuous, close set as beds of flowers, richly decorative in their mass, and a beautiful mosaic of men, and of black, red, blue, and golden bonnets. Ruins, indeed, among the prosperity; but glorious ones—not shells of abandoned speculation, but remnants of mighty state long ago, now restored to nature's peace; the arches of the first bridge the city had built, broken down by storm, yet what was left of them spared for memory's sake. (So stood for a little while, a few years ago, the broken Ponte-a-Mare at Pisa; so at Rome, for ages, stood the Ponte Rotto, till the engineers and modern mob got at it, making what was in my youth the most lovely and holy scene in Rome, *now* a place where a swineherd could not stand without holding his nose, and which no woman can stop at.)

But here, the old arches are covered with sweet weeds, like native rock, and (for once!) reflected a little in the pure water under the meadowy hills. Much besides of noteworthy, if you are yourself worthy of noting it, you may find in this lovely distance. But the picture, it may be complained, seems for the most part—distance, architecture, and scattered crowd; while of foreground objects, we have principally cloaks, and very curiously thin legs.* Well, yes—the distance is indeed the prettiest part of this picture; and since, in modern art and drama, we have been accustomed, for anatomical and other reasons, to depend on nothing else but legs, I admit the supply of legs to be here scanty, and even of brachial, pectoral, and other admirable muscles. If you choose to look at the *faces* instead, you will find something in them; nevertheless, Carpaccio has been, on the whole, playing with himself, and with us, in his treatment of this subject. For Carpaccio, is, in the

* Not in the least unnaturally thin, however, in the forms of persons of sedentary life.

most vital and conclusive sense, a man of genius, who will not at all supply you, nor can in the least supply himself, with sublimity and pathos to order ; but is sublime, or delightful, or sometimes dull, or frequently grotesque, as Heaven wills it ; or—profane persons will say—as the humor takes him. And his humor here has been dominant. For since much depends on the answer brought back from St. Ursula, besides the young Prince's happiness, one should have thought, the return of the embassy might have been represented in a loftier manner. But only two of the ambassadors are here ; the king is occupied in hearing a cause which will take long—(see how gravely his minister is reading over the documents in question) ; meantime the young prince, impatient, going down the steps of the throne, makes his own private inquiries, proudly : “ Your embassy has, I trust, been received, gentlemen, with a just understanding of our diplomatic relations ? ” “ Your Royal Highness,” the lowly and gravely bowing principal ambassador replies, “ must yourself be the only fitting judge of that matter, on fully hearing our report.” Meantime, the *chargé d'affaires* holds St. Ursula's answer—behind his back.

A piece of play, very nearly, the whole picture ; a painter living in the midst of a prosperous city, happy in his own power, entirely believing in God, and in the saints, and in eternal life ; and, at intervals, bending his whole soul to the expression of most deep and holy tragedy—such a man needs must have his times of play ; which Carpaccio takes, in his work. Another man, instead of painting this piece with its monkey, and its little fiddler, and its jesting courtiers, would have played some ape-tricks of his own—spent an hour or two among literal fiddlers, and living courtiers. Carpaccio is not heard of among such—amuses himself still with pencil in hand, and us also, pleasantly, for a little while. You shall be serious enough, soon, with him, if you will.

But I find this Guide must run into greater division, for I can't get the end of it properly done yet for some days ; during the winter the gallery was too cold for me to think quietly in, and so I am obliged, as Fate always lately obliges

me, to do this work from pen to print—at speed ; so that, quitting Carpaccio for the nonce, I will tell you a little more about the general contents of the rooms ; and so afterward take up St. Ursula's pilgrimage, undisturbed.* Now, therefore, I will simply follow the order of the room circuit, noting the pieces worth study, if you have proper time.

From before this picture which has so long held us, go down the steps on the right of it, into the lower room.

Turning round immediately, you have good sight of two Paul Veroneses, one on each side of the steps. The upper group of the picture on your left (603), Madonna borne by angels at her knees, and encompassed by a circlet of them, is the loveliest piece of Veronese in these galleries, nor can you see a better in the world ; but, considered as a whole, the picture is a failure ; all the sub-celestial part of it being wholly dull. Nevertheless, for essential study of Veronese's faculty, you cannot find anything better in Venice than that upper group ; and the opposite picture, though confused, is worth attentive pause from all painters.

597. Le Brun. Sent from Paris, you see, in exchange for the Cena of Paul Veronese.

The Cena of Paul Veronese being worth—at moderate estimate of its eternal and intrinsic art-value—I should say, roughly, about ten good millions of sterling ducats, or twenty ironclads ; and the Le Brun, worth, if it were put to proper use, precisely what its canvas may now be worth to make a packing-case of ; but, as hung here, in negative value, and effectual mischief, in disgracing the rooms, and keeping fine pictures invisibly out of the way—a piece of vital poverty and calamity much more than equivalent to the presence of a dirty, torn rag, which the public would at once *know* to be worthless, in its place instead.

569, 570. Standard average portrait-pieces, fairly repre-

* This I am now doing in a separate Guide to the works of Carpaccio in Venice ; these two parts, now published, contain all I have to say about the Academy.

sentative of Tintoret's quiet work, and of Venetian magistrates—Camerlenghi di Comune. Compare 587; very beautiful.

581, 582, 583. Spoils of the Church of the Carita, whose ruins you have seen. Venice being of all cities the only one which has sacked *herself*, not in revolution, but mere blundering beggary; suppressing every church that had blessed her, and every society that had comforted. But at all events you see the pictures here; and the Cima is a fine one; but what time you give to this painter should be spent chiefly with his John the Baptist at the Madonna dell' Orto.

586. Once a Bonifazio of very high order; sorrowfully repainted with loss of half its life. But a picture, still, deserving honor.

From this room you find access either to the modern pictures, or by the door on the left hand of the Cima, to the collection of drawings. The well-known series by Raphael and Lionardo are of the very highest historical value and artistic interest; but it is curious to find, in Venice, scarcely a scratch or blot remaining of elementary study by any great Venetian master. Her painters drew little in black and white, and must have thrown such sketches, when they made them, away for mere waste paper. For all discussion of their methods of learning to draw with color from the first, I must refer my readers to my Art lectures.

The Lionardo drawings here are the finest I know; none in the Ambrosian library equal them in execution.

The staircase leading out of this room descends into the Hall of Titian's Assumption, where I have said nothing yet of his last picture (33), nor of that called in the Guide-books an example of his first style (35).

It has always been with me an intended piece of work to trace the real method of Titian's study, and the changes of his mind. But I shall never do it now; * and am hitherto

* For reasons which any acute reader may enough discover in my lecture on Michael Angelo and Tintoret.

entirely unacquainted with his early work. If this be indeed his, and a juvenile piece, it indicates a breadth of manner, and conventionally artistic way of looking at nature, entirely peculiar to him or to his era. The picture which he left unfinished might most fittingly be called the Shadow of Death. It is full of the profoundest metaphysical interest to me; but cannot be analyzed here.

In general, Titian is ill-represented in his own Venice. The best example of him, by far, is the portrait group of the Pesaro family in the Frari. The St. Mark in the Sacristy of the Salute was, in my early days, entirely glorious; but has been daubed over into ruin. The roof of the Sacristy in the Salute, with the fresco of St. Christopher,* and the portrait of the Doge Grimani before Faith, in the Ducal Palace, are all the remnants of him that are worth study here, since the destruction in the Peter Martyr.† The St. John the Baptist in this gallery (366), is really too stupid to be endured, and the black and white scrabble of landscape in it is like a bad copy of Ruysdael.

45. The Miracle of St. Mark; a fine, but much-overrated, Tintoret. If any painter of real power wishes to study this master, let him be content with the Paradise of the Ducal Palace, and the School of St. Roch, where no harmful repainting has yet taken place. The once mighty pictures in the Madonna dell' Orto are destroyed by restoration; and those which are scattered about the other churches are scarcely worth pursuit, while the series of St. Roch remains in its purity.

In the next room to this (Sala III.) the pictures on the

* An admirable account of this fresco is given by Mr. Edward Cheney, in "Original Documents Relating to Venetian Painters and their Pictures in the Eighteenth Century," pp. 60, 61.

† Of the portrait of the Doge Andrea Gritti, in my own possession at Oxford, I leave others to speak, when I can speak of it no more. But it must be named here as the only fragment left of another great picture destroyed by fire, which Tintoret had so loved and studied that he replaced it from memory.

ceiling, brought from the room of the State Inquisitors, are more essential, because more easy, Tintoret-work, than the St. Mark, and very delightful to me ; I only wish the Inquisitors were alive to enjoy them again themselves, and inquire into a few things happening in Venice, and especially into the religious principles of her "Modern Painters."

We have made the round of the rooms, all but the Pinacoteca Contarini, Sala V. and VI., and the long gallery, Sala X.-XIV., both containing many smaller pictures of interest ; but of which I have no time, nor much care, to speak—except in complaint that detestable daubs by Callot, Dujardin, and various ignoti, should be allowed to disgrace the sixth sala, and occupy some of the best of the very little good light there is in the Academy ; thrusting the lovely little Tintoret, 179—purest work of his heart and fairest of his faculty—high beyond sight of all its delicious painting ; and the excellent quiet portrait, 168, into an unregarded corner. I am always puzzled by the smaller pictures of John Bellini ; many of them here, of whose authorship there can be little doubt, being yet of very feeble merit. 94 is fine ; and the five symbolical pictures, 234-238, in the inner room, Sala VI., are interesting to myself ; but may probably be little so to others. The first is, (I believe), Domestic Love, the world in her hand becoming the color of Heaven ; the second, Fortitude quitting the effeminate Dionysus ; the third (much the poorest and least intelligible), Truth, or Prudence ; the fourth, Lust ; and the fifth, Fortune as Opportunity, in distinction from the greater and sacred Fortune appointed of Heaven.

And now, if you are yet unfatigued,* you had better go back into the great room, and give thorough examination to the wonderful painting, as such, in the great Veronese, considering what all its shows and dexterities at last came to, and reading, before it, his examination concerning it, given in Appendix, which shows you that Venice herself felt what they were likely to come to, though in vain ; and then, for contrast with its reckless power, and for final image to be remembered

* If you are, end with 179, and remember it well.

of sweet Italian art in its earnestness, return into the long gallery (through the two great rooms, turning your back on the Veronese, then out by the door opposite Titian's huge picture ; then out of the corridor by the first door on the right, and walk down the gallery), to its little Sala X., where, high on your left, 360, is the Beata Catherine Vigri's St. Ursula ; Catherine Vigri herself, it may be, kneeling to her. Truly a very much blessed Catherine, and, I should say, far more than half-way to a saint, knowing, however, of her, and her work, only this picture. Of which I will only say in closing, as I said of the Vicar's picture in beginning, that it would be well if any of us could do such things nowadays—and more especially, if our vicars and young ladies could.

APPENDIX.

THE little collection of "Documents relating to Venetian" Painters already referred to (p. 370), as made with excellent judgment by Mr. Edward Cheney, is, I regret to say, "communicated" only to the author's friends, of whom I, being now one of long standing, emboldened also by repeated instances of help received from him, venture to trespass on the modest book so far as to reprint part of the translation which it gives of the questioning of Paul Veronese.

"It is well known," says Mr. Cheney in his prefatory remarks, "to the students of Venetian history, that the Roman Inquisition was allowed little influence, and still less power, in the states of the Signory; and its sittings were always attended by lay members, selected from the Senate, to regulate and report its proceedings.

"The sittings of the Holy Office were held in the chapel of St. Theodore, fronting the door leading from St. Mark's Church to the Fondamenta di Canonica."

On Saturday, the 8th July, 1573, Master Paul Caliari, of Verona, a painter, residing in the parish of St. Samuel, was brought before the Sacred Tribunal; and being asked his name and surname, answered as above; and being asked of his profession, answered:

"A. I invent and draw figures.

Q. Do you know the reason why you have been summoned?

A. No, my lord.

Q. Can you imagine it?

A. I can imagine it.

Q. Tell us what you imagine.

A. For the reason which the Reverend Prior of SS. Giovanni and Paolo, whose name I know not, told me that he had been here, and that your illustrious lordships had given him orders that I should substitute the figure of the Magdalen for that of a dog; and I replied that I would willingly have done this, or anything else for my own credit and the advantage of the picture, but that I did not think the figure of the

Magdalen would be fitting (!)* or would look well, for many reasons, which I will always assign whenever the opportunity is given me.

Q. What picture is that which you have named ?

A. It is the picture representing the last† supper that Jesus took with His disciples in the house of Simon.

Q. Where is this picture ?

A. In the refectory of the Friars of SS. Giovanni and Paolo.

Q. Is it painted on the wall, on panel, or on cloth ?

A. On cloth.

Q. How many feet is it in height ?

A. It is about seventeen feet.

Q. How wide ?

A. About thirty-nine feet.

Q. In this supper of our Lord have you painted any attendants ?

A. Yes, my lord.

Q. Say how many attendants, and what each is doing.

A. First, the master of the house, Simon ; besides, I have placed before him a server, who I have supposed to have come for his own amuse-

* I must interpolate two notes of admiration. After all one has heard of the terrors of the Inquisition, it seems, nevertheless, some people ventured to differ with it in opinion, on occasion. And the Inquisition was entirely right, too. See next note.

† "*Cena ultima* che," etc. : the last, that is to say, of the two which Veronese supposed Christ to have taken with this host ; but he had not carefully enough examined the apparently parallel passages. They are confusing enough, and perhaps the reader will be glad to refer to them in their proper order.

I. There is first, the feast given to Christ by St. Matthew after he was called; the circumstances of it told by himself; only saying "*the* house" instead of "*my* house" (Matt. ix. 9-13). This is the feast at which the objection is taken by the Pharisees—"Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?" the event being again related by St. Luke (v. 29), giving Matthew the name of Levi. No other circumstance of interest takes place on this occasion.

II. "One of the Pharisees desired Him that He would eat with him : and He went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat" (Luke viii. 36).

To *this* feast came the Magdalen, and "stood at His feet, behind Him, weeping." And you know the rest. The same lesson given to the Pharisees who *forbad* the feast of Matthew, here given—in how much more pathetic force—to the Pharisee at whose feast Jesus now sat. Another manner of sinner this, who stands uncalled, at the feast, weeping ; who in a little while will stand weeping—not for herself. The name of the Pharisee host is given in Christ's grave address to him—"Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee."

III. The *supper* at Bethany, in the house of Simon "the Leper," where Lazarus sat at table, where Martha served, and where her sister Mary poured the ointment on Christ's head, "for my burial" (Mark xiv. 3 ; Matt. xxvi. 7 ; and John xii. 2, where in the following third verse doubtless some copyist, confusing her with the Magdalen, added the clause of her wiping His feet with

ment to see the arrangement of the table. There are besides several others,* which, as there are many figures in the picture, I do not recollect.

Q. What is the meaning of those men dressed in the German fashion ? † each with a halbert in his hand ?

A. It is now necessary that I should say a few words. ‡

The Court. Say on.

A. We painters take the same license that is permitted to poets, and jesters (!). I have placed those two halberdiers—the one eating, the other drinking §—by the staircase, to be supposed ready to perform any duty that may be required of them ; it appearing to me quite fitting that the master of such a house, who was rich and great (as I have been told), should have such attendants.

Q. That fellow dressed like a buffoon, with the parrot on his wrist—for what purpose is *he* introduced into the canvas ?

A. For ornament, as is usually done. |

Q. At the table of the Lord whom have you placed ?

A. The twelve apostles.

her hair—so also, more palpably, in John xi. 2). Here the objection is made by Judas, and the lesson given—"The poor ye have always with you."

We cannot seriously suppose Simon the Leper to be the same person as Simon the Pharisee ; still less Simon the Pharisee to be the same as Matthew the publican : but in Veronese's mind their three feasts had got confused, and he thinks of them as *two* only, and calls this which he represents here the last of the two, though there is nothing whatever to identify it as first, last, or middle. There is no Magdalen, no Mary, no Lazarna, no hospitable Levi, no supercilious Simon. Nothing but a confused meeting of very mixed company ; half of them straggling about the table without sitting down ; and the conspicuous brown dog, for whom the Inquisitors would have had him substitute the Magdalen—which, if he had done, the picture would have been right in all other particulars, the scarlet-robed figure opposite Christ then becoming Simon the Pharisee ; but he cannot be Matthew the apostle, for Veronese distinctly names the twelve apostles after "the master of the house ;" and the text written on the balustrade on the left is therefore either spurious altogether, or added by Veronese to get rid of the necessity of putting in a Magdalen to satisfy his examiners, or please the Prior of St. John and Paul.

* Yes, there certainly are "several others"—some score of idlers about, I should say. But this longer answer of the painter's was probably little attended to, and ill reported by the secretary.

† My lords have suspicions of leaning toward the principles—no less than the taste—of Holbein ; and of meaning some mischief.

‡ He instantly feels the drift of this last question, and that it must not be passed lightly. Asks leave to speak—(usually no license but of direct answer being given).

§ On the right. *One* has got all the eating and drinking to himself, however, as far as I can see.

| *Alas, everything* is for ornament—if you would own it, Master Paul !

Q. What is St. Peter doing, who is the first ? *

A. He is cutting up a lamb, to send to the other end of the table.

Q. What is he doing, who is next to him ?

A. He is holding a plate to receive what St. Peter will give him.

Q. Tell us what he is doing, who is next to this last ?

A. He is using a fork as a toothpick. †

Q. Who do you really think were present at that supper ?

A. I believe Christ and His apostles were present; but in the foreground of the picture I have placed figures for ornament, of my own invention.

Q. Were you commissioned by any person to paint Germans, and buffoons, and such like things in this picture ?

A. No, my lord ; my commission was to ornament the picture as I judged best, which, being large, requires many figures, as it appears to me.

Q. Are the ornaments that the painter is in the habit of introducing in his frescoes and pictures suited and fitting to the subject and to the principal persons represented, or does he really paint such as strike his own fancy without exercising his judgment or his discretion ? ‡

A. I design my pictures with all due consideration as to what is fitting, and to the best of my judgment.

Q. Does it appear to you fitting that at our Lord's last supper § you should paint buffoons, drunkards, Germans, || dwarfs, and similar indecencies ?

A. No, my lord.

Q. Why, then, have you painted them ?

A. I have done it because I supposed that these were not in the place where the supper was served.

Q. Are you not aware that in Germany, ¶ and in other places infected with heresy, they are in the habit of painting pictures full of scurrility for the purpose of ridiculing and degrading the Holy Church, and thus teaching false doctrines to the ignorant and foolish ?

A. Yes, my lord, it is bad ; but I return to what I said before ; I thought myself obliged to do as others—my predecessors—had done before me.

Q. And have your predecessors, then, done such things ?

A. Michael-Angelo, in the Papal Chapel in Rome, has painted our

* Very curious that no question is asked as to what Christ Himself is doing. One would have greatly desired Veronese's answer.

† Scarcely seen, between the two pillars. I must needs admit that Raphael would have invented some more dignifiedly apostolic action.

‡ Admirably put, my lord.

§ Not meaning the Cena, of course ; but what Veronese also meant.

|| and ¶ The gist of the business, at last.

Lord Jesus Christ, His mother, St. John, and St. Peter, and all the Court of Heaven, from the Virgin Mary downward, all naked, and in various attitudes, with little reverence.

Q. Do you not know that in a painting like the Last Judgment, where drapery is not supposed, dresses are not required, and that disembodied spirits only are represented ; but there are neither buffoons, nor dogs, nor armor, nor any other absurdity ? And does it not appear to you that neither by this nor any other example you have done right in painting the picture in this manner, and that it can be proved right and decent ?

A. Illustrious Lord, I do not defend it ; but I thought I was doing right. I had not considered all these things, never intending to commit any impropriety ; the more so as figures of buffoons are not supposed to be in the same place where our Lord is.

Which examination ended, my lords decreed that the above-named Master Paul should be bound to correct and amend the picture which had been under question, within three months, at his own expense, under penalties to be imposed by the Sacred Tribunal."

This sentence, however severe in terms, was merely a matter of form. The examiners were satisfied there was no malice prepense in their fanciful Paul ; and troubled neither him nor themselves farther. He did not so much as efface the inculcated dog ; and the only correction or amendment he made, so far as I can see, was the addition of the inscription, which marked the picture for the feast of Levi.



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